

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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THE STUMP FARM

A CHRONICLE OF PIONEERING

BY HILDA ROSE

[THE author of these valiant letters was once a young and ardent school-teacher in Illinois; but tuberculosis sent her to the highlands of the West, where, after five busy and health-giving years of tent life, she married a man much older than herself and, as a farmer's wife on a stump farm, gallantly shouldered his burdens and her own. Followed years of hardship and intellectual dearth, until at last, one bitter winter, she 'had the courage' to write to the *Chicago Tribune* for something to read—'the books that nobody cared for any more.' Her modest appeal brought her friends as well as books, and the letters which we print were written to those friends. That they were ever to be printed was farthest from her thought. — THE EDITORS]

June 21, 1919

We are friends now, so we won't stand on ceremony. At last! At last! I am going to have friends who will be glad to see me when I go back to the world for a visit or to stay. Time will tell, but I presume that it will be when I am old and gray.

I can see one farmhouse from here, but it's about a mile off and the

inmates are impossible. The nearest 'shack,' about as big as a henhouse, on the east, is inhabited by a crippled grandmother and her son. I tramp through the woods to see her once in a while. She is very poor and ignorant, but I like her, and she treats me like an equal.

On the west I am bounded by the woods, and also on the north. So there is n't much to see, as we live in a depression, or small valley, on this shelf or bench. I can't go anywhere very often, though I do get out for at least one picnic every summer, given by the Farmers' Union. I belong to it, but I have to go alone, as Daddy is so old he does n't like to go anywhere any more. So whenever I can, I take the boy and go. But it's the winters that are trying. That is why I had to have something to read, or go crazy.

You don't know how anxiously I look in the glass as the years go by, and wonder if I'll ever get to look like the rest of the natives here. You have seen overworked farmers' wives, with weather-wrung and sorrow-beaten faces, drooping mouths, and a sad look.

I want to go back, I don't care where, and have friends once more. I must

not look like that — No! No! I want to be elected president of a club, and go to socials, and I want to eat ice cream. I also would love to live for a few years in a college town. Would n't that be grand? And then I'd teach kindergarten a few years, and join a card club. But the truth of the matter is that I'll probably spend the rest of my life right here. But dreams don't hurt — nor do air castles, and maybe they'll come true.

For the third year we are having a drought. Each year has been a little dryer, until this summer, and I don't believe we'll get any hay at all. Daddy and I thought we were getting along well until the dry years came. Then we sold the old cow and bought feed for the calves. Last summer they went, all but a few head, to buy feed for the team, and food for us, and we got into debt besides. I could n't stand it. Daddy was nearly beside himself with worry, so I wrote to the *Tribune* for reading matter. All winter I have read aloud to Daddy and helped him to forget. We went through a siege of the flu also this winter, so our dear Daddy is practically an invalid. He may get stronger after a while. Ruth and I do the chores, which are not many. What we are going to live on this winter I don't know. Something may turn up. We may get a rain before it is too late.

By religion I don't know what I am. I never could decide. Daddy says I'm an atheist, but I hope not. Sometimes I doubt if there is a God. He seems so terribly cruel to his children. And what is he and where? My brother says I am an agnostic. They don't believe anything, you know.

December 12, 1919

I imagine you are in a garden, and roses are in bloom, with calla lilies as tall as a man. That is California, I am told, even in winter. It is nice to dream

about it, and forget for a while that the thermometer is thirty below, and it seems next to impossible to get my feet warm even when I put them on a piece of wood in an open oven.

I undress the children and then I dress them for the night. I have plenty of comforts, but still they'd be like ice in the morning if I did n't dress them up warm. I put one of Daddy's old patched shirts on the baby, then an old pink faded eider-down dressing sacque of mine, then a crib blanket over his shoulders for a shawl, and then he is wrapped up in an old wool shawl that belonged to his dead grandmother.

I expected cold weather, though not so early. The drops of water I spill on the floor freeze at once. Why, my milk freezes on the table with the hot stove going. But this bad cold spell will let up soon, I think. It seems unusually long, though.

The drought was broken after fourteen weeks, but it was so late that we did n't even get a spear of hay, and had to buy straw. That is poor stuff to make milk on, and I am quite short, having butter to use only one day a week. And the horse is very poor indeed. My riding pony, who is used to good feed and is getting old, will hardly survive the winter, though Daddy is doing his best by giving her the chaff.

I never thought that I would go through the horrors of a drought, but this is the third year now. Last year I helped Daddy take the straw that had bleached for ten years on an old log henhouse, put there to keep it warm, and we fed it to the starving horses. I lay on my knees many times in the empty hay barn, after scraping the ground carefully for one more forkful of blackened old chaff to give the poor animals, and I prayed as I have never prayed before, as I looked up at the stars that shone through the roof where the shakes were gone. They looked

down on me so cold and pitiless that at last I could n't see them for tears and I went back to the house, washed my eyes, and tried to smile, for Daddy had the flu, and Ruth and Boy were just getting over it. Daddy would get up and try to work, and then get sick again. He's only sixty-six, but already broken in health, and is n't well yet. I have straw enough this winter, but it's not paid for, and I don't know how it will end.

Another drought and we leave in a wagon, if there are any horses to pull it. Very likely we'll go on foot. Where to? Daddy says Alberta, Canada, to take up a homestead. I can just see him, feeble and gray, with a frail wife and infant son and two orphans, starting life anew on the frontier.

Don't worry about us this winter. I have beans and five sacks of potatoes, and lots of berries canned up. You see, when the cupboard was getting bare last summer, I slipped away and picked berries on an irrigated ranch, and took my pay in vegetables and berries. I'm not very big, and I have to jump around quite lively with my big family so sort of helpless on my hands. Sometimes I'm too tired to sleep.

Am I an atheist? Well, I don't know. I believe I would be happier if I felt nothing, feared nothing, hoped nothing, and believed nothing. Life is breaking me on its wheel because I have wanted so much of life.

Spring, 1921

Thanks for the package. Daddy and I are enjoying the literature immensely. And the children will love the 'pretties' you picked up for them.

Since my last letter to you girls I have had my parents come to live with us. I went down on the prairie and borrowed a cow for her milk. She gives about six quarts a day, and that is luxury for us.

Potatoes are plentiful, and there is no sale for them. They sell for twenty-five cents a hundred pounds, and last year I had to pay ten dollars a hundred for them. If there is no change in conditions the farmers will be sold out, as nearly everybody is in debt up to their ears out here too. I'm in debt for seed and taxes for last year and there will be seed and taxes for this year added to that. Then if we don't get a crop you can send for the undertaker.

But if Daddy can stay well and work, — he's a dreadfully hard worker for his age, — and if we get hay, and if we get that pig fat enough to butcher, and if we have good luck with the cows so we get lots of milk, and if our vegetables grow, we'll have enough to eat anyway next winter. Daddy wants to hew out some ties for the railroad and I wrote to three roads, but they all say they are not buying any, but maybe they will later on.

I have a lovely flower garden. There are three rose bushes, a peony (red), some jonquils, a bleeding heart, a pink tulip, some flags, London pride, a lemon lily, Shasta daisy, sweet Mary, sweet William, southernwood, pansies, a lilac, and a bush honeysuckle. Only the jonquils are in bloom yet. I take much comfort from my flowers. We have a square bed 20 x 20, and it's only pretty until August 1. After that it is a brown, dusty, dry patch, but it always revives with new green every spring. I spend lots of time on it; odd moments when my soul is weary.

It has taken me years to collect these flowers, a root here and a slip here, and each has a story of its own. A robin is building a nest in a bush, a wren has rented a coffee can I nailed to the house. I made a hole in the cover. A pair of martins (bless their hearts) rented a flat I made of an old cigar box

by putting a roof on it and nailing it to the house too.

So I have lots of bird neighbors. The bluebirds are occupying their old house on a post, and the swallows have already new babies in their clay houses under the eaves.

July, 1921

At last I have found time to write to you in answer to your many beautiful letters to me. I have read the three religious papers and was surprised to find them interesting and worth keeping, too, to read over again next winter when I'm snow-bound. Another little paper that comes regularly is the *Cheerful Letter*, and it's fine. The *Good Housekeeping Magazine* came, and it was such a treat. I've read it even to the ads.

The nomad life you speak of in your letter would suit me, but with the bunch of invalids, or what you call semi-invalids, that I have to take care of it is impossible. My father (76) and mother (74) and Daddy (68) are too old to travel, and I dare not take the risk of moving anywhere just now. Father is partially paralyzed, but not in his legs, so he can walk yet, and Mother is too feeble to be up all day, so she lies down after each meal for a while. And Daddy is so tired he goes to sleep if he sits down anywhere, so you have a picture of my three old darlings, and can readily see that as long as I have a roof over their heads I have to stay there.

You think I still believe in God, but I don't. Three winters ago I gave him up. It was on a cold winter night, and Daddy was in bed with pneumonia. This was in February. I left Ruth to watch him while I went out to feed the stock. I gave the horse some straw that I got on the floor of an old log hen-house. There was no hay, no straw, and the poor cows got nothing. I knelt on

the dirt floor of the old barn. The roof was old and broken and the stars looked at me, bright and cold, and I prayed for help. I begged and prayed and cried until I was cold. There is no God. That was the beginning of the end. Twelve head of cattle died and the rest were all but dead when spring came.

The earth is beautiful and life could be so pleasant if it were not for the terrible struggle for existence.

Two weeks later. — I could almost believe in God. I wish you could have seen Daddy out in the rain doing up his chores this evening. With his white beard flying in the wind, and his old white dog, he reminded me of old Rip Van Winkle. Are we happy? Did you ever go through a drought on a farm? If you have, then you'll appreciate rain. So we're all happy, too happy. Yesterday we were blue and worried. Daddy looked so tired, and I knew he was worried, and he helped me to water some of the vegetables. I was so tired I could n't sit up to write you even a line and I'm glad I did n't, I was so blue. I set out four dozen cabbage plants a week ago, and carried each of them a pail of water. It was so dry and dusty, and the hens got in one day and ate up all but four of them. Well, I finished replacing them yesterday, some way, and carried water to them until I was too tired to talk.

Since the rain came there is sure to be a crop this year and I can't tell you how good it seems. It is July now, and I have onions and lettuce on the table every day, and green peas will be on in a week. My garden is small, but ample for our needs when it grows.

And what do you do in California all summer long? Do you read and tatt and go to the movies? What a life! Or do you do things and keep moving? I can't sit still. I love to work, but

this God-forsaken country gets me discouraged.

Just now it is a little taste of heaven. I heard a lecture at our little schoolhouse last Sunday entitled, 'Millions now living will never die.' It said the Millennium would start in 1930. Have you heard about it?

December 27, 1922

I think of you often, and of your kindness to a little unknown mortal up here in the hills. The 'thing' that I feared has got me. I'm afraid. I wanted to keep up with the world outside, wanted still to have ambitions and dream of better things; but the never-ending struggle for existence and the lonesomeness are telling on me, and I feel so old, so drab, and so hopeless. I quit writing, and yours was the only Christmas card I have received. The girls, N. and her friends, must think I'm terrible and ungrateful, but I'm not ungrateful, just too tired of life and living to write.

Daddy is more and more feeble, so I have more to do than before; getting wood and water is hardest, and I must do the milking too very soon. I planted and raised a good garden, and potatoes too; dug them and put them in the cellar myself, about one hundred bushels; but they are not worth ten cents to sell, so I am feeding them to the cows and the hens. I sold all the old hens in June, and bought a good hand pump and pumped water on my garden from a spring, so this year I have the cellar full of vegetables, thank God. Daddy has been going to make a pump for years, but I saw plainly that I must take the helm and work.

Ruth, poor child, died in April, at the Home. Then, as if I did n't have enough to bear, the father who deserted the two children about eight years ago appears, and takes the other one away, and disappears into the big wide world.

So once more I am alone with Daddy and Boy.

Daddy talks every day of his birthplace in Canada. He wants to die on Canadian soil among the Indians. It does n't matter to me where I go, or when I die, and I have told him I'll go to the end of the world with him whenever he wants to pull out. I would do anything to make him happy, my sage and poet; and if a tepee will do it, he shall have it in the land of his birth. So some day you may get a letter from a village up North among the 'Yellow Knives' or some similar hair-raising name. Perhaps I'll start a kindergarten for fat brown babies.

I took Boy and went to the Christmas tree at the little schoolhouse up here in the woods. Boy spoke 'Little Jack Horner' for them. The first thing he did was to bow till his head almost touched the floor and then throw back his head and laugh gleefully. Then his voice rang out loud with the four lines of the rhyme, and the lumberjacks nearly raised the roof with their noise. It was Boy's first appearance, and he won all hearts, he was so dear.

I was snowed in for about seven weeks; it was only about five feet on the level, but it drifted terribly. A horse could n't go through at all. Then two days before Xmas it changed suddenly from ten below zero to forty above, and started to rain, something very unusual, and it is still raining. I hope it continues, so the snow will sink down to something reasonable.

Daddy's only sister came to see us this summer, a very prim old lady who is determined to have Boy. This is the second visit for this purpose since Boy came to us, and I can't give him up. Boy is getting braver than he was, and in time his fear of the woods and the creatures that inhabit them will wear away, I think. I speak of the 'good wolves' and 'good cougars' and 'pretty

deer' and weave his bedtime stories about how they feed their babies, and so forth. He didn't seem a bit shocked when a man told us that a large cougar had crossed our place a week ago following a deer. A year ago it would have terrified him so he could n't go to sleep.

December 28. — I just heard from a man who went by that a Rural Delivery is almost certain to go through the coming year. Won't it be wonderful to see every day? And to run out to see if there is a letter in the box! When I was snowed in I did n't see a soul except a neighbor woman in a small shack near by. I wallowed over there every week to see if she was all right, as she was alone with two babies under two. Her man is a lumberjack, and got stalled forty miles north. He just got back.

January 24, 1923

You surely have accomplished what I thought was impossible. I had given up hope of ever feeling real cheered up again. Life is so hard on a stump ranch when things go wrong. How lovely those violets must have been when they were picked! They still retain a little fragrance. They reminded me that summer would come again if I only have patience.

Boy goes out to play with his sled every day now. It is hard to keep a lively child in the house all day, but I have to when it's from ten to twenty degrees below.

His aunt lives in New Haven, Connecticut, so it is quite a trip for her. I'll never give the boy up as long as I can work for him. She offers him a college education if I give him up. I tell him he must work his way through college, and perhaps, now that hope springs again in my heart, I may get to be a writer and help him.

I was not joking about going to the

ends of the earth. That is, the civilized part of it. It's a grim reality that is steadily coming closer.

You know that one's childhood is a happy state of mind. Nothing you eat now tastes half as good as the same things in childhood, nor is anything half as nice as the place where you were born.

That's how it is with Daddy. He is seventy, getting older every day and a little slower, and just a little dearer to me as he depends more on me. He got what you call second sight this year, and reads without glasses now. But he does n't live here any more. His body is here, but his mind is in Canada, where he was born. Land in Quebec is sky-high, so we must go far to get a free homestead, you see. Maybe we'll never get there. He has talked about it for the last four years. If we go it does n't matter, for it can't be harder than here.

I can't teach school and take care of Daddy too. So I thought I would get some traps and try for some furs up there; live like an Indian; shoot and fish and trap. Boy will soon be quite a lad and able to help me. His education won't be neglected, for one of my greatest pleasures is teaching him. I have a map of the world pinned up on the wall, and he is learning geography from it. I have Gray's *Anatomy*, and he just loves it. That is his best picture book. At the table when I have cooked a hen he gravely tells Daddy to give him the femur or the radius and ulna. The old white dog is lazy and won't play with him, but a stray pup about ten months old came Christmas week. Boy is sure Santa Claus sent him, and they have great romps together. I named the dog 'Bonny Lad,' but Boy shortened it to 'Barney.' So Barney is his name now. He is a beautiful black shepherd dog with a wonderfully kind disposition, and I had n't the heart to turn

him away after Boy welcomed him so joyfully.

March 22, 1923

I have been ill, and it is hard for me to write, but I must thank you for the reading matter which you so kindly sent. I can't tell you how much I appreciated it. First I had flu and then quinsy. I am writing this down on the prairie. At home I could n't write. I had no peace. Daddy is poorly, and I'd drag out and milk and feed up, and I'd get so tired I was all in. I've run away to-day and left it. The cow won't be milked or fed, poor thing, till tomorrow. The roads are so bad I can't get back the same day. It is six weeks since I have had any mail, six long weeks, and we had the worst blizzard in forty years in this six weeks. For three weeks we could n't get to the barn. It drifted as high as the second story of the house. The north and south roads are muddy and heaving; the east and west roads I could hardly get through, as the drifts are piled up so sidling. I slid and tumbled once in a while, but managed to arrive at last.

March 23. — After a good sleep I feel more like tackling the road back than yesterday. Last Saturday we — that is, a dozen women who live in the woods around me and on the slopes of the mountains — gathered at the school-house. I wrote the posters and sent them out to be tacked on trees on trails that I thought would catch some eyes. For the first time we have a teacher with a vision. Why could n't we have had one before? She is forty-five, I guess, and born in Ireland, which accounts for it. She called on me and we warmed up to each other and she said, 'Let's start something.' 'Call a meeting of the mothers and I'll come and talk to them,' I said. She did, and we organized a club, and they made me the Queen Bee, as none of the others

had ever belonged to a club. We decided on a box social to raise some money. In a poverty-stricken community a few dollars can do much when there are births and deaths or forest fires wipe out a homestead. So Saturday we had our box social. We each brought a box with food in it. We made coffee. I brought cream, as my cow is fresh, and the teacher brought coffee. One woman brought bread, another meat, and so forth. The lumberjacks poured in till the little room was crowded (even the standing room) and you could n't get in. The programme was just stunts. The teacher played the organ, and anybody in the audience who could sing a solo came up and did his best. Some of the men had good, though untrained voices. Everybody brought a lantern, so we had plenty of light.

The teacher sang 'The Wearing of the Green' till our hearts were breaking, and the men stamped and whistled till she had to do it all over again. One fellow did handsprings and one played an accordion with his back to the audience, he was so nervous, but he played 'Marching through Georgia' real well. It was not a critical audience.

The programme lasted three hours and then the boxes were auctioned off. The auctioneer would hold up a box trimmed up with a bit of colored paper. I cut clover leaves and pasted them all over mine. And he'd say, 'Only a dollar for this box! Why, just see the purdies on it!' And somebody would offer a little more and get it. Those that did n't get boxes could buy a plate with a sandwich, a piece of cake, and coffee for twenty-five cents. We took in \$28.75 and I thought that was pretty good. You'll wonder why I did it. Just one instance. In a shack a few years ago a dainty, well-educated woman gave birth to twins. They had had bad luck, there was no doctor, there were three other little ones, and the

neighbor woman who stepped in had to wrap the babies in a dish towel. One died. I'm sick of seeing it and doing nothing. These I. W. W.'s who work in the camps are hungry for a good time and won't miss a dollar or two. We are going to repeat it later in the spring maybe.

I must close now, and walk back again. Daddy and I enjoyed the magazines, all of them, but the *Atlantic* the most.

October 11, 1923

I am sorry to have delayed so long answering and thanking you for the good reading you sent, but I have to work all the time. It's work, work, until I feel as if I had only a body and the soul is gone. Then night is the happiest, when I can lose consciousness for a short time. To-day I cut cornstalks for fodder. They are very short, but there is an acre of them, and I'm glad I had them to cut. Winter is almost upon us. I am worried about the prunes. They are so nice this year, and a black freeze is liable to come any time. Shall or shall I not get them picked in time? I picked one pailful to-day, but will devote every spare minute to them from now on. We have never seen a year like this since we came here. It has rained and rained. I have never seen such prunes before and I'm almost sick with fear I won't get them in on time. Winter will be here any day, and I still have some carrots and potatoes out.

October 28. — Since writing the above I have dried ten bushels of pears, slicing them by hand and drying them around the stove. I did a bushel a day. Then I picked ten bushels of prunes. They are safe now, and now my work begins on them. This is the third time in twelve years I have had prunes ripen. Usually they freeze.

November 10. — The prunes are well under way. Two more weeks will finish them. Boy and Daddy are both sick with the whooping cough. The ground is frozen a little, not deep yet. I keep digging away at the potatoes, and get a sack most every day. I have fifteen sacks in the cellar now, and I went over to T.'s and picked apples and have ten sacks in the cellar. Culls, but good eating.

One night I worked four hours on Daddy, putting compresses on his chest until he could breathe properly. Twice I have smoked both my invalids so they could get a little rest.

Monday. — Boy is still in bed. He has bronchial pneumonia now, and Daddy is worse. I am more afraid for Daddy than for Boy. I was up nearly all night, but got a little rest in the morning. It would be a comfort to have a doctor, but that is impossible with six months of winter ahead. Queer that doctors are prohibited to the poor. Out here the women get their babies without them, just their husbands doing for them. I have several sad stories laid away in my brain about them, and now I am in the same class. I must struggle on. I have no woman to talk to, so I will write to ease my brain.

Conditions are very hard. The struggle for bare existence is awful, but one gets used to it. Every penny should be used for at least a dozen such urgent needs that I have carried a dollar with me for days, laid it in front of me when I ate, debating what it should go for. Time passes, we live on, and get through somehow. If I accept money it burns me, it seems to lower me somehow. I will never accept any of it any more, for now I see I can never pay any back. This is my diary. It is true, and not written for money. The brain forgets, so I will write down each day.

(To be continued)

HARDCRABBLE HELLAS

BY LUCIEN PRICE

I

THERE is a lost fatherland for which the modern world goes homesick. Yet not always lost, for at odd times, in obscure places, it lives again. And this was the distinction (for the high gods delight to visit the humble) which befell a poverty-stricken academy in a Middle-Western small town. Queerly disguised this ancient fatherland was, but exiles know home when they see it.

History tells us that Periclean Athens was the Great Age. A great age it assuredly was, but not the only one. The years of youth between sixteen and eighteen are another, and the place to spend them is in a boys' school. There is a fine chapter in a fine English novel — the fifteenth chapter of *Middlemarch* — in which George Eliot relates the awakening of an intellectual passion in boyhood. Such was the passion which this out-at-elbow transplantation of Periclean Athens enkindled in a handful of young barbarians at play. It was the miracle which the whole world of education goes forever seeking. For, once wrought, it transforms youth, and youth thus transformed transforms the world.

So I tell the story of this harassed school as it was a quarter of a century ago, a story with an ending which, had it been predicted to us then, would have sounded like the most extravagant of poets' dreams. Yet poets' dreams, let us remember, have a way of coming true.

September was minting its gold coinage on the campus elms when Hardcastle Academy opened its doors for the seventy-fifth time — and opened them with misgiving. It was a question whether the school could weather the year. Two decades earlier, when its parent college moved away to the city, one fourth of the college income was allotted to the academy, along with full possession of the grounds and buildings which it had formerly shared. Impecunious, even under the wing of the college, the school had always been. But could it live on next to nothing a year? And little did anyone guess what a stormy year it was to be.

But the normal weather at Hardcastle was one of storms. If you doubt it, ask any new boy after he has been there twenty-four hours. Oh, it opens peacefully enough! Here in the chapel room beside a fireless stove a shy youngster quakes inwardly. His hour has come, the hour when the world must be faced alone. The world? Eighty boys and four schoolmasters — a world ardently desired yet acutely dreaded, for out of it have trickled tales to freeze young blood. It is a boys' world of rough-and-tumble that gives no quarter and asks none. Plunge into it, and be bare fists and wits your only weapons.

Into this chapel room tramps a burly, handsome youth, affable as a Saint Bernard puppy, a dozen lads at his heels. He spies the newcomer, offers

a huge paw, and accosts, 'I'm Newbury. Who're you?'

The dozen are introduced. They step forward, friendly and courteous, to shake hands. They make shy efforts to put the stranger at his ease. How it warms the cockles of the heart! What is so very dreadful about this world? It has been slandered!

It has other pleasant surprises. Dinner at the clattery boarding house tastes good. This is clear gain, for, being kept by a Mrs. Slaughter, it is naturally called 'the Slaughter House,' and the 'Slaughter House yell' is not reassuring:—

Baked potato, mashed potato,
Hash, mince pie;
Stewed prunes, and cabbage soup—
Oh! My!

Likewise, the first evening in the gaunt dormitory beside a green-shaded student lamp which Uncle Horace used in this very room thirty years before; an ancestral lamp and very learned, for it has already gone through this academy four times and through college twice. Roommate? A necessary evil, somewhat arbitrarily chosen by one's father because he and the other boy's father happened to have been comrades in the Civil War. If roommate wants civil war let him start it! At any rate, here you are, in a room with windows looking on the noble elm grove of the back campus, and your own boss. On your own at last! This is the life!

Yes, but—Oliver Newbury and that dozen friendly lads are not the whole eighty. There is another gang, hoofed, horned, and fork-tailed. New boys begin coming into morning chapel looking like wet wash put through a wringer. Whose turn will be next? When you were sent away to school the understanding was that you were to take your medicine like a man.

Hazing, though bad for the hazers, may be good for the hazed. I do not see how any self-respecting boy can join with a dozen to pick on one. All the same, it is a satisfaction to have taken one's dose without a whimper. The first night comes blanket-tossing. The next, rooms are stacked. The night following we are taken out on a country road and run behind a horse and cart. Poor Andy Dwight has a close squeak. They did n't know he had a weak heart. The night after that comes ducking under the chapel pump; then a course in humiliation, singing and speech-making to a jeering audience. Next, run the gauntlet of barrel-stave paddles, drink a brew of asafetida, and be shut in a room with a smudge of burning red pepper.

In retrospect this may be amusing. To adolescents it is grim. And the inevitable followed. Homesickness. It swept the school like an epidemic. Boys went down before it in windrows. Did you ever have a good stiff dose of it? If so, you have been at pains to forget. Allow me to remind you. First symptom: an all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach. Second symptom: dull ache in the region of the heart. Third symptom: this ache travels to the head, where it becomes an acute pain. Queer results follow. Food ceases to taste. Music, once a delight, becomes torture. Try to study: two streams of thought go on at once. With one you learn the Greek alphabet; with the other you ache. It is curiously exhausting. People around you become unreal shadows. They speak: you can hear your own voice make answer. But the whole transaction is a dream, and a most unpleasant one. Sunlight looks strange. There is darkness in its glitter. You are sick, dreadfully sick, and you don't dare tell a soul. The queerest part is that, long for home as you may,

not for anything would you *go* home. That would be defeat. No; stay where you are and sweat it out.

On goes the hazing. The hours after 10 P.M. are a world of paw and claw. Is there no end to this ingenuity at inventing uncomfortable antics? None! 'On your own,' remember! So this is what it means to be one's own boss? It has its drawbacks.

Suddenly it stops. The whole hazing system collapses overnight. The fellows who officiated at these amateur Inquisitions slink into chapel slack-jawed and hangdog. What has happened? It appears that the faculty know everything — names, events, dates, places, down to the last detail. How did they find out? No one has the least idea. But their bland omniscience strikes a chill of superstitious awe into the whole school. The culprits are closeted, quizzed, and outfaced. They confess. Their penances are far from enviable.

The landscape turns right side up again. 'And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day.' Now at last it is possible to draw a quiet breath and look about you at your world. And behold! it is very good.

II

An oddly romantic little world it was. 'More like New England than New England itself,' travelers from the East used to tell us. We boys always supposed this remark twaddle. It was not. That transplanted academic village amid the rolling richness of Middle-Western woodland and farming country was what New England had been half a century before and would have remained but for the invention of machinery and the importation of Southern European mill hands.

It was, that autumn, just a hundred

years since Connecticut farmers had begun jolting over the Alleghenies with their pewter dishes and grandfather's clocks stowed in canvas-covered ox-carts. Hardly had they felled the oaks and planted their corn when they set about founding a baby Yale. A rugged infant it had to be. All told, the founding of this college in the pioneer wilderness took twenty-five years. First, it burned to the ground. Next, it barely survived the War of 1812. Then its location had to be changed. Finally, David Judson, a farmer in the village of Hardcastle, outdid John Harvard. He gave the college 160 acres and \$7500. These scholar-axemen designed their own buildings, following Yale's Bastille architecture. The first fifty thousand bricks crumbled. They bought a brickyard and made their own. The better brick for chimneys was hauled by oxcart from the Great Lakes port twenty-five miles away. For professors they shanghaied young Yale graduates. The judgment of the press gang was excellent. This backwoods college for fifty years was a breeding place of great scholars: a Barrows in Hebrew; a Loomis and a Young in astronomy; a Morley in chemistry; the two Seymours, father and son, in Greek. It sent presidents to Dartmouth and Williams. It sired authors, senators, governors, and chief justices.

Neither was it only and merely a tranquil seat of academic learning. Through these halls blew great winds of life, brusque and bracing. Missionary zeal swept the college like a forest fire. Antislavery rocked and rent it. What wonder, with John Brown living in Woolwick only eight miles away? So notorious a station on the Underground did it become that professors' wives left pies cooling on window sills for runaway blacks to filch. Trustees were conservative.

Faculty and students were red-hot liberators. Ruptions and resignations. Then the Civil War depopulated dormitories and lecture halls. The college was forever dogged by debt. Its revenues had to include cattle, grain, books, clocks, a sleigh — even a tombstone. Imagine professors obliged to accept, as part of their salaries, heifers, calico, potatoes, and tallow candles. That college, to keep alive, had to gnaw the bark off trees! The president who finally raised this incubus of debt died of his exertions. Not a foot of these academic groves but had been trodden by heroes and martyrs of learning.

Thus the struggle went on for half a century. Then a rich man offered it liberal endowment if it would move to a port city of the Great Lakes twenty-five miles away and change its name to that of his dead son. It accepted. The Vergilian elm wood of its campus, its frowning fortresses of dormitories, its Faculty Row of red brick professorial residences, and its 'Athenæum' recitation hall were bequeathed to its academy, along with that fourth of its income which was to prove so unstable a prop.

In youth — or any other time — the one thing needful is imagination. Give us that and we can put up with any amount of hardscrabble. Over this little academy hung a glamour of romance. In these dooryard gardens greatness had hoed its own cabbages, feet on earth and head in clouds. Around yonder orchard you still might see the crumbling high board fence which old Professor Seymour had built to shut the world away while he wandered, hands clasped behind back, alone with his moods and syntaxes. That vacant stone castle fronting the campus, called 'the Pentagon,' was once the business centre of the Mississippi Valley. Here was a scene

of departed grandeurs. The place had known better days. No doubt of that. Good! Now to imagining what it was like in its prime.

Plenty of hardscrabble, meanwhile, there was to put up with. Central heating plant? Bless us! A stove and a coal hod centrally heated each study. As for bedrooms! The west wind had clean sweep across fifteen miles of snow-smothered river valley. That wind never met anything until it struck these dormitory walls. Sleep with windows open you determinedly would, but on zero nights the only efficient heating was to pool quilts and blankets and sleep three in a bed. On rising, you broke the ice in your water jug and built a fire to thaw out your face cloth, which was frozen stiff as sheet metal. Shower baths? On the whole campus was not so much as one stationary tub — no, not even one solitary spigot of running water. Open plumbing? Oh, very open plumbing indeed; open *air*. Out behind the chapel is a pump. Take a bucket and lug. Did we bathe? Oh yes; heroically; standing ankle-deep in snow and slashing pails of icy water at each other from crown to heel, as sturdily as ever Homer's warriors. That we much objected to this arctic existence I do not recall. We sons of farmers and country-town professional men were far from having been pampered at home. Besides, in healthy youngsters runs a congenital streak of the Spartan. You rather like these rigors. They suggest that you could stand the gaff quite as well as your favorite heroes in the *Anabasis* and the *Iliad*. If the windy plains of Troy were much windier than these bedrooms on a January night, Helen showed poor judgment in ever leaving home.

Was it any wonder that the school at Hardcastle got nicknamed 'Hardscrabble Academy'? It would n't take

a gang of boys long to think of *that!*

It was in the autumn when weak-minded people began losing their wits trying to figure out whether the century should rightly be deemed to end in 1900 or in 1901 that the pittance income of the academy was discontinued by the college. And now it was scratch gravel with a vengeance. To instruct these eighty adolescent pirates were four schoolmasters and four only. Vacations they had to spend rustling out their own salaries, heaven knows where! How they maintained the high quality of their teaching remains a mystery of brains and energy. Not one of them but could have done brilliantly in business. They had repeated offers. Not one of them but scorned to exchange his career of learning for one of earning. These four men — three were married — lived each on less than \$1500 a year. Even in 1900 that meant scrimping. A good share of the boys worked their way through school. Where the money came from I cannot to this day guess. We were all so short of cash that it was like the town where everybody lived by taking in one another's washing. To heat the large chapel for morning devotions was an impossible extravagance. Chapel was held in a large recitation room. Yet words of wisdom uttered from that humble rostrum have gone on ringing in my head for a quarter of a century.

III

I have dwelt on the poverty and meagreness of this school in order that no one might suppose we are discussing education *de luxe*. The current idea is that you must have gilt-edged equipment. But that forlorn little academy had the one thing needful — delight in hard mental exercise.

Delight in sharp physical exercise boys know in their games. Instinct sees to that. Yet this other delight is well within the grasp of boyhood, and lucky the boy who grasps it early, for it arms him with one of the few weapons which may enable him to cope with other instincts more unruly. Youth's religion? Could theologians look into the heart of youth, — a thing they appear tragically unable to do, — I wonder if they would recognize anything they beheld there. The heart of youth is not Hebraic. It is Hellenic. Youth's articles of faith are two. One is athletics — which no less competent a witness than George Meredith has pronounced 'the best philosophy youth can pretend to.' The other is this passionate delight of the awakened mind.

What a stupid superstition it is that boys naturally detest study! What they do detest is a bore. Youth is the hero-worshipping age. Give me a hero schoolmaster and I will guarantee that the intellectual passion gets kindled in any mind that is combustible. A hero my schoolmaster will have to be to embrace this greatest of all professions in a society so besotted with money lust as to have condemned it to poverty and disesteem. What would my hero schoolmaster be like? He would be as nearly like the young man of five-and-twenty who, in that little academy, put me through the thrilling grind of Greek as this good green earth could be ransacked to discover.

Rather a grim-looking customer, youthful though he is — black-haired, black-browed, keen-eyed, and clean-shaven, a wiry blue stubble of beard darkening the iron muscles of his jowls. His trim body looks all sinew and steel springs. Afternoons on the gridiron when he coaches the football squads he wears moleskins and a black jersey which sets snugly to a powerful back

and square pectorals. The grip of his muscled thumb and fingers on chalk or pencil betrays huge surplus of energy. Reticent, self-contained, a shade taciturn — it is the mind of a stoic housed in the body of an Olympian athlete. His classroom discipline is not so much as a word. It is a look. Yet his power is not intimidation. Besides, he keeps us too interested to think of misbehaving. And grim though his countenance may be, was ever a better sportsman?

Finding late one evening all the chapel-room benches stacked on the campus, he returned them to their places (it took him till dawn) and never spoke a word of it to anyone until years afterward. He found it quite amusing enough to sit in chapel next morning and identify the guilty by their bewildered faces.

We respected him. We admired him. We would have loved him had we dared. Failing that, the game was to win his esteem. To do so one must be cultivating a vigorous body, an active mind, and a high standard of conduct. He despised cowardice; he despised meanness; he despised liars, sneaks, and squealers. On the other hand, he knew the weaknesses which the flesh of boyhood is prone to and was willing to make allowance. Perfection he did not demand. He did not even demand success. The one thing he did demand was effort.

A personality as dynamic as this with the fiery juices of life naturally generated action. In his classes it became a recognized sport, quite as definitely as football practice, not to flunk. Reading the *Anabasis*, he would call on us for the principal parts of all the irregular verbs. What gallons of midnight kerosene we burned getting ourselves primed to volley these verbs at him as fast as tongues could articulate. The reward was to watch his

jaw set like a boxer's standing up to buffets. Not by so much as a syllable did he ever acknowledge the existence of this contest. No need to. His game was to stick us. Our game was not to get stuck. It was exhilarating.

What we were taking in was, I suppose, that it is not beneath the dignity of a male man to use his intellect for something besides money-grubbing. It used to puzzle us that a young man of such force and ability should not be making his fortune in a bank. 'Has he no ambition?' A legend was even coined to the effect that a siege of typhoid in college had drained him of all desire to 'succeed.' It was years before some of us learned to comprehend his fine unworldly ambition, his determination to 'succeed' in the noblest sense of that abused term, his resolution to reject a career of property getting in order to create in that most vital of all art forms, the minds and characters of boys. It meant poverty, it meant sacrifice; and this leads me to the other mystery about him. He was brilliant; he was gifted; he was magnificently male — and yet he had no 'girl.' In vain did the local college widows ogle and angle; in vain did the other masters genially endeavor to 'date him up' and marry him off. He merely laughed his grim laugh; and once, just once, he was heard to remark: 'I pity the fellow who lets Cupid get in the way of his life work.' All in his own good time he did marry, and most happily. But, meanwhile, what we boys were being privileged thus early to observe was a life ruled, not by emotion, but by intellect.

Hardcastle Academy had not one hero schoolmaster only: it had four. The fact spoke for itself. If they had not been heroic they never would have been where they were. In the Periclean period, — as indeed with any Great

Age, — the whole question was whether Athens and Sparta could come to terms. At Hardcastle they did. The school fed our bodies the black broth of Sparta; our minds it kindled with the spiced wine of Athens. These four men were inheritors of that stalwart Hellenic tradition of the New England schoolmaster which began before Harvard College with Boston Latin School and Ezekiel Cheever, a heritage which was the intellectual backbone of the rustic republic; and pray Pallas Athene that it never perish out of the land!

IV

Lest anyone suppose these boys were not perfectly average rascallions, let me hasten to confess the usual escapades. Tying the tongue of the chapel bell was mere routine. Once it was stolen and gone for days. Finally the Principal wrote on the bulletin board: —

JAMES III : 5

The school consulted Holy Writ. There it read: 'Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' Up went a roar of laughter. The bell clapper as mysteriously reappeared. I have said that the dormitories were Bastilles of brick and oak. They declined to burn. We experimented. Overturn a red-hot stove; it merely made a smudge that drove you to open windows. Pack a trunk with coal hods and dumb-bells and roll it down two flights of stairs. Crash! Bang! It never dented a newel post. Fill every ewer and bucket in the building, carry them to the top landing, and let them all go at once. Hiss! Roar! For five minutes the stair hall is

Niagara. Yet all it does is loosen one square foot of plaster. Were we caught? Ho! Not by ten laps. The fire escape is a knotted rope. Give the trunk its kick-off, dive for the rope, and slide. Our agility in going up and down those ropes verified every contention of the late Charles Darwin.

No. These lads were quite wholesome hell-raisers. Yet what a delight it was, after solid geometry and Greek prose composition, to find that ordinary reading had become a holiday. Carlyle's *French Revolution* turned out to be a thriller. Browning and Henry James, vulgarly supposed to be comic weekly jokes at the expense of cultured bluestockings, went like a house afire. Someone discovered Zola, Daudet, and Dumas *filis*. Now it was go to the city, perch in the top gallery of the old Lyceum theatre, and watch Miss Eugenie Blair — fair, fat, and fifty, making her last stand against oblivion and a waistline — smoke the cigarettes of Carmen, rack the cough of Camille, and display the dishabille of Sappho. Ah, that was wickedness!

Thus began an epidemic of scribbling; burlesques of Ibsen and Zola (very scurril and not seldom indelicate), read aloud amid guffaws; parodies of Vergil; football epics in the heroic couplets of Pope and Dryden (once get the trick, you can reel them off by the yard); and lovesick lyrics after the songs in *The Princess* (these deadly serious: none of us had ever been disappointed in love, but we earnestly hoped to be). All this, please remember, came quite in nature's way, with never a taint of self-consciousness. For this village, through half a century, had been a cultural centre of the Middle West, and the deposits were still on every hand. Opposite the campus in an oak-timbered ark of a house dwelt a retired lawyer who on winter evenings drew wing chair to glowing hearth and

read his Pindar and Thucydides. Out on the old stagecoach road Andy Dwight encountered a farmer's wife who could discuss philosophy while she blacked her kitchen stove. The minister knew how to hold his tongue in five languages. An independent scholar, dwelling in one of the brick residences once occupied by the college faculty, delivered a lecture on the *Divine Comedy*. Most of it was miles over our heads. But though the ideas might escape us, we did get the glow. It was intellect warmed with emotion and it left us with the feeling that the *Divine Comedy* was a glorious work which some day we must read for ourselves.

On autumn evenings, especially, the whole place — campus, village, countryside — would seem haunted with poetry, the air drenched with music. The swish of night wind in elm tops to the toll of a church bell had a way of sounding like distant surf and the chime of a bell buoy; and this just when you were reading Milton: —

Of on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or wild nights of October — flying clouds, flashing moon, trees lashing and leaves whirling — would orchestrate a thunderous symphonic poem, Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre*: —

Winter wind blows and the night is dark,
Moans are heard in the linden trees;
Through the gloom white skeletons pass,
Running and leaping in their shrouds.

Then, exactly at the right moment, Tennyson swam into ken. Here was the boys' poet; plumed knights in clangorous tourneys and great gobs of romantic melancholy as proper to the age as raiding orchards. There was

a snowy meadow bordering a wood across which at any moment one could imagine Launcelot spurring in bright armor. And when spring came — believe it or not! — we youngsters would get up at daybreak, two hours before breakfast, and, taking books out into fields and woods, toil over our Homeric dialects to the tune of bird matins and by the beams of rosy-fingered Aurora. This study in the open became, in fine weather, a general custom. Boy fashion, all were paired off, chumming

Two and two,
The elephant and
The kangaroo,

each pair to some favorite sanctuary of Pan — the green embankment of an abandoned 'air-line' railway, the crumbling stone arch of its bridge, brookside meadows, or the grounds of a mysteriously deserted residence, unlocked, and completely furnished down to soap and towels.

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees,

sings Tennyson, and we read him to the tune of both, all in the budding May. Also someone far mellow and richer — no less a personage than Vergil of the *Eclogues*. To have read the rustic idyls of that gentle poet and superb stylist amid the mild splendors of these spring-fledged hills and new-ploughed farms was to have savored to its full youth's springtime hour of imagination and beauty. Work? Of course it was work. But what fun it was!

There was about it all a haunting sense of being English boys from an English school, leisuring in some placid English countryside — a spell wrought, I suppose, by Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and all

that glorious dynasty of British poets whom we were reading. It came as a homesickness for some elder land far off and never so much as seen, yet felt somehow to be more homelike than home. Mother England!

It has often seemed to me that a room in which great poetry has been read or a hall where noble music has sounded is forever after sacred, raised out of insignificance by that hour of splendor. So is the spot where one has come to love learning. Look on a ramshackle building within which is a stage once trodden by Edwin Booth as Hamlet. Outwardly shabby; within, it has known the consecration and the poet's dream.

This, I suppose, is what distinguishes an academic town. Here dwell people whose lives are, for the time being at least, dedicated to some aim higher than getting and spending. These white-plastered walls and dusty blackboards may be chill and bleak, but in this room one has learned to read the sounding hexameters of Homer and has seen the long ships go ploughing the wine-dark sea. Holy places are of many kinds, and this is one of them. All winter we have toiled over the snowy mountain passes of the *Anabasis*. Then, one day in April, gaining a summit in Asia Minor, we hear the jubilant shout of Xenophon's soldiers: *θάλασσα, θάλασσα*. ('The Sea! The Sea!')

Yes, afar off, afar off, we can spy the silvery shining of Homer's immortal sea, and hear on the salt strand of the ages the surge and thunder of the *Iliad*.

V

Nearly two years of this rustic Hellas of learning and boyhood; then one evening an old editor who lived in the village and went to the city

every day came to talk to us. He published a farm journal which our fathers and grandfathers alternately swore by and swore at. His name was Chamberlain — one that recalls whole genealogies of New England schoolmasters, ministers, and journalists, and all of them the best. He was tall, burly, blue-eyed, spectacled, gray-haired and gray-bearded — a benevolent grizzly. For one hour he spoke of what a satisfaction it is to use our minds. That was twenty-five years ago. All of that talk I could still give in substance and much of it word for word.

This man, evenings after work, was keeping on with his Greek and reading the whole of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. With a small telescope on clear nights he studied astronomy. He told us how at first he had had to jot down the figures of his observations, but gradually he trained himself to carry the whole series in his head. Then he uttered this sentence, as it seemed to me, in words of fire: '*Make your brain do its work!*' You could feel the muscles of your mind stiffen. He was an elderly man then. Whether he still lives I do not know. But I do know what he did for me. To that casual hour's talk to a roomful of boys he probably never gave another thought — so little do we guess when our words fall like warm rain into a thirsty mind or our deeds like warm tears into a hungry heart. Many a time when tempted to skimp and give my second-best ('Who will ever know, or care?') the thought of that old man has hauled me up short.

On, meanwhile, went the routine of the school, hard work and harder play — golden-hazed Saturday afternoons of Indian summer for ideal football weather; marauding expeditions to cider mills; winter sleigh

rides; spring pilgrimages to maple-sugar camps; all-day tramps to Boston Ledges and back with aching joints and ravenous appetites; a mock trial, plays, concerts, gymnastic exhibitions (but no gymnasium), a prize-speaking contest, the annual flag rush.

This glad, eager life was dogged perpetually by the spectre of dissolution. The school might have to put up shutters at any time. Perhaps that gave things half their zest. We were there only on sufferance. Each day was wrung from niggard destiny. And I seem to remember that the Periclean, that other Great Age, was likewise a gayly desperate stand by a handful of picked men holding their tiny citadel of light and learning against a beleaguering world of barbarian darkness.

The first of these two lean years the school contrived to weather. The second? Chatting with us youngsters about our *Iliad* as we encountered him on the rude flagstones under the leaky porches of the Pentagon, the old lawyer was fond of quoting in especial two hexameters — one which described the clang of Apollo's bow as he launched his arrows of pestilence against the Greeks: —

δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γέενε' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο,

and another which pictures the leaping flames of the funeral pyres: —

βάλλ'. αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκρῶν καίοντο θαμναί.

Before that second year was out we had good cause to remember both.

VI

Abruptly, one February afternoon, the whole kit and caboodle of us were summoned to the chapel room and the doors locked. One at a time we

were called before the four masters and quizzed. Back into the chapel somehow leaked the news. An epidemic of gambling had started from half a dozen harum-scarums who had been bounced from other schools and sent here in the hope of being made to behave. It had spread among twoscore of the boys. Gambling was explicitly vetoed. Again the faculty had found out everything, and a good half of the school had incurred expulsion. It looked like the death blow.

By nightfall it was known that the original half-dozen delinquents were marked to go; possibly a dozen more; perhaps even the whole forty. The dormitories buzzed like hives of angry bees.

Now Oliver Newbury had been with this half dozen a target of studied disesteem. Oliver's hatband, it is true, was a trifle stretched. How could it well help being? He was the pride of the school. And a beautiful fellow he was, six feet of brawn and sinew, well proportioned, and a face all glow and sparkle. Splendid athlete, excellent scholar — if you liked him, his robust self-esteem did not annoy you a particle; if you did not, then you organized a Greek-letter fraternity in order to leave him out. But it is worth noting that in his study gathered the militant minority of the uncompromised. The six marked for expulsion they were serenely willing to part withal. But the next dozen; the twoscore? It seemed unjust. Yet how to make the distinction? The debate went on till midnight. Then Oliver, in handwriting neat and round as copperplate engraving, drafted a petition. This was circulated through the dormitories, all the uncompromised being routed out of bed, blinking and bewildered, to sign.

It was now two o'clock in the morning. They were just deciding to call

it a day when a rumor came that the recitation hall had been stacked. If true, and the masters found it in chaos on the morrow, this petition was waste paper. The only thing to do was find out for certain.

With an unlighted lantern half a dozen of the petitioners stole out of their dormitory across the snowy campus, crept along behind arborvitæ hedges to the building, let themselves in with a key obtained from the student janitor, and started on the prowl through the spooky old rookery. Downstairs, everything in order. Upstairs, class rooms quite unmolested. Was the rumor a hoax?

Oliver, who went ahead with the lantern, opened the door to the library. His foot struck something. He elevated the light. From all six came a gasp of dismay. The library, *sanctum sanctorum* of the school, had been stacked.

Then did the hearts of the well-greaved Achæans swell with black bile. All night they had been laboring to save their schoolfellows. Was this the payment? Then let them stew in their own juice!

‘But what about Lawrence?’ Out of the gloom came the voice of a rosy cherub known as Pat Ridley. ‘We know *he* did n’t do it. Do we want him fired?’

‘That’s so, fellows!’ said several at once. ‘It’s worth cleaning up this mess if only for Lawrence.’

It was decided. They set to work.

Now as luck would have it one of those lads knew that library by heart. Four large bookcases, from wall to wall, from floor to ceiling, perhaps eight hundred volumes in all—he knew the titles by authors, by sets, by classifications; history, fiction, biography, poetry, science, works of reference, even to bound volumes of ponderous old reviews. The library was not catalogued.

He carried a catalogue of it in his head. By the yellow beams of the single lantern the others collected and sorted; he restored the volumes to their places on the shelves. It was such an examination at once in literature and in magnanimity as few lads in their teens are summoned to undergo. And it was triumphantly passed. Not until months later did the masters discover that anything had been awry. Then it came out that each had in his own mind been accusing the others of carelessness in replacing used books.

A winter dawn was silvering the east when six boys crept dog-tired along the evergreen hedges back to their dormitory to snatch an hour’s sleep before breakfast.

The petition now did the business. The masters were not anxious to kill the school by expelling half of it. And this act of the boys provided them an emergency exit. It was decided to expel the first half dozen; the rest were penalized but allowed to remain.

Then these schoolmasters arranged a final curtain that gives the measure of their wisdom and kindness. Once more the whole school was summoned to the chapel room and the doors were shut. The affair was to be talked over in the bosom of the family. Then befell a blend of Methodist experience meeting and Moravian love feast. One after another, culprits voluntarily hoisted themselves to their feet and spoke. Manly words, manly tears, repentance. It was agreed that no one was to repeat a word of what was said there—which was well, for, electrified by the courage of the gamblers’ confessions, others rose and a good deal more got confessed than gambling. And to the everlasting credit of all be it said that never afterward was one word of what was uttered in that public privacy repeated as tattle or flung as taunt. Such is honor among boys.

VII

But the affair left everybody rather limp. Easter recess came as a distinct relief. Now things could quiet down.

Quiet down! Two days after school reopened Oliver Newbury was taken ill. His roommate, Howard Spencer, brought him his meals and rubbed his aching body with alcohol. In two days more the case was pronounced smallpox, and black smallpox at that. How many had been exposed? Probably half the school. Classes ceased. Quarantine was clamped down tight as a drumhead. Yes, Apollo had launched his arrows at the camp of the Greeks,

And terrible came the clang of the silver bow.

Then again the school showed its mettle. Instead of loafing away these grim holidays everyone set to work. Mornings there was play on the athletic fields. Afternoons, since no one could leave the campus and it was too chill to sit out, there were study and reading. What did we read? I remember open sessions with Shakespeare's sonnets, Macaulay's essays, and comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith. We kept on with Latin, Greek, and mathematics. The days seemed not too long, the evenings fairly cheerful.

But up there behind those second-story windows in a wing of the Principal's house Oliver Newbury was battling against a grisly death.

Four days of this. Then swooped one of those belated blizzards that vex late April. All day it snowed, and all night, and all the next day — snow that was wet, heavy, and packed hard. Down came wires. Trains stopped. No telegrams. No letters. For a while hardly so much as horse and sleigh. Here was quarantine with a vengeance.

On the bleak morrow of the storm,

sullen clouds brooding stagnant over an arctic earth, someone came through the dormitories at six o'clock in the morning, rapped on doors and said, —
'He is dead.'

From room to room could be heard the sound of boys weeping. It was the first time death had struck so close to them — and such a death!

A funeral in the ordinary sense of course there could not be. It was even a question whether for a day or two there could be so much as a burial. But a grave was delved, three feet of snow and six of earth, and a way shoveled through the deepest drifts to the cemetery. While the coffin was being borne out there was a huddled funeral service at the house of another master. The hearse lurched away.

That evening came the first train in two days. Permission was granted to go down to the campus gate and meet a messenger from the post office. Returning in the bluish dusk of that vapory exhalation which rises at twilight from melting snow, and wading waist-deep in drifts, one saw among the stark elm stems of the back campus red flames leaping. They were burning Oliver's clothes, his bedding, his books, his very furniture. The fire had a ghastly glare. Into mind sprang that hexameter of Homer: —

βάλλ'. αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκρῶν καίοντο θαμναί.

'He smote. And ever the funeral pyres of the dead were burning thickly.'

Had another case developed, it would have finished the school. Howard Spencer was watched for symptoms. None appeared. But the experience had cut deep into the boy. He talked and wept in his sleep. He and his chum went for long rambles in the country soberly debating the question of a life after death. They never could seem to reach any conclusion.

School resumed. The annual prize-speaking contest came round. One year from the night when Oliver, all aglow, had walked off with the prize, word went among the audience as it was pouring out of the chapel building that his body had been exhumed for reburial in the city. No one seemed to know for certain. Spencer and his chum resolved to find out for themselves. It was a clear spring night of full moon. Sharp frost was in the air. The cemetery was a mile away. They cut across lots. The creek was swollen with spring freshets and floating ice. They scrambled over it on a fallen willow trunk, crashed through underwoods, and clambered over the cemetery wall beside the grave.

A heap of freshly turned earth. A gaping hole glittering half full of water already beginning to freeze. And over it all the chill beams of the spring moon.

VIII

Hardscrabble Academy struggled on one year more. Up to the very last a stubborn hope persisted that it might somehow emerge from its trials a radiant Western Andover. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* may have been able to live on nothing a year. A school cannot. In June it closed its doors.

What became of its poor little possessions I never knew. Campus walks grew up to weeds. Dormitories tumbled to decay. Roofs leaked and shutters banged. Plaster fell in and panes fell out. No haunted house was ever half so dismal. For these buildings were haunted by the departed spirits of youth. Everyone who had loved the place avoided it as he would have avoided looking on a beloved face confined. Even to think of it was a heartache. Meeting old schoolfellows was like a funeral. We spoke of the dead.

Yet its loyalties were hoops of steel. Sitting one Sunday morning at breakfast in the Harvard Union, I noticed across the tables a face that would have looked familiar had this oaken room been six hundred miles to the westward.

'If that,' I remember ruminating, 'were really Arthur Dawson, Laurence Sprague would be sitting across the table from him.' (At Hardcastle the pair had been inseparables, but it was years since I had heard of either.)

I glanced at his table companion. Sure enough, there sat Laurence Sprague! That proved that it *was* Arthur Dawson.

Year after year Hardscrabble Academy lay mouldering in its grave. Then one autumn came such a tale as makes legend seem prosaic commonplace. In Hardcastle there had been a more or less mythical being known to us boys as 'the coal baron.' Born there, he had gone away to make his millions, and returned to build a Queen Anne villa on the old farm. There was in him evidently a streak of romance and creative imagination. He had already in the coal fields built one town which bore his name. 'Why not rebuild another, with the academy reinstated as its heart and centre?

Fable turned fact. The village voted saloons out and wires underground. It planted trees. The millionaire gave water works, sewage system, and lighting plant. On the site of the Pentagon he erected a parsonage of red brick Georgian embowered in greenery. The adjacent grist mill he rebuilt as a village clubhouse with classic white-pillared portico. On the campus one dormitory too ruinous was demolished and a new hall raised on its site. Other buildings were built or rebuilt. The school received an endowment of \$200,000. A dozen years after its doors were closed they opened again. That was ten years ago.

And now, one hundred years from the time when college and academy were first established at Hardcastle, one reads in the newspapers the authoritative announcement that, by the will of the late Ellis W. James, Hardcastle Academy receives \$4,000,000, making it, with previous gifts, one of the richest preparatory schools in America — if not the richest.

Hardcastle Academy? Poor, dear, little old Hardscrabble! So now you are rich! One hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry; whether to be glad or sorry. For how can we love the school as we did when it had little else to live on but our love and loyalty? What need of us has it now?

More, I venture to think, than ever. To 'emerge a radiant Western Andover.' Well, emerged it has. And now what? We have seen what this school could do without money. Now what can it do *with* it?

This question is a good deal larger than Hardcastle Academy, and that is why it is raised. It is a question which stares out of countenance pretty much the whole of American education. The heathen thought they should be heard for their much speaking. Our institutions of learning appear to think they shall be heard for their much brick and bullion. Yet the question is even larger than this. It is as large as the machine civilization of the Western world. Those Connecticut pioneers founding their school in an oak forest are type and symbol of the age and race that sired us. When we were young and poor, our poverty and struggle bred men. We grow prosperous. And now what are we? This wealth — is it to be a bed of ease or

an alpenstock? These machines — are we to use them, or be used by them? I have likened Hardcastle Academy to Periclean Athens. Both perished. But both lived on. Both failed. Yet both triumphed. And these United States? Are we to be yet one more gluttonous and grasping Rome, physically powerful but spiritually sterile? Or is another Athens to arise? Shall the world's Great Age begin anew, the golden years return?

Owing what I do to schoolmasters, is it any wonder that I should admire them and think their profession the greatest one of all? Is it any wonder that just so surely as autumn comes round I find myself homesick for a study and bedroom in some Spartan barracks of a school dormitory? The dry leaf swirls of October; the rich dank odor of goldenrod and aster, of ripening apples and grapes heavy on the languid breeze; the plum-blue haze of Indian summer afternoons; the snap and ginger of autumn air spiced like cider with the bead on it, conjure up the studious lamplight of lengthening evenings, the flash of an open fire, and a table, commodious for knees and elbows, stacked with books which mean work and the grim pleasure of intellectual mastery. Owing what I do to Athenian schoolmasters, is it any wonder that I should cherish for my land and people this ideal of a new Hellas to ennoble and beautify the world? And if another Athens shall arise, the golden years return, what likelier place to watch for it than in just such hardscrabble schools? There, yes, and in the heart of youth, where Hellas never dies.

THE MODERN TEMPER

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

It is one of Freud's quaint conceits that the baby in its mother's womb is the happiest of living creatures. Into his consciousness no conflict has yet entered, for he knows no limitations to his desires and the universe is exactly as he wishes it to be. All his needs are satisfied before even he becomes aware of them, and if his awareness is dim, that is but the natural result of a complete harmony between the self and the environment, since, as Spencer pointed out in a remote age, to be omniscient and omnipotent would be to be without any consciousness whatsoever. The discomfort of being born is the first warning which he receives that any event can be thrust upon him; it is the first limitation of his omnipotence which he perceives, and he is cast upon the shores of the world wailing his protest against the indignity to which he has been subjected. Years pass before he learns to control the expression of enraged surprise which arises within him at every unpleasant fact with which he is confronted, and his parents conspire so to protect him that he will learn only by very slow stages how far is the world from his heart's desire.

The cradle is made to imitate as closely as may be the conditions, both physical and spiritual, of the womb. Of its occupant no effort is demanded, and every precaution is taken to anticipate each need before it can arise. If, as the result of any unforeseen circumstance, any unsatisfied desire is born,

he need only raise his voice in protest to cause the entire world in so far as he knows it — his nurse or his parents — to rush to his aid. The whole of his physical universe is obedient to his will and he is justified by his experience in believing that his mere volition controls his destiny. Only as he grows older does he become aware that there are wills other than his own or that there are physical circumstances rebellious to any human will. And only after the passage of many years does he become aware of the full extent of his predicament in the midst of a world which is in very few respects what he would wish it to be.

As a child he is treated as a child, and such treatment implies much more than the physical coddling of which Freud speaks. Not only do those who surround him coöperate more completely than they ever will again to satisfy his wishes in material things, but they encourage him to live in a spiritual world far more satisfactory than their own. He is carefully protected from any knowledge of the cruelties and complexities of life; he is led to suppose that the moral order is simple and clear, that virtue triumphs, and that the world is, as the desires of whole generations of mankind have led them to try to pretend that it is, arranged according to a pattern which would seem reasonable and satisfactory to human sensibilities. He is prevented from realizing how inextricably what men

call good and evil are intertwined, how careless is Nature of those values called mercy and justice and righteousness which men have come, in her despite, to value; and he is, besides, encouraged to believe in a vast mythology peopled with figments that range all the way from the Saints to Santa Claus and that represent projections of human wishes which the adult has come to recognize as *no more than projections*, but which he is willing that the child, for the sake of his own happiness, should believe real. Aware how different is the world which experience reveals from the world which the spirit desires, the mature, as though afraid that reality could not be endured unless the mind had been gradually inured to it, allow the child to become aware of it only by slow stages, and little by little he learns, not only the limitations of his will, but the moral discord of the world. Thus it is, in a very important sense, true that the infant does come trailing clouds of glory from that heaven which his imagination creates, and that as his experience accumulates he sees it fade away into the light of common day.

Now races as well as individuals have their infancy, their adolescence, and their maturity. Experience accumulates not only from year to year but from generation to generation, and in the life of each person it plays a little larger part than it did in the life of his father. As civilization grows older it too has more and more facts thrust upon its consciousness and is compelled to abandon one after another, quite as the child does, certain illusions which have been dear to it. Like the child, it has instinctively assumed that what it would like to be true is true, and it never gives up any such belief until experience in some form compels it to do so. Being, for example, extremely important to itself, it assumes that it is extremely important to the

universe also. The earth is the centre of all existing things, man is the child and the protégé of those gods who transcend and who will ultimately enable him to transcend all the evils which he has been compelled to recognize. The world and all that it contains were designed for him, and even those things which seem noxious have their usefulness only temporarily hid. Since he knows but little he is free to imagine, and imagination is always the creature of desire.

II

The world which any consciousness inhabits is a world made up in part of experience and in part of fancy. No experience, and hence no knowledge, is complete, but the gaps which lie between the solid fragments are filled in with shadows. Connections, explanations, and reasons are supplied by the imagination, and thus the world gets its patterned completeness from material which is spun out of the desires. But as time goes on and experience accumulates there remains less and less scope for the fancy. The universe becomes more and more what experience has revealed, less and less what imagination has created, and hence, since it was not designed to suit man's needs, less and less what he would have it be. With increasing knowledge his power to manipulate his physical environment increases, but in gaining the knowledge which enables him to do so he surrenders insensibly the power which in his ignorance he had to mould the universe. The forces of nature obey him, but in learning to master them he has in another sense allowed them to master him. He has exchanged the universe which his desires created, the universe made for man, for the universe of nature of which he is only a part. Like the child growing into manhood,

he passes from a world which is fitted to him into a world for which he must fit himself.

If, then, the world of poetry, mythology, and religion represents the world as man would like to have it, while science represents the world as he gradually comes to discover it, we need only compare the two to realize how irreconcilable they appear. For the cozy bowl of the sky arched in a protecting curve above him he must exchange the cold immensities of space, and, for the spiritual order which he has designed, the chaos of nature. God he had loved *because* God was anthropomorphic, because He was made in man's own image, with purposes and desires which were human and hence understandable. But Nature's purpose, if purpose she can be said to have, is no purpose of his and is not understandable in his terms. Her desire merely to live and to propagate in innumerable forms, her ruthless indifference to his values, and the blindness of her irresistible will strike terror to his soul, and he comes in the fullness of his experience to realize that the ends which he proposes to himself — happiness and order and reason — are ends which he must achieve, if he achieve them at all, in her despite. Formerly he had believed in even his darkest moments that the universe was rational if he could only grasp its rationality, but gradually he comes to suspect that rationality is an attribute of himself alone and that there is no reason to suppose that his own life has any more meaning than the life of the humblest insect that crawls from one annihilation to another. Nature, in her blind thirst for life, has filled every possible cranny of the rotting earth with some sort of fantastic creature, and among them man is but one — perhaps the most miserable of all, because he is the only one in whom the instinct of life falters long enough to enable it to ask the

question 'Why?' As long as life is regarded as having been created, creating may be held to imply a purpose, but merely to have come into being is, in all likelihood, merely to go out of it also.

Fortunately, perhaps, man, like the individual child, was spared in his cradle the knowledge which he could not bear. Illusions have been lost one by one. God, instead of disappearing in an instant, has retreated step by step and surrendered gradually his control of the universe. Once he decreed the fall of every sparrow and counted the hairs upon every head; a little later he became merely the original source of the laws of nature, and even to-day there are thousands who, unable to bear the thought of losing him completely, still fancy that they can distinguish the uncertain outlines of a misty figure. But the rôle which he plays grows less and less, and man is left more and more alone in a universe to which he is completely alien. His world was once, like the child's world, three quarters myth and poetry. His teleological concepts moulded it into a form which he could appreciate and he gave to it moral laws which would make it meaningful, but step by step the outlines of nature have thrust themselves upon him, and for the dream which he made is substituted a reality devoid of any pattern which he can understand.

In the course of this process innumerable readjustments have been made, and always with the effort to disturb as little as possible the myth which is so much more full of human values than the fact which comes in some measure to replace it. Thus, for example, the Copernican theory of astronomy, removing the earth from the centre of the universe and assigning it a very insignificant place among an infinitude of whirling motes, was not merely resisted as a fact, but was, when finally accepted, accepted as far as possible

without its implications. Even if taken entirely by itself and without the whole system of facts of which it is a part, it renders extremely improbable the assumption, fundamental in most human thought, that the universe has man as its centre and is hence understandable in his terms, but this implication was disregarded just as, a little later, the implications of the theory of evolution were similarly disregarded. It is not likely that if man had been aware from the very beginning that his world was a mere detail in the universe, and himself merely one of the innumerable species of living things, he would ever have come to think of himself, as he even now tends to do, as a being whose desires must be somehow satisfiable and whose reason must be matched by some similar reason in nature. But the myth, having been once established, persists long after the assumptions upon which it was made have been destroyed, because, being born of desire, it is far more satisfactory than any fact.

Unfortunately, perhaps, experience does not grow at a constant, but at an accelerated, rate. The Greeks who sought knowledge, not through the study of nature, but through the examination of their own minds, developed a philosophy which was really analogous to myth, because the laws which determined its growth were dictated by human desires, and they discovered few facts capable of disturbing the pattern which they devised. The Middle Ages retreated still further into themselves, but with the Renaissance man began to surrender himself to nature, and the sciences, each nourishing the other, began their iconoclastic march. Three centuries lay between the promulgation of the Copernican theory and the publication of the *Origin of Species*, but in sixty-odd years which have elapsed since

that latter event the blows have fallen with a rapidity which left no interval for recovery. The structures which are variously known as mythology, religion, and philosophy, and which are alike in that each has as its function the interpretation of experience in terms which have human values, have collapsed under the force of successive attacks and shown themselves utterly incapable of assimilating the new stores of experience which have been dumped upon the world. With increasing completeness science maps out the pattern of nature, but the latter has no relation to the pattern of human needs and feelings.

Consider, for example, the plight of ethics. Historical criticism having destroyed what used to be called by people of learning and intelligence 'Christian Evidences,' and biology having shown how unlikely it is that man is the recipient of any transcendental knowledge, there remains no foundation in authority for ideas of right and wrong; and if, on the other hand, we turn to the traditions of the human race, anthropology is ready to prove that no consistent human tradition has ever existed. Custom has furnished the only basis which ethics have ever had, and there is no conceivable human action which custom has not at one time justified and at another condemned. Standards are imaginary things, and yet it is extremely doubtful if man can live well, either spiritually or physically, without the belief that they are somehow real. Without them society lapses into anarchy and the individual becomes aware of an intolerable disharmony between himself and the universe. Instinctively and emotionally he is an ethical animal. No known race is so low in the scale of civilization that it has not attributed a moral order to the world, because no known race is so little human as not to suppose a moral order

so innately desirable as to have an inevitable existence. It is man's most fundamental myth, and life seems meaningless to him without it. Yet, as that systematized and cumulative experience which is called science displaces one after another the myths which have been generated by need, it grows more and more likely that he must remain an ethical animal in a universe which contains no ethical element.

III

Mystical philosophers have sometimes said that they 'accepted the universe.' They have, that is to say, formed of it some conception which answered the emotional needs of their spirit and which brought them a sense of being in harmony with its aims and processes. They have been aware of no needs which Nature did not seem to supply and of no ideals which she too did not seem to recognize. They have felt themselves one with her because they have had the strength of imagination to make her over in their own image, and it is doubtful if any man can live at peace who does not thus feel himself at home. But as the world assumes the shape which science gives it, it becomes more and more difficult to find such emotional correspondences. Whole realms of human feeling, like the realm of ethics, find no place for themselves in the pattern of nature and generate needs for which no satisfaction is supplied. What man knows is everywhere at war with what he wants.

In the course of a few centuries his knowledge, and hence the universe of which he finds himself an inhabitant, have been completely revolutionized, but his instincts and his emotions have remained, relatively at least, unchanged. He is still, as he always was, adjusted to the orderly, purposeful,

humanized world which all peoples unburdened by experience have figured to themselves, but that world no longer exists. He has the same sense of dignity to which the myth of his descent from the gods was designed to minister, and the same innate purposefulness which led him to attribute a purpose to Nature, but he can no longer think in terms appropriate to either. The world which his reason and his investigation reveal is a world which his emotions cannot comprehend.

Casually he accepts the spiritual iconoclasm of science, and in the detachment of everyday life he learns to play with the cynical wisdom of biology and psychology, which explain away the awe of emotional experience just as earlier science explained away the awe of conventional piety. Yet, under the stress of emotional crises, knowledge is quite incapable of controlling his emotions or of justifying them to himself. In love, he calls upon the illusions of man's grandeur and dignity to help him accept his emotions, and faced with tragedy he calls upon illusion to dignify his suffering; but lyric flight is checked by the rationality which he has cultivated, and in the world of metabolism and hormones, repressions and complexes, he finds no answer for his needs. He is feeling about love, for example, much as the troubadour felt, but he thinks about it in a very different way. Try as he may, the two halves of his soul can hardly be made to coalesce, and he cannot either feel as his intelligence tells him that he should feel or think as his emotions would have him think, and thus he is reduced to mocking his torn and divided soul. In the grip of passion he cannot, as some romanticist might have done, accept it with a religious trust in the mystery of love, nor yet can he regard it as a psychiatrist, himself quite free from emotion, might suggest — merely as an

interesting specimen of psychical botany. Man *qua* thinker may delight in the intricacies of psychology, but man *qua* lover has not learned to feel in its terms; so that, though complexes and ductless glands may serve to explain the feelings of another, one's own still demand all these symbols of the ineffable in which one has long ceased to believe.

Time was when the scientist, the poet, and the philosopher walked hand in hand. In the universe which the one perceived the other found himself comfortably at home. But the world of modern science is one in which the intellect alone can rejoice. The mind leaps, and leaps perhaps with a sort of elation, through the immensities of space, but the spirit, frightened and cold, longs to have once more above its head the inverted bowl beyond which may lie whatever paradise its desires may create. The lover who surrendered himself to the Implacable Aphrodite or who fancied his foot upon the lowest rung of the Platonic ladder of love might retain his self-respect, but one can neither resist nor yield gracefully to a carefully catalogued psychosis. A happy life is a sort of poem, with a poem's elevation and dignity, but emotions cannot be dignified unless they are first respected. They must seem to correspond with, to be justified by, something in the structure of the universe itself; but though it was the function of religion and philosophy to hypostatize some such correspondence, to project a humanity upon Nature, or at least to conceive of a humane force above and beyond her, science finds no justification for such a process and is content instead to show how illusions were born.

The most ardent love of truth, the most resolute determination to follow Nature no matter to what black abyss she may lead, need not blind one to the

fact that many of the lost illusions had, to speak the language of science, a survival value. Either individuals or societies whose life is imbued with a cheerful certitude, whose aims are clear, and whose sense of the essential rightness of life is strong, live and struggle with an energy unknown to the skeptical and the pessimistic. Whatever the limitations of their intellects as instruments of criticism, they possess the physical and emotional vigor which is, unlike critical intelligence, analogous to the processes of nature. They found empires and conquer wildernesses, and they pour the excess of their energy into works of art which the intelligence of more sophisticated peoples continues to admire even though it has lost the faith in life which is requisite for the building of a Chartres or the carving of a Venus de Milo. The one was not erected to a law of nature or the other designed to celebrate the *libido*, for each presupposed a sense of human dignity which science nowhere supports.

Thus man seems caught in a dilemma which his intellect has devised. Any deliberately managed return to a state of relative ignorance, however desirable it might be argued to be, is obviously out of the question. We cannot, as the naïve proponents of the various religions, new and old, seem to assume, believe one thing and forget another merely because we happen to be convinced that it would be desirable to do so; and it is worth observing that the new psychology, with its penetrating analysis of the influence of desire upon belief, has so adequately warned the reason of the tricks which the will can play upon it that it has greatly decreased the possibility of beneficent delusion and serves to hold the mind in a steady contemplation of that from which it would fain escape. Weak and uninstructed intelligences take refuge

in the monotonous repetition of once living creeds, or are even reduced to the desperate expedient of going to sleep amid the formulæ of the flabby pseudo-religions in which the modern world is so prolific. But neither of these classes affords any aid to the robust but serious mind which is searching for some terms upon which it may live.

And if we are, as by this time we should be, free from any teleological delusion, if we no longer make the unwarranted assumption that every human problem is somehow of necessity solvable, we must confess it may be that for the sort of being whom we have described no survival is possible in any form like that which his soul has now taken. He is a fantastic thing that has developed sensibilities and established values beyond the nature which gave him birth. He is of all living creatures the one to whom the earth is the least satisfactory. He has arrived at a point where he can no longer delude himself as to the extent of his predicament, and should he either become modified or disappear the earth would continue to spin and the grass to grow as it has always done. Of the thousands of living species the vast majority would be as unaware of his passing as they are unaware now of his presence, and he would go as a shadow goes. His arts, his religions, and his civilizations — these are fair and wonderful things, but they are fair and wonderful to him alone. With the extinction of his poetry would be extinguished also the only sensibility for which it has any meaning, and there would remain nothing capable of feeling a loss. Nothing would be left to label the memory of his discontent 'divine,' and those creatures who find in nature no lack would resume their undisputed possession of the earth.

Anthropoid in form some of them

might continue to be, and possessed as well of all of the human brain that makes possible a cunning adaption to the conditions of physical life. To them nature might yield up subtler secrets than any yet penetrated; their machines might be more wonderful and their bodies more healthy than any yet known — even though there had passed away, not merely all myth and poetry, but the need for them as well. Cured of his transcendental cravings, content with things as they are, accepting the universe as experience had shown it to be, man would be freed of his soul and, like the other animals, either content or at least desirous of nothing which he might not hope ultimately to obtain.

Nor can it be denied that certain adumbrations of this type have before now come into being. Among those of keener intellect there are scientists to whom the test tube and its contents are all-sufficient, and among those of coarser grain, captains of finance and builders of mills, there are those to whom the acquirement of wealth and power seems to constitute a life in which no lack can be perceived. Doubtless they are not new types; doubtless they have always existed; but may they not be the strain from which Nature will select the coming race? Is not their creed the creed of Nature, and are they not bound to triumph over those whose illusions are no longer potent because they are no longer really believed? Certain philosophers, clinging desperately to the ideal of a humanized world, have proposed a retreat into the imagination. Bertrand Russell in his popular essay, *A Free Man's Worship*, Unamuno and Santayana *passim* throughout their works, have argued that the way of salvation lay in a sort of ironic belief, in a determination to act as though one still believed the things which once were really held true. But is not this a desperate

expedient, a last refuge likely to appeal only to the leaders of a lost cause? Does it not represent the last, least substantial phase, of fading faith, something which borrows what little substance it seems to have from a reality of the past? If it seems half real to the sons of those who lived in the spiritual world of which it is a shadow, will it not seem, a little further removed, only a faint futility? Surely it has but little to oppose to those who come armed with the certitudes of science and united with, not fleeing from, the nature amid which they live.

And if the dilemma here described is itself a delusion it is at least as vividly present and as terribly potent as those other delusions which have shaped or deformed the human spirit. There is no significant contemporary writer upon philosophy, ethics, or æsthetics whose speculations do not lead him to it in one form or another, and even the less reflective are aware of it in their own way. Both our practical morality and our emotional lives are adjusted to a world which no longer exists. In so far as we adhere to a code of conduct, we do so largely because certain habits still persist, not because we can give any logical reason for preferring them, and in so far as we indulge ourselves in the primitive emotional satisfactions, — romantic love, patriotism, zeal for justice, and so forth, — our satisfaction is the result merely of the temporary suspension of our disbelief in the mythology upon which they are founded. Traditionalists in religion are fond of asserting that our moral codes are flimsy because they are rootless; but, true as this is, it is perhaps not so important as the fact that our emotional lives are rootless too.

If the gloomy vision of a dehumanized world which has just been evoked is not to become a reality, some complete readjustment must be made, and

at least two generations have found themselves unequal to the task. The generation of Thomas Henry Huxley, so busy with destruction as never adequately to realize how much it was destroying, fought with such zeal against frightened conservatives that it never took time to do more than assert with some vehemence that all would be well, and the generation that followed either danced amid the ruins or sought by various compromises to save the remains of a few tottering structures. But neither patches nor evasions will serve. It is not a changed world but a new one in which man must henceforth live if he lives at all, for all his premises have been destroyed and he must proceed to new conclusions. The values which he thought established have been swept away along with the rules by which he thought they might be attained.

To this fact many are not yet awake, but our novels, our poems, and our pictures are enough to reveal that a generation aware of its predicament is at hand. It has awakened to the fact that both the ends which its fathers proposed to themselves and the emotions from which they drew their strength seem irrelevant and remote. With a smile, sad or mocking, according to individual temperament, it regards those works of the past in which were summed up the values of life. The romantic ideal of a world well lost for love and the classic ideal of austere dignity seem equally ridiculous, equally meaningless when referred, not to the temper of the past, but to the temper of the present. The passions which swept through the once major poets no longer awaken any profound response, and only in the bleak, torturous complexities of a T. S. Eliot does it find its moods given adequate expression. Here disgust speaks with a robust voice and denunciation is confident, but ecstasy,

flickering and uncertain, leaps fitfully up only to sink back among the cinders. And if the poet, with his gift of keen perceptions and his power of organization, can achieve only the most momentary and unstable adjustments, what hope can there be for those whose spirit is a less powerful instrument?

And yet it is with such as he, baffled, but content with nothing which plays only upon the surface, that the hope for a still humanized future must rest. No one can tell how many of the old values must go or how new the new will be. Thus, while under the influence of the old mythology the sexual instinct was transformed into romantic love and tribal solidarity into the religion of patriotism, there is nothing in the modern consciousness capable of effecting these transmutations. Neither the one nor the other is capable of being, as it once was, the *raison d'être* of a life or the motif of a poem which is not, strictly speaking, derivative and anachronistic. Each is fading, each becoming as much a shadow as devotion to the cult of purification through self-torture. Either the instincts upon which they are founded will achieve new transformations or they will remain merely instincts, regarded as having no particular emotional significance in a spiritual world

which, if it exists at all, will be as different from the spiritual world of, let us say, Robert Browning as that world is different from the world of Cato the Censor.

As for this present unhappy time, haunted by ghosts from a dead world and not yet at home in its own, its predicament is not, to return to the comparison with which we began, unlike the predicament of the adolescent who has not yet learned to orient himself without reference to the mythology amid which his childhood was passed. He still seeks in the world of his experience for the values which he had found there, and he is aware only of a vast disharmony. But boys — most of them, at least — grow up, and the world of adult consciousness has always held a relation to myth intimate enough to make readjustment possible. The finest spirits have bridged the gulf, have carried over with them something of a child's faith, and only the coarsest have grown into something which was no more than finished animality. To-day the gulf is broader, the adjustment more difficult, than ever it was before, and even the possibility of an actual human maturity is problematic. There impends for the human spirit either extinction or a readjustment more stupendous than any made before.

A STORY OF CONVERSION

BY OSWALD COULDREY

THE Reverend John Portall dwelt upon a hill beside the sacred river of the Andhras. He was the manager of a kind of Protestant seminary, where young converts from the casteless underworld of Hinduism were trained as teachers, before being sent out into the many schools maintained by his mission throughout the district. A considerable village lay between the river and this institution on the hill; the plain white mission church, a last forlorn mumble of the Gothic formula, stood upon the hither outskirts of the village; and far out across the sand of the river itself, built upon heaped rocks that had withstood the floods of centuries, a Shaiva temple of much fame, an object far more grateful to the genius of the landscape, rose among a little cluster of priests' houses.

Devakonda was an ordinary village of South Indian cultivators. It was built mainly of earth and palm thatch — tiles were a symbol of social altitude — and painted gayly with old earthen pigments, white and red. In Portall's eyes it was a heathen village. Idolatry was enthroned there, and caste ruled supreme. Its folk respected Portall as a *dora*, a gentleman; they liked him as a man, for he had very amiable qualities; they even went to him sometimes for medicines, of which he kept a store for the use of his proselytes; but with all his personal and secular influence he remained, as he expressed it himself, an ambassador of Christ in an alien country, whose spiritual allegiance was owed and paid from of old to Nataraja,

the Dancing Shiva, who dwelt in the temple on the island, and in a more immediate sense to his interpreter, the famous Swami Shivayya Shastri, the chief priest of the same shrine.

For, like Ephesus of old, Devakonda derived, not only spiritual comfort, but profit also and fame, from the fame of the temple and its priest; chiefly realized, of course, at the great bathing festival in the spring, when the whole district made holiday and went down into the river; but not without effect at other times as well. The Shastri, of whom we have spoken, was no ordinary temple priest. He was famous far and wide for his learning, his eloquence in prayer, his austerities, and the timeless ecstasy into which he would often fall in the course of his contemplation of his idol. The piety of the priest attracted almost as many and quite as earnest pilgrims as the reputation of the god.

But if the Shastri was no ordinary *pujari*, or temple priest, neither was Portall an ordinary missionary; and the meeting of these two eminent spirits was bound, sooner or later, to have notable effects. They took shape, however, gradually. The first encounter was commonplace, a mere deadlock of counter assertions; the mutual and barren imputation of counterfeit authority, fantastic fables, degrading ritual, and pernicious doctrine. Portall, in those days, was full of youthful confidence; still nursed, in fact, the hope of capturing single-handed, like Jonathan, that stronghold of the heathen — a hope that was to

seem less convincing as he labored after it, and finally bade fair, like the pale blue slips of mirage which the heat of the sun perpetually raised upon the long sand horizons of the river bed, to vanish altogether upon a near approach.

The deadlock thus established continued for several years. The impetus of the missionary's first assault spent itself without apparent effect either upon the prophet of Nataraja or upon his populous following. I have said that Portall was no ordinary missionary; but at the time of which I am now writing his distinction was rather potential than obvious, and most of the methods of his first assault were of a strictly conventional, not to say obsolete, order. One of his siege engines, for instance, was a placard set up before the mission church with the following inscription in the vernacular tongue:

ETERNITY IS COMING
WHERE WILL YOU SPEND IT?

Devakonda returned no answer, nor apparently realized the implication of its silence. Portall made friends, won golden opinions, but no souls beyond the usual steady tribute which Christianity in India receives from the out-cast population; and he began, like many of his brethren, to find his chief consolation in the routine of mission administration, in the improvement, especially, of dispensaries and schools.

This procedure, without his intention, was to carry him further than the other toward his original aim; and old hopes were suddenly revived when the Shastri came to him, like Nicodemus, by night, and said, 'Show me your God.' Portall read to him the Sermon on the Mount, and other sayings of the Son of Man out of the Gospels. The Shastri listened intent, and sometimes nodded and said, 'This was a great Rishi,' or again, 'Your Christ was an Advaiti,' or Monist, a name by which,

as Portall afterward found, he styled his own philosophy. But when our new Apostle of the Gentiles spoke of the Resurrection of the Body, of the Atonement, and other points of doctrine, the philosopher shook his head and cried:—

'But you denounce us because we countenance the worship of idols, and now I see that you too worship them'; and then, in answer to the other's protest, 'These are idols, though not of brass or stone, yet of speech and thought; and you are right, for we also maintain that without idols is no popular religion possible.' And he departed grave, as who should say with the Athenians, 'We will hear thee again of this matter.'

Portall was at first quite confounded by this attitude of his questioner, but the other continued to come and to question at intervals month after month. Colloquy took the form, sometimes of debate, sometimes of exposition, the latter not always on the part of Portall. The missionary learned much, as well as taught, during this period. He took pains to understand the Advaita position, which declines to admit any ultimate or abiding difference between soul and soul. 'That which is eternal,' the Shastri said, 'can have no abiding limits, which are the marks of difference.' The same faith similarly finds the Eternal manifest in the individual soul, and says roundly to the inquirer after God, '*Tat tuam asi* (*Thou art That*)'—a sentence which appeared as frankly blasphemous to the Christian missionary as to the Jews of old that not dissimilar saying of his Master, 'Before Abraham was, I am.'

The Shastri, on the other hand, scented a corresponding blasphemy in the doctrine of Original Sin. He spoke, however, of Karma, of the inheritance of good and evil, and of the doctrine of

the Transmigration of Souls, which he declared to be an image, an 'idol,' invented to impress upon unphilosophic minds the fact of the individual's interest in the generations before and after him. Portall also heard in a new sense of the ideality of things; he learned, we might almost say, philosophy, for in that field of inquiry he had hitherto received no instruction, and of a sudden felt it curiously alluring to his mind; and so began to wander in it, and 'found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.' But he withdrew the placard by the church, realizing that Eternity cannot be 'coming,' and cannot be 'spent.'

At one time the suspicion occurred to him that the object of this Brahmin, who came ostensibly to seek, and yet so often managed to impart knowledge, was the subversion of his own faith; but pride, as well as the sense of duty, and a belief that Hinduism does not proselytize, prevented him from bringing their converse to an end. Indeed, whatever his object, the influence of the Shastri gradually effected a fundamental change in the missionary's outlook. The Brahmin was a man of powerful intellect, curious and skeptical as well as fervent. He had attained, in the course of untold wanderings and multifarious conversation, a shrewd insight into the state of the modern mind and world, and he probed the foundations of the other's more dogmatic beliefs with burning questions, whose constant passage soon began, if not to loosen, at least to sublimate and alter them. Yet his attitude remained always impartial, interrogative, mysterious; and as often as not, when the missionary was at a loss for an answer, the Shastri would supply it. If at times he feared, Portall for the most part could not help but like him for his candor, his detachment, his power, and his humility.

This stage of their intercourse lasted

some two years, until at last it was the turn of the missionary, with what precise intention he would not have been able at the time to say himself, to go to the Shastri by night and to say, 'Show me your God.' It was a night of the full moon in early spring, and Portall, crossing the wide white frith of sand that separated the temple from the shore, found the priest sitting in the moonlight upon one of the rocks that formed the foundation of the sacred island. He rose from his seat as the other approached, and asked, 'What would you, brother?' The missionary answered as aforesaid.

'Have I not endeavored to show Him to you nightly all these months?' the Shastri asked.

'Yes, but I would see Him as you worship Him, as the people see Him. I would see the Lord of the Dance in His Temple.'

'Brother, you know you cannot see Him so.'

The missionary suddenly remembered that all foreigners, or *mlechchas*, are numbered with the outcasts by the strict Hindu, and as such are never admitted to the inner sanctuary.

'I beg your pardon,' he said; 'I ought not to have asked you to transgress the rule of your religion.'

'That is not my meaning,' said the other quickly. 'With God there is no race or caste, and the Lord Shiva can dispense with such observance; but even if I should take you into His shrine you could not see Him, for to you He is merely an idol of bronze, molten in the fire, and cleaned with tamarind juice.'

'Have you seen Him yourself then? Is He more than this to you?'

'Not so often, not so clearly as before,' said the Shastri a little sadly; 'yet He still breathes and lives for me, a clear symbol of the Spirit that informs the worlds!'

'Then, if your conscience allows, let me also at least look at Him.'

The Shastri considered a moment, then his glance swept the vast moonlit sands of the river bed, and passed up the rocks to the pontifical spire that crowned them. He listened, and found silence vast as the empty river.

'Why not?' he said. 'You are a great Swami; you are the disciple of a great Rishi. You too shall look upon the Dancer in His shrine. Wait here, and I will see that all is prepared.'

He went lightly up the rock, and after an interval returned.

'Follow me,' he said. 'Make no noise, for we are breaking a custom, and this must not be known.'

And without more thought of the scandal and the danger these two unworldly seekers climbed the path between the rocks and entered the courtyard of the temple by the gate that looked outward to the open river.

The Swami carefully locked the gate and directed Portall to put off his shoes. He then led his visitor up the steps of the temple into a dark hall of columns, whose delicate carving was faintly lit by the reflection of a shaft of moonlight laid slant across the pavement near the entrance, and of a redder counter-shaft of lamplight thrown from the door of the inner sanctuary at the far end. Again inviting the missionary to follow him, the Shastri led the way into the sacred cell.

A brazen lamp with several wicks, and shaped like a tall candlestick, stood a little aside, and illumined clearly the impassive, abstract features of a fantastic idol of old bronze, about three feet high, which stood on a pedestal at the back of the cell. The figure was poised upon one leg in a vigorous but rhythmical dance posture, the verisimilitude of which was enhanced by the various and responsive spread of its four arms, and by a splendid scroll-

work of lifted hair that sprang from either side of the head as far as the great ring of bronze, adorned with graven tongues of flame, by which, as with an immense halo, the whole figure was surrounded; so that the monstrous shadow that loomed and flickered upon the wall above and beyond it might well seem to dance indeed. It was a work that would have quickened the pulse of a connoisseur, a relic, perhaps, of the Chola dominion of the eleventh century in those parts; though the harmony of its proportions, the exactitude of the poise, the sensitive modeling of the extremities, and the beauty and delicacy of the decoration, had no conscious effect upon the missionary's mind, while for the Swami, apart from the endearment of custom, it was enough that the posture and attributes were, in the most obvious sense, 'according to the Shastra.'

With a mixture of horror against which his reason fought, of curiosity, and of a thrilling sense of adventure, the Protestant clergyman regarded the graven image.

'Does He say nothing to you?' cried the Brahmin, looking into the missionary's eyes. 'Do you not behold there the dance of all the worlds that is the sport of God? Look, He carries the moon upon His head, the Ganges springs from His hair; in one hand He holds the fire of renunciation; in another the drum that calls men from the world; another motions fear away from His people; another points to His foot as their sure refuge. I worship the Lord of the Dance,' and he turned and sang to his idol the words of a Sanskrit hymn with passionate devotion.

The sublime imagery of the conception thus expounded, the solemn strangeness of the place and occasion, the enthusiasm of his companion, and the trend of his own thought, drove the last vestiges of native repugnance

out of the heart of the missionary, and he stood before the image filled with a sense of reverent inquiry, as of one who has been near to exaltation.

'The sport of God!' He thought of that other picture which he had been taught to worship from his childhood, the picture of God Suffering. Was not this a theme as great as that? Had not men, perhaps, as much need of this as that? Aye, said his conscience, it might be beautiful, helpful even, but was it *true*? And the impious materialism which dogs the European even to the horns of the altar of his religion answered, No.

Portall found that the Brahmin had left him alone in the sanctuary. Very reverently he withdrew, and joined him in the moonlit court. Secretly, as they had come, they opened the door and descended to the sand, neither saying a word. Then, with a spontaneous exchange of that salutation of joined hands as in prayer which the Hindus use among themselves, they parted.

Such candor as this of Portall's, however, is not to be indulged with impunity by mortal men. Having learned to look beyond the fortifications of his native dogmatism, and to inhale the sweeter air of pantheistic speculation, he presently began to remove those fortifications, stone by stone, as unnecessary and insalubrious; until finally the question occurred to him, why he should continue to occupy that isolated site at all. The difference which he had always been taught to maintain between his own and alien faiths lay almost entirely in the validity of its teaching as an account of quasi-historical events in time. When he discovered (as in the course of so searching an inquiry as that upon which he was now embarked he could not but discover) how uncertain, how difficult, these claims were to maintain in the face of science on the one hand

(for the Christianity of his particular sect had not even been accommodated to modern science) and of impartial philosophy on the other, he was inevitably led to undervalue even what was left. *It speaks much for the spiritual nobility of the man that he could thus see crumble about him all that he had been taught to regard as the reality of his faith, and still keep fast hold of its essentials.* The material catastrophe was long in coming, but it came at last; and after a year more of reading, meditation, inquiry, the conversation of the Shastri, and the influence of that visionary and ancient land in the service of which his own middle years were also passing, Portall conceived a wish to renounce the strict profession of his Western creed, and to adopt the calling of such a seeker in spiritual things as is known among Hindus as a Sanyassin.

He placed the scheme, in a purely impersonal form, before the Swami; and when the latter asked him why a man should abandon, for want of a material sign, his own religion for another which had itself nothing more credible of the kind to offer, he remarked that esoteric Hinduism at least did not ground its claims on the validity of such signs. Hinduism nominally does not proselytize; but teachers of many different races have done their share in the development of Indian religion, and Portall believed that he would in time be able to gather, out of the great storehouse of Indian spiritual wisdom, truths of vital import to the world at large.

His resolution, for such in time his wish became, was inevitably not without its tragic side. For the scandal, the thought of which long held him back, the opprobrious terms like 'renegade,' 'apostate,' that he would earn, — 'insults,' as he described them, 'of an impotent bigotry,' — he now cared

nothing. 'The scandal,' he declared, 'will do them good.' But exile in any form, and all wandering from the ways and world in which we were brought up and in which our fathers trod before us, are always bitter, at least to the unreasonable soul that makes so large a part of us all; and spiritual exile, even when it can be hidden, not the least bitter. Hardest of all it was, when the time came, to leave the administrative work of the mission, which had flourished exceedingly in his hands; and his schools especially had become a matter of great pride to him, and a source of much good, he knew, to the people at large. But he had not the type or habit of mind that could approve even of the good that was done on what he considered, with whatever justice, to be false pretenses.

On another night of another February, in the same quarter of the moon, but two years after the adventure already related, he turned his back upon the little whitewashed hostel and homestead on the hill and set his face toward the tiara tower that glittered upon the rocky island in the river.

He had not gone far upon the frith of sand before a cry of river birds from the direction of the island heralded the appearance of another wanderer; and in the very centre of the channel he hailed and met the Swami himself. There was a look of steadfast purpose in the eyes of the Swami also. Portall asked him whither he was going.

'My errand was to you, brother,' he replied. 'I was about to come to you on a matter of great moment to me.'

'What was it, brother?'

'I was going to ask you to give me the Christian baptism. I have come to the conclusion that your religion is better than mine.'

For some moments the vast silence of the river bed prevailed. Then the missionary broke it.

'Thus,' he cried, 'does God with one hand grant us our prayer and with the other take away the heart that prompted it. Three years ago, and with what a transport would I have heard you speak those words!'

'Yet grant my request, and do not *you* seek to change the heart that makes it,' said the other with a tranquil smile.

'Why do you desire this thing?'

'Have I not said? The truth is single, but I think your religion is better than ours. I have watched its working, and you also I have watched. Your idols are better than ours. Ours give only consolation to the wise and barren trance, but this Christ that you have imagined, this worker of compassionate miracles, this divine victim slain for the sins of the people, still walks across the world, a teacher and a healer. He has come among us, and I would enroll myself among His followers, and share the merit that is acquired in His name.'

'Would you forsake the truth?'

'What is truth,' said the Brahmin, 'when men are unable to understand it? The truth I can keep, but it must be shown to the world in intelligible shape, such as will command right affection, and bring forth good fruit, like this of yours, the work of your beautiful, invisible idols.'

The missionary considered long. He looked back at the shore; he looked at the temple on the sand-steeped island; he looked at the moonlight glittering like a rod of silver far out upon the living water of the actual river. Then his resolution was taken.

'Our idols are indeed beautiful,' he said, 'but they were made according to old rules long ago; they no longer have the aspect, nor speak the language, of reality. Already in Europe their altars are forsaken; nor can this good work of theirs continue long here unless they

be somehow themselves refashioned. No, brother, the world to-day wants new gods, or at least a thorough regeneration of the old. Let us go together into the forest, you and I, and there converse and meditate, and consider what forms and aspects of the truth, as we have known it, may now most clearly and profitably be shown to the world. You shall speak of man that is the Avatar of God, and I of the Son of Man that was the Christ; you of God's dancing, and I of His dying; you of the Transmigration of Souls, and I of the Resurrection of the Body; and we will decide whether to speak the language of this or that old faith refashioned, or of a new one that shall embrace and harmonize the truth, and reject the error of all.'

And the Brahmin said, 'Let it be so.'

So there and then they set out together across the sand, leaving their worldly affairs without a thought, as Jesus required of His disciples of old.

They left the village and the mission buildings far behind; they left unvisited the temple on the rock; and as far again beyond they came to the margin of the actual water of the sacred river. Here were spread nets and a bivouac of the fishermen, upon whose wide-eyed astonishment they at length prevailed to give them a passage that very night into the hills that bound the northern horizon, the hills of the great forest country where the Rishis used to dwell.

The world still awaits their return. Providence apparently finds no man indispensable, and it is given to few to carry out, on the scale and plan framed by their own conceit, the task they have set before themselves. Of these two curious and devoted wanderers it may at least be said that if the fame of their departure, which was much noised abroad, be the last news that the world will have of them, it formed in itself a message not unworthy of the hope that led them.

THE CHRIST AND THE BUDDHA¹

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

BY KENNETH J. SAUNDERS

I

HE is a bold man who will accept a challenge thrown down by L. Adams Beck and expect readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to listen. But this I would do. I write in the beautiful city of Kyoto,

for more than a thousand years a stronghold of Buddhism, where it can be studied in many attractive forms; and I have just been revisiting Hiei San and Koya San, two great mountain fastnesses where the Indian religion was carefully made over to suit the Japanese.

¹Suggested by 'The Challenge,' by L. Adams Beck, in the issue of May 1926. This article deserves a separate reading. — THE EDITORS

Here in Japan, in fact, it has largely become a religion of salvation through faith; and its chief objects of worship are the compassionate Amida and Kwannon. The historic Sakyamuni and his appeal to reason are alike largely forgotten. Little do his followers here think of the fundamental doctrine of Karma, the inherent law of cause and effect, which was taken over by the Founder from earlier Indian thought, and which the writer of the challenge accepts as the essential philosophy of Buddhism. For them religion is rather a matter of comfort in this life, especially at times of sickness and sorrow, and of a life hereafter in some Paradise of the Blest. Popular religion is, in fact, in this Eastern land, very much what L. Adams Beck truly says it is in the West. It has always been so, even in India. I have just been on a pilgrimage of study to the great Buddhist centres: Sarnath, Taxila, Sanchi, Ajanta, Anuradhapura, Borobudur. Here this great faith flourished for a time, evolved new and strange forms, and has left noble monuments to tell its story. Its great pictures in the Caves of Ajanta and its noble sculptures at such places as Sanchi confirm my impressions of it as a living religion in Japan — one that has always thriven, not primarily because of its Indian philosophy, but because it held up to needy men the beautiful legend of the life of Sakyamuni the Compassionate, and of his former lives as animal or man. The painters and sculptors delighted to depict again and again the charming tale of how, as King of the Monkeys, he formed a bridge for his tribe to pass across when, manlike, the King of Benares was shooting them; and they enforced this doctrine of sacrifice for others by another story of him as King of the Elephants, yielding up his tusks to the queen who in a former life had been his jealous mate. As the

Prince Vessantara, giving away all that he had — even wife and children — to the needy, he is at last the Ideal Man, ready for Buddhahood. They interpret these old stories as embodying the essence of Buddhism; and the orthodox schoolman, Buddhaghosha of Ceylon, has summed up in a famous phrase this work of salvation: 'More than the ocean has he shed of his blood; more than the stars has he given of his eyes.' Soon the original view that he did this seeking his own salvation gave place to the doctrine that he did it 'out of compassion for the world.'

Buddhism is in fact a religion rather than a philosophy, as it is commonly described by Western scholars. And after twenty years of careful study of it at its best in monastery and village, in literature and life, in art and in action, in southern countries like Ceylon and Burma, and in the Far East, I venture to accept the challenge thrown down in the May 1926 issue of the *Atlantic*.

That this article has much charm and truth in it goes without saying, and with a great deal of it Christians will be found to agree; but clearly they cannot admit its claim that Christ is challenged by Buddha as a guide to truth. Many of us to-day sit lightly to great parts of our Semitic heritage, while we cleave gratefully to the Prophets and Psalmists of Israel and to the belief that God guided that richly dowered people for the spiritual enrichment of us all. Few of us again will be found to argue that Christendom, as it now is, is an eloquent proof of Christianity; and we respond with sympathy to the bitter but just words quoted as from a Chinese writer — even if we suspect him to be an Englishman in disguise. Our record in Asia is dark enough. Yet we are not blind to signs of deepening spiritual life in Christendom and of an underlying idealism which is the fruit of the Christian faith — a discontent

with things as they are, and an honest attempt to seek to apply the mind of Christ to our social and political life.

I am not sure that since the days of Asoka, in the third century before Christ, the Buddhist world has seriously attempted to apply the mind of its founder to social and political relations as Christians are to-day seeking to apply the mind of Christ; and it is very certain that here in Japan it is the little Christian Church, poor and small as it is, which is everywhere giving the lead in challenging the powers of militarism and imperialism, and is at work in what one of its leaders calls 'human architecture.' *Before the Dawn*, the novel which describes his experiences in the slums of a great industrial city, has had a record sale; and the example set by such Christian leaders is being followed by Buddhists. Not the least significant expression of the Buddhist revival is a new interest in social service. On Koya San — a centre hitherto remote from the people — I found a monk whom I had met in America and England; he was studying the work of such social centres as Hull House and Toynbee Hall, that he might introduce social service into the sect most noted for its mystical beliefs and magical practices. And thoughtful Asiatics everywhere acknowledge with gratitude that Christians have shown the way, and that the West is full of such service.

The current facile distinction between East and West so common on Indian lips and among admirers of India's great heritage, — of whom I am one, — that the East is spiritual and the West materialist, is surely based on a misconception of two different ideals of the spiritual. I have recently had occasion to challenge Indian audiences with the question whether the League of Nations, the work of tired and harassed men of the West, is not after all a greater spiritual achievement than

the Noncoöperation movement. In the West we judge of a spiritual movement by asking what service it renders to humanity; and this practical test is not the least of the gifts which the West has to make to the East. That the West has much also to learn I am convinced.

I fully sympathize with the challenger in her resentment against the patronage of some of our Christian hymns; yet those who believe that they have from Christ a trust must hand it on, and this is at bottom the justification of the missionary movement.

'The Challenge,' while it scarcely mentions either the Buddha or the Christ, is in fact a plea for the Indian philosophy and the Indian ideal as against that which the West has accepted 'from a small Oriental nation in its decadence.' But the West has taken its ideal not only from the Jews, but much more from such Christians as Saint Paul and Saint Augustine, and from their Master; and its rich heritage comes also from Greece and Rome. Each nation has in fact contributed to it, and each age has shaped it until to-day it is very difficult to analyze our ways of thought. Modern science has profoundly modified the ordinary Christian's view of the world he lives in and of God's relation to it. Not many of us believe in a 'Deity who sits above Law and continually interferes with and breaks it.' The view of most of us is that God is immanent in His world, and that He yet transcends it. It comes from Him and moves on to realize His purposes. We tend, in fact, to hold together the two views which 'The Challenge' contrasts.

Those who are not theologians may make this contrast vivid to themselves if they will compare the first part of the striking film play, 'The Ten Commandments,' with the second part. In the first half we have the Semitic view of Jehovah revealing His laws in the

thunders of Sinai; in the second half the same laws are shown to be still operative, but in ways more congenial to the modern mind. They are represented as working themselves out in the law of cause and effect. The dishonest contractor builds a shoddy cathedral; it falls in ruins and kills his own mother, and so on. Melodrama, no doubt; but truer to our ways of thought than the splendid drama on Sinai. Yet, as Heine said, 'Jehovah knew his public!' And the public changes from age to age.

Each age has its own modes of thought and its own revelation of God, and ours is in some ways more Indian than Semitic. We think of these laws not as a divine fiat so much as an expression of the divine nature. But we have not got this characteristic modern attitude from India so much as from modern science; and it is perhaps true to say that such Indian thinkers as Sakyamuni anticipated in their religious and ethical thought the great scientific discoveries of our times. They certainly applied the law of cause and effect with splendid and ruthless logic. Are we sure that Jesus had so different a view of His Heavenly Father? When we turn to the Gospels and reëxamine them we shall ask ourselves whether such words as 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father' imply an omniscient mind aloof from the world, or a mind that works in the world. The Fourth Gospel, with its lessons of a Father continually at work, has, as we have seen, approximated to the latter view. And in some of the fragments lately discovered and attributed to Jesus we have such splendid words as 'Lift the stone and I am there. Hew the wood and I am there.' The Kingdom of God was certainly for Jesus a present Reality working in men and things and ultimately to be fulfilled in God's complete

triumph. It is 'within' man; it is also already 'in their midst.'

L. Adams Beck represents Christ as accepting the Indian view — transmigration and all — and finds in Him an Authentic Word which, alas! the doctors and theologians straightway neglected, and fatally misinterpreted. Some of them deserve this censure — yet the greatest of them, Saint Paul and his disciple, the Fourth Evangelist, can be seen at work, in those of their writings which have come down to us, at the great task of a cosmic interpretation of Jesus, which in many ways approximates to the Indian view of Reality. He is the indwelling Logos, through whom and in whom and unto whom are all things; the light that lightens all men blazes forth in Him; He is life, and all who are one with Him are sharers in that life. So far, however, as transmigration goes, it is never mentioned except once, in this Fourth Gospel, and here we see Jesus rejecting it as an explanation of the tragedy of the man born blind.

It is true that this Johannine doctrine of the Logos, or Immanent Reason, is at variance with much Semitic thought; yet Saint Paul and Saint John were both Hebrews by birth, and almost every word of the prologue of the Fourth Gospel can be found in the writings of Philo, the Alexandrian Jew. Tempting as it may be to some to vent their dislike of the Hebrews of to-day, — personally I think that America owes a very great deal of her best culture to them, — yet we must in fairness own that there is even in our Semitic heritage a view of God which is not unlike that of the best Indian thought.

There is the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament, for example, to which we owe very much; and there is everywhere the sense that God is just and not arbitrary. To say that 'the

Jehovah of the Jews is a variant of the Allah of the Mohammedans' is an anachronism; and even the Mohammedan has his Sufis, mystics who find Allah in His universe — not outside it.

It is this view which culminates in the Christian doctrine of the Holy Spirit; and the Fourth Evangelist sets this forth in words which have become classical in the Christian Church. A well-known Buddhist author has called the Johannine writings the 'Buddhism in the New Testament.' At a recent Buddhist conference, when a missionary of great sympathy and insight had expounded the prologue as the essence of what Christians believe about God and the world, the great leader of the Buddhist revival in China, Fassu, arose and with a smile exclaimed: 'Now we realize that your Christ is the true Tao (Logos); but,' he went on, with true Chinese humor and logic, 'what is more important is that we incarnate Him in our lives.'

This is the point which the Sermon on the Mount and the Epistles of Saint John kept pressing upon the early Church, and it is this which Christians are more and more realizing to-day. If God is love indwelling in the universe, He is most present where men live together in love. As Shinran, the Japanese Buddhist Wesley, sang in the Middle Ages: 'Thy mind is perfected in us when we shed Thy love upon our fellow men.'

II

Buddhism and Christianity have come to agree in so many things that it is one of the tasks of our time to make it clear in what they differ. The first task of scholarship is necessarily to re-discover the historic Founders. The quest of the historic Jesus has concerned Western scholars for more than a century, and the quest of the historic Sakyamuni is beginning. Perhaps the

first step is after all a very simple one. It is to realize that when the early Church acclaimed Jesus as Christ it made the great claim for Him that He was the fulfillment of the Messianic hopes of Israel. It hailed Him as God's Anointed. In the same way, when Gautama is called Buddha it is the acknowledgment by his followers that he is the Awakened — that he is in line with the great seers of the Upanishads. This is an elementary step, but it must be taken before we can get very far in this understanding of the two great figures. The next step is to realize that each great Founder acknowledged the title in his own sense. So revolutionary was the interpretation put upon His Messiahship that His contemporaries killed Him for it. So different was the Buddha's conception of the ultimate Reality to which he had awaked from that of his contemporaries that his teachings soon formed the basis for a new and heretical sect. Buddhism, like Christianity, became a new religion. And both showed in their missionary zeal their sense of this newness. Each was a New Evangel.

Thus the challenge of the Buddha to the Christ is by no means the same as that of orthodox Indian to orthodox Hebrew philosophy. It is rather the challenge of one great 'son of fact' to another. It is the challenge of one type of religious experience to another type. These two Himalayan figures tower above our understanding of them. And yet, by making it clear that the one is in the line of the great Hebrew prophets, the other in the line of the great Indian yogis, their outlines become clearer, even though their summits are still obscured by mist. For Sakyamuni is more than an Indian yogi, and Jesus much more than a Hebrew prophet.

And so the controversy goes on among scholars. The laity can only

follow it afar off. Is the Buddha to be reckoned as rationalist or as divinity? This is one great issue lately joined by Dr. Keith of Edinburgh, who finds in him one who deliberately challenged the great gods of India and set himself up as their rival. Or, to turn to the artists, is he the solitary yogi of the great Anuradhapura statue, seated with hands folded and eyes shut in ecstatic contemplation, or is he the Socratic Teacher of other artists, who, with a quizzical smile on his lips and finger and thumb joined in exposition, is driving some unseen disciple to choose the Middle Path? Is he, in fact, the Great Teacher of a middle path between skepticism on the one hand and credulity on the other, as he is between the life of the senses and the life of asceticism? He is no doubt all of these. Like Jesus, he towers above our categories.

And of Jesus what shall we say? Is He the great Ethical Reformer of the Hebrews, or is He the Apocalyptic Teacher? The Church is to-day splitting on the question whether it is to read His strange apocalyptic sayings literally or not; and indeed it has always been splitting on the question of what is poetry and what is prose in this simple yet enigmatic Teacher. The fact remains that His ethic was so revolutionary that it maddened the orthodox. Imagine what they felt at the story of the Good Samaritan. And His apocalyptic teaching was so different from that of His contemporaries that the New Testament itself is divided as to its interpretation. Saint Paul in his earlier epistles takes one view, and another in his later writings; the Fourth Evangelist gets rid of it almost altogether. A great man condemns the world to the task of understanding him; and it is not difficult to sympathize with both Fundamentalist and Modernist Christians; nor with the

Buddhists of Ceylon, who find in the Buddha the loving elder brother of mankind and yet accept the view of the Neo-Buddhists that he was the prince of rationalists, who set up reason where faith had been enthroned. Both views are found in the orthodox Pali Canon.

It is also easy to sympathize with those masses of Buddhists who find this rich and complex figure so divine that they are content to call him 'God above the gods.' He has in fact been for great masses a compassionate savior; and if to-day the Christian missionary is right in seeking to replace him by the Christ, what arguments is he to use? He will clearly want to rid himself of that race superiority which the author of 'The Challenge' rightly resents and repudiates. It is utterly unchristian. But he will none the less maintain that the Person of Jesus, with its more distinct outlines, its more passionate love of humanity, its readiness to suffer to the end rather than to compromise with evil, is a wholesome substitute for the beautiful yet vague figures of the Buddhas. The historic Founder is to-day hard to find in most Buddhist lands, and Buddhists, like Hindus, are arrested and attracted by the Christ.

As to the essential nature of its Founder, the Buddhist Church is almost hopelessly divided as to whether he was after all so much the compassionate one as the unpassionate one; one part of it sets up as the moral ideal the arhat, — aloof and cold, — while the other acclaims the bodhisattva, who refuses Buddhahood 'out of compassion for the world.'

III

A religion must be tested ultimately by its ethical ideals; and while there is very much in the gentleness and courtesy of Buddhism which we may well

admire and imitate, yet we miss in it that passionate hatred of evil and that shepherdlike care for the needy which is of the essence of Christianity. The Buddhist is bidden in his most orthodox books to stand aloof from a suffering world. The great mass are 'fools,' and he had better not mingle with them.

The Indian ideal of sainthood is an ideal of detachment, as a recent writer in these columns showed very clearly in his wonderful picture of the Saint of Benares: 'Souls are entangled as much by good deeds as by evil deeds,' and the pure one is to be 'like the lotus leaf, from which the drops of water pass lightly away.'

It is no accident that the symbol of Christianity is the cross, with its emphasis upon the suffering love of God, and that the symbol of Buddhism is the lotus unsullied in the midst of slime, or the wheel of the victorious conqueror. Here in the symbolism of the two religions it will become clear, even more than in the titles of the Founders, that they have at bottom two complementary views of the world and two ideals of conduct, but that these views and ideals must ultimately conflict. The Christ accepts the challenge of the Buddha. He claims to fulfill all that is good in the past of His own people, and especially those wonderful ideals of the Suffering Servant, and of the spiritual Messiah who comes to lift up all that are downtrodden, and to open the Kingdom of Heaven to the poor and needy.

And the Fourth Gospel sets Him forth as the Logos, as the light which has been coming continually in all men

now fully ablaze. It is the confident claim of the Church that its Lord fulfills Greek and Roman ideals also; and when He is challenged by the Indian concept of an indwelling Reason it becomes clear, as we have seen, that He had such a view. But Jesus refused to allow this view to overcome that other view of His people, that God is greater than His world and transcends it. The ethical teacher cannot forget that a purely immanent view cuts at the root of human personality, just as it destroys that of the divine personality. We are bidden to be perfect, as God is perfect, and this means to realize the ideal perfection of character. We are to think of God as even more sublime and wonderful than the myriad worlds which He has made, and as only adequately expressed in the perfection of human life. He is personal, and we are struggling toward personality. Here, then, is a corrective to any pantheistic world-view; and not the least of its great contributions to human thought is the Semitic emphasis upon personality, which is indeed one of the keynotes of our modern thinking.

If, then, Indian thought reinforces our scientific thinking and affirms the truth of the Logos doctrine, we in turn are helping India to see in the Person of Jesus and in His Gospel of the Kingdom a new world of Reality. He is becoming to Asia, as He became to Greece and Rome, the Touchstone of Truth. To accept One who became the Lord of Greek philosophers and of Roman men of affairs India and Japan may well be proud. The Gospel which won ancient Europe will not be rejected by Asia.

THE BESTIARY

BY LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

Unicorn In pale moon fields the unicorn,
Crowned by his diamond-piercing horn,
Is hunted, though with poor success.
Man's trespass he will not endure;
Woman, to tame him, must be pure.
Alas! This causes awkwardness.

Sea Serpent Through hoary legend and old rhyme
He swims Atlantic tides of time.
Andromeda was once his prey,
And rumor says to Jonah he
Showed depths of hospitality,
And that he sails the blue to-day.

Scapegoat He was the ancient Hebrews' friend
That to the desert they would send
With all their sins for company,
While, good and dull, they stayed behind.
The emissary did not mind:
'Why, these are pleasure trips,' said he.

Salamander About the blacksmith's red forge dance
Elves whom King Francis First of France
Bore on his shield. And, leaping higher,
Around the family hearth they flit.
But men grow bald if on them spit
These glowing scarlet sprites of fire.

Scylla Twelve-footed, with a puppy's whine,
On sea salts only did she dine
(Homer himself has told us this).
Thrusting her six heads through the wave
She snatched up sailors to her cave,
And had for neighbor Charybdis.

Pegasus White-pinioned steed whose flight is far —
To realms beyond the utmost star,
Where is your glory soaring now?

Here lies a feather from your wing;
 There, in your hoofprint, flowers spring;
 But men have chained you to a plough.

Gargoyle Cathedrals are the habitat
 Of these unlovely creatures that
 Perform their sacred office well.
 The sins loosed in confessionals
 They spout, with water, from the walls,
 Ejecting thus both rain and hell.

*Herd of
Diomedes* Horses that fed on men were these,
 Captured by mighty Hercules
 In sanguine pasture fields of Thrace.
 Then on Arcadian hill and hollow
 They roved till wild beasts of Apollo
 With redder fangs destroyed their race.

Porphyrion The webbed and clawed porphyryions
 Abode with family skeletons
 Because their magic was to know
 When wives betrayed, and then they cried
 On husbands' bosoms till they died. . . .
 They were extinct long, long ago.

Centaur Once, through old sacred mountain glades,
 Galloped the man-horse cavalcares.
 Ixion, their bright sire, then
 Wheeled overhead; their dam, the cloud,
 Bathed their sleek sides. . . . O base and proud,
 Now your sharp hoofs tear hearts of men!

Griffin This lion-eagle's flaming breast
 Guards in the sun his golden nest
 And orbs of fire strike thieves dead.
 So, to his treasure, men are blind —
 Still . . . one or two declare him kind;
 Poets can charm him, it is said.

Phoenix High-eyried on an Eden palm,
 His gold wings dripping sweetest balm,
 One sings with everlasting breath
 Whom Eve sought vainly to entice. . . .
 Now, nowhere, save in Paradise,
 Dwells Beauty free from taint of death.

THE WITCHES OF ANDILAMENA

BY RALPH LINTON

I

I DOUBT if I ever should have heard of the witches of Andilamena if I had not taken the house on the hill. I wondered at the time why it stood vacant, for it was one of the best in the village, and the rental, three dollars and twenty-five cents a month, was ridiculously low even for the back country of Madagascar. I should have been warned by the owner's eagerness to rent it and by the fact that he hardly bargained at all, but a careful examination showed nothing wrong and it seemed ideal for my purpose. It stood on a slope, so that there was very little mud, and was far enough from the village to give some privacy. Moreover, a single night in the regular rest house had shown that that was out of the question for a month's stay. I still do not understand how its bloodthirsty inhabitants contrived to keep alive between the infrequent visits of white men.

Late afternoon saw me comfortably installed, and when the cook reported that he had found a can of corned beef (United States army stores, age eight years) in the Chinaman's store, I felt altogether at peace with the world. Wishing to take a look around, I strolled up to the crest of the hill, about a hundred yards behind the house. When I reached it I found that it had been leveled off to form a small plateau, on which stood three large tombs. The slope hid these from the house, but I felt sure that I had found the reason for its standing vacant. The natives have

a lively fear of ghosts. As the tombs were evidently very old and seemed neglected, I ventured to climb to the top of the highest and seat myself on its fallen memorial stone.

North, east, and south, as far as the eye could reach, there stretched a waste of treeless mountains, banded with bright red and white like agates and overlaid with an iridescent green film where the new grass was springing up after the rains. To the east my hill dropped away almost sheer into a valley many miles wide. Little black antlike things that I knew must be oxen moved ever so slightly on the side of the nearest mountain. Little rice fields, some brown, some green, and some blue with water, made a curious mosaic of the valley floor. A tiny plume of white smoke marked a village, and from miles away I caught the rhythmic flash of the sun on a burnished wooden paddle with which some farmer was beating the sides of his rice stack. To the west lay the lake, ringed by its deep green, mile-wide reed beds. The wind was ruffling the water, so that it looked like a slab of some dull blue-gray stone that has been ground smooth but not polished. In the foreground, outlined with a thin line of white where the waves broke against it, loomed the rocky bulk of the sacred island of the Sihanaka. I had passed near it in a canoe two days before and my paddlers had told of the last stand which their ancestors made there against the all-

conquering armies of the Hova king. The Sihanaka fought well, under the eyes of their gods and beside the tombs of their kings, but their nobles were slain and their gods broken, so that they ceased to be a people. No man of their blood ever set foot on the island now. It was given up to the ghosts.

The sun went down with tropical swiftness, the clouds began to glow, the hills took on new and ever-changing colors. Forgetful of everything else, I sat there until the stars came out and the last band of light faded from the lake. As I rose to go I heard an exclamation from somewhere down the slope and the sound of feet running. Some native passing by must have seen my figure against the sky and I laughed, knowing that he probably thought he had seen a ghost.

It had been a long, hard day and we all turned in early. My own bed was set up in the front room; Rabary, my interpreter, had a smaller room running across the right end of the house; and the cook slept in the kitchen. They closed every possible crack in their quarters, for they were civilized enough to have acquired a great fear of night air from the French. I left both my windows open, for I knew that with a people as wild as the Sihanaka there was little chance of theft. I was disturbed a good deal during the night by the hooting of owls. Once, when I was asleep, a call came so loud and close that it awakened me with a jump. I thought one of the birds must have blundered into the room, and got up and lit a light to look for it, but found nothing.

At breakfast I noticed that both Rabary and the cook looked unhappy; both said that they had slept poorly. When I came back from my morning's work in the town there were no signs of dinner, only a small native boy with a message from the cook that

he had had to go to see a relative and did not know when he would get back. This meant that he had left for good, forfeiting a week's pay I owed him. It was impossible to get another, and after one or two attempts I gave it up and took my meals with the missionary. When I told Rabary this he asked very earnestly whether the missionary would not have a bed for me as well. He was sure I should be much more comfortable there, and he would stay with a friend in the village. I said I was all right where I was, and thought no more about it.

The second night in the house was a repetition of the first, with the owls very busy, and again I was awakened by a call which seemed to come from inside the room. I did not get up this time, and toward morning the calls quieted down and I fell into a heavy sleep.

It was bright daylight when I awoke, and as I lay half dozing I noticed that some of the papers had fallen from my table to the floor. Then I saw something that brought me up standing. One of the sheets bore the unmistakable print of a rather small, muddy bare foot. I called to Rabary and told him a thief had been there during the night and asked him to help me check up and find what was missing.

He shook his head. 'I think that there are not the things lost,' he said. 'The Sihanaka are a race very *sauvage*. There are not any thieves of here.'

'Well, then,' I asked, 'what the deuce did someone crawl in through my window for?'

'I think it is one *mpamosavy*. I think he wants to make the charms against you or the other things of that sort. One tells me in the village yesterday this is a very bad place for all people after dark. One said the *mpamosavy* rode the last man here living like a saddle ox one night so that he was soon dead.

I think it is much more better for us to discover a place of sleeping in the village, but if you wish not I will rest here with you. I am a good Christian of many years and I believe not that the mpamosavy spells can make harm to us. I am for three years in Europe and I know it is all foolishness. Also I am now a man old, without wife or child, and I have contrived all arrangements for the final disposal of my properties. I think is it better we go away during the night, but if you stay here I stay here.'

I already knew a good deal about the mpamosavy, the Madagascar counterparts of European witches and warlocks, but I had hardly hoped to meet any of them, for they are usually very shy of interfering with white men. They have the reputation of being expert poisoners, but they never carry weapons on their night expeditions and are quite harmless to those who do not fear their spells. I really felt rather elated at having a chance for a little first-hand experience of them.

At dinner that night I mentioned my visitor to the missionary, and he agreed with Rabary that the invader was probably a mpamosavy. He had been the victim of their attentions himself when he first arrived and had found it hard to keep servants, but the importation of a mixed bulldog and mastiff the size of a well-grown calf had put a sudden stop to their activities. It seemed that the dog was immune to spells and he never accepted food from natives. The missionary had never seen a mpamosavy and said very few people had, even among the natives. It was said that they stripped completely before going out on their night runnings and painted and oiled themselves so that it was impossible to catch or recognize them. They danced upon the tombs, rode cattle, and played all sorts of queer and seemingly purposeless Halloween tricks, but they

also sold and administered poisons and would guarantee to get rid of an enemy for you. Like European witches, they often had familiars in the shape of owls, cats, or snakes. In the parts of the island which were Christian they sometimes broke into the churches and performed travesties of the regular service, somewhat like the mediæval Black Mass. In general they had little malice toward the Christians and a rather kindly feeling toward the *vazaha* (Europeans), for the latter had abolished the poison ordeals which took a heavy toll of them in the old days. Their real enemies were the *ombiasy*, or benevolent sorcerers, who knew how to cure their poisons and counteract their spells.

II

It was with something very much like pleasurable anticipation that I settled down to my work that evening. About nine o'clock there came a sharp knock at the door. I opened it, but there was no one there. A few minutes later the same thing happened again. Then Rabary came in from his room looking rather gray around the lips and said that the mpamosavy were trying to pull his shutter open. He had been wakened by its creaking and by the scratching of their nails as they tried to get a grip on it. I pointed out that if they really wanted to enter they could come in through either of my windows, for they were both wide open, but he did not relish the idea and I finally closed and bolted my shutters.

A few moments later Rabary gripped my arm and pointed toward the door, and I saw that the latch was being slowly and noiselessly lifted from the outer side. Then something pressed against the door so hard that it creaked and bulged inward. This was too much, so I went outside and made a thorough search around the

house and kitchen, but I found nothing. When I got back Rabary said he had seen a death's head looking in at him through the half-open door. We waited about an hour; then, as there were no further manifestations, turned in and spent the rest of the night undisturbed.

I made a long trip the next day and got back so late that it was nearly ten o'clock before I settled down to list my specimens and write up my notes. I was working with my back toward one of the open windows, and in a pause of the typewriting I was sure that I heard a slight scraping noise on the sill behind me. I turned quickly and thought I caught a glimpse of something white or yellow disappearing at the side of the window, but could not be sure. A few minutes later I heard the gentle scratching again. I did not want to be 'had' a second time, so I typed on for a little while, then stopped, stretched, and took off my shoes. These were of the trench variety, weighing about four pounds apiece, and I knew that they would make excellent missiles. I laid them to the right of my chair, where I could reach them with the minimum motion, and when I heard the scratching again I whirled and let drive with all my force. I distinctly saw something this time and I heard a grunt that made me hope I had scored a hit, but although I got to the window as quickly as I could, there was nothing there. A search next day proved that the enemy had retired in good order, for he had taken the shoe with him.

Nothing happened the next night or the next, and I began to think the incident was closed. Rabary, on the other hand, got more and more nervous. He insisted that the witches would have changed from play to earnest after one of them was hit, and that they were quiet because they were preparing serious trouble and wanted to get us off our guard.

I began to believe him when, on the third morning, he pointed out that someone had smeared our threshold and lintel with oil during the night, for this is a sure sign of an attempt to lay a spell on someone who will pass through the doorway. However, I had more important things to think of, for fate threw a very valuable specimen into my hands.

Early one morning a man came to me apparently laboring under great fear or excitement, and begged me to come with him to see something he had at his house. When we arrived he carefully closed the door and window, and, going to a hiding place under the eaves, drew out a long parcel, which he handed to me and asked me to undo. I found that it contained a four-sided, rapier-like iron instrument nearly five feet long and a polished black cow horn filled with a mixture of little sticks, beads, and bits of silver. I recognized the horn instantly as an *ody* or charm, but the iron instrument was new to me. The owner insisted that I buy both at my own price and seemed to be in a pitiful state of terror, actually shaking all over. He explained that he had become a Christian some months ago, but before that he had been an ombiasy. He had derived his powers as such from the charm and iron stave which I then held, and when he became a Christian he had been at a loss what to do with them. As they had been able to help him before, they were now equally potent to harm him, and the only way for him to escape dire consequences was to find someone who would pay him for them so that they could be formally transferred. He had had a bad spill in the lake the day before, which had brought matters to a head.

I told him that I should be glad to relieve him of them if he would tell me exactly what were their virtues and how they should be used, and I found him

more than willing to comply. The ody was of a common sort designed to bring good fortune, but the staff had rarer virtues. It could turn away bullets in battle or render void the most powerful spell, while the lightest touch from it would blast and kill a snake or a witch like a stroke of lightning. It seemed a handy thing to have around the house under the circumstances, and I carried it home concealed in a length of bamboo. Once there, I stood it up in the corner, in plain sight, hoping that some of my native visitors might be able to add new details about its powers.

III

There was an old native man who had half attached himself to my household, dropping in for a chat whenever he passed by and bringing small odds and ends to sell. He was especially captivated by my typewriter and would squat by the hour watching me work it, so I paid no attention to him when I was busy.

This afternoon he came in and was just settling down against the wall when the staff caught his eye. He gave a smothered ejaculation and stood up hastily, drawing his mantle across his mouth, then started for the door. When I rose he retreated to the far side of the room, trembling violently, and as I came toward him he fell flat and seized me by the ankles, a most unpleasant sensation. With his face on my shoes he began to talk rapidly. As my Malagasy was not equal to the occasion, I called in Rabary, who interrogated him for some time. What he said was briefly this:—

He admitted that he was a mpamosavy and begged me not to kill him. He would do anything I wished if I would put my staff away and promise not to hurt him. He would never have made spells against me if he had known

that I had it. He and the other mpamosavy would never have thought of interfering with a vazaha if one of their number had not seen me walking about on a tomb in the twilight. From this they had concluded that I must be a mpamosavy myself and they were sure of it when they heard that I wanted to buy charms. They thought I must have come to Madagascar to increase my powers, just as they themselves liked to get charms from other tribes. Everybody knew such charms were stronger than one's own. The tombs on the little plateau behind my house were one of their favorite dancing places, and the owl calls I had heard on the first and second nights of my stay were meant to let me know that they were about and to invite me to come out and join them. On both nights one of them had come into my room through the window and given a call beside my bed, to make quite sure I heard. By the third night they had concluded that I could not be a mpamosavy after all and had tried to frighten me in a spirit of mischief rather than spite. My indifference had annoyed them and after the affair of the shoe they turned spiteful. They did not like to have anyone living so near the scene of their night revels, and as their tricks had failed to drive me away they had begun to make spells against my health and business.

My captive's work had been to smuggle malevolent charms into my house, and I do not doubt that during much of the time he was squatting near me, ostensibly watching me at work, he had really been repeating spells against me. When I threatened him with the staff he began to unearth charms from various hiding places in the room. One, some herbs tied up in a scrap of red cloth, had been put behind some maps in a corner. Another, which seemed to be mostly a mixture of castor oil and

honey, had been smeared under the edge of my table. The most curious had been thrust under a loose board beside the door. It was a knot formed by two intertwined tendrils. Such knots are commonly used as love charms, but can also be made to breed discord if prepared with the proper spells. This one was designed to cause quarrels between myself and my interpreter.

When he insisted that all the charms had been removed I began to question him about the general activities of the mpamosavy and he talked quite freely, even giving some information about the manufacture and use of poisons. When I tried to get at the beliefs underlying their black magic, however, I found myself against a blank wall. The only explanation he would or could give was that all mpamosavy did certain things and would not be mpamosavy if they did not. Even the custom of dancing on tombs was explained by the same formula.

I gave it up at last, as it was growing late, and turned to arrangements for the future. It was plain that the man would prove a mine of information and I dealt gently with him, promising not to hurt him or tell his neighbors that he was a wizard. In return he promised to give me a good collection of witch charms, to see that the witches left me alone in future, and to return my shoe. To ensure the carrying out of his part of the contract I took a lock of his hair and the dust from the floor under his right foot. As magicians we both knew that with these I could work

his destruction, body and soul, if he played me false. At parting I gave him a little money to soothe his wounded pride, and he seemed quite cheerful and even ventured to boast a little of his powers. He promised to return in three days, that length of time being required for the making of certain charms he would bring.

The next morning I found the shoe outside my door, but by noon I was down with one of those short but violent attacks of fever that make Madagascar so dangerous to white men. I have only a hazy recollection of what happened during the next three or four days, but I seem to remember a visit from several natives and that they stood outside the door and talked for some time. When the fever had broken, Rabary told me that the people in the village had been very much afraid that I should die and that the government would punish them if I did. When I was able to work again I sent for the wizard, and when he did not come I went to his house. The door was unfastened, but there was no one there and the ashes of his cooking fire were quite cold. None of his neighbors could tell me anything about him. At last I called on the headman of the village and asked him if he knew where the man was.

‘Nobody knows,’ he said. ‘He has gone away.’

‘It is strange,’ I said, ‘that he did not take his clothes with him.’

‘Yes, it is strange,’ he agreed. ‘But perhaps he does not need them.’

MERCURY

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

It was Sunday, and very hot. The holiday makers flocked to the hill of Mercury, to rise two thousand feet above the steamy haze of the valleys. For the summer had been very wet, and the sudden heat covered the land in hot steam.

Every time it made its ascent, the funicular was crowded. It hauled itself up the steep incline, which toward the top looked almost perpendicular, the steel thread of the rails in the gulf of pine trees hanging like an iron rope against a wall. The women held their breath, and did n't look. Or they looked back toward the sinking levels of the river, steamed and dim, far-stretching over the frontier.

When you arrived at the top, there was nothing to do. The hill was a pine-covered cone, paths wound between the high tree trunks, and you could walk round and see the glimpses of the world all round, all round: the dim far river plain, with a dull glint of the great stream, to westward; southward the black, forest-covered, agile-looking hills, with emerald-green clearings and a white house or two; last the inner valley, with two villages, factory chimneys, pointed churches, and hills beyond; and north the steep hills of forest, with reddish crags and reddish castle ruins. The hot sun burned overhead, and all was in steam.

Only on the very summit of the hill there was a tower, an outlook tower; a long restaurant with its beer garden, all the little yellow tables standing their round discs under the horse-

chestnut trees; then a bit of a rock garden on the slope. But the great trees began again in wilderness a few yards off.

The Sunday crowd came up in waves from the funicular. In waves they ebbed through the beer garden. But not many sat down to drink. Nobody was spending any money. Some paid to go up the outlook tower, to look down on a world of vapors and black, agile-crouching hills and half-cooked towns. Then everybody dispersed along the paths, to sit among the trees in the cool air.

There was not a breath of wind. As you lay and looked upward at the shaggy, barbaric middle world of the pine trees, it was difficult to decide whether the pure, high trunks supported the upper thicket of darkness, or whether they descended from it like great cords stretched downward. Anyhow, in between the tree-top world and the earth world went the wonderful clean cords of innumerable proud tree trunks, clear as rain. And as you watched you saw that the upper world was faintly moving, faintly, most faintly swaying, with a circular movement, though the lower trunks were utterly motionless and monolithic.

There was nothing to do. In all the world there was nothing to do, and nothing to be done. Why have we all come to the top of the Merkur? There is nothing for us to do.

What matter! We have come a stride beyond the world. Let it steam

and cook its half-baked reality below there. On the hill of Mercury we take no notice. Even we do not trouble to wander and pick the fat blue sourish bilberries. Just lie and see the rain-pure tree trunks like chords of music between two worlds.

The hours pass by, people wander and disappear and reappear. All is hot and quiet. Humanity is rarely boisterous any more. You go for a drink; finches run among the few people at the tables; everybody glances at everybody, but with remoteness.

There is nothing to do but to return and lie down under the pine trees. Nothing to do. But why do anything, anyhow? The desire to do anything has gone. The tree trunks, living like rain, they are quite active enough.

At the foot of the outlook tower there is an old tablet stone with a very much battered Mercury in relief. There is also an altar, or votive stone, both from the Roman times. The Romans are supposed to have worshiped Mercury on this summit. The battered god, with his round sun head, looks very hollow-eyed and unimpressive in the purplish red sandstone of the district. And no one any more will throw grains of offering in the hollow of the votive stone: also common, purplish-red sandstone, very local and un-Roman.

The Sunday people do not even look. Why should they? They keep passing on into the pine trees. And many sit on the benches, many lie upon the long chairs. It is very hot in the afternoon, and very still.

Till there seems a faint whistling in the tops of the pine trees, and out of the universal semiconsciousness of the afternoon arouses a bristling uneasiness. The crowd is astir, looking at the sky. And sure enough, there is a great flat blackness reared up in the

western sky, curled with white wisps and loose breast feathers. It looks very sinister, as only the elements still can look. Under the sudden weird whistling of the upper pine trees there is a subdued babble and calling of frightened voices.

They want to get down, the crowd wants to get down off the hill of Mercury before the storm comes. At any price to get off this hill! They stream toward the funicular, while the sky blackens with incredible rapidity. And as the crowd presses down toward the little station the first blaze of lightning opens out, followed immediately by a crash of thunder, and great darkness. In one strange movement the crowd takes refuge in the deep verandah of the restaurant, pressing among the little tables in silence. There is no rain, and no definite wind, only a sudden coldness which makes the crowd press closer.

They press closer, in the darkness and the suspense. They have become curiously unified, the crowd, as if they had fused into one body. As the air sends a chill waft under the verandah, the voices murmur plaintively, like birds under leaves, the bodies press closer together, seeking shelter in contact.

The gloom, dark as night, seems to continue a long time. Then suddenly the lightning dances white on the floor, dances and shakes upon the ground, up and down, and lights up the white striding of a man, lights him up only to the hips, white and naked and striding, with fire on his heels. He seems to be hurrying, this fiery man whose upper half is invisible, and at his naked heels white little flames seem to flutter. His flat, powerful thighs, his legs white as fire, stride rapidly across the open, in front of the verandah, dragging little white flames at the ankles, with the

movement. He is going somewhere, swiftly.

In the great bang of the thunder the apparition disappears, the earth moves, and the house jumps in complete darkness. A faint whimpering of terror comes from the crowd, as the cold air swirls in. But still, upon the darkness, there is no rain. There is no relief: a long wait.

Brilliant and blinding, the lightning falls again; a strange bruising thud comes from the forest, as all the little tables and the secret tree trunks stand for one unnatural second exposed. Then the blow of the thunder, under which the house and the crowd reel as under an explosion. The storm is playing directly upon the Merkur. A belated sound of tearing branches comes out of the forest.

And again the white splash of the lightning on the ground; but nothing moves. And again the long, rattling, instantaneous volleying of the thunder, in the darkness. The crowd is panting with fear, as the lightning again strikes white, and something again seems to burst, in the forest, as the thunder crashes.

At last, into the motionlessness of the storm, in rushes the wind, with the fiery flying of bits of ice, and the sudden sea-like roaring of the pine trees. The crowd winces and draws back, as the bits of ice hit in the face like fire. The roar of the trees is so great, it becomes like another silence. And through it are heard the crashing and splintering of timber, as the hurricane concentrates upon the hill.

Down comes the hail, in a roar that covers every other sound, thrashing ponderously upon the ground and the roofs and the trees. And as the crowd surges irresistibly into the interior of the building, from the crushing of this ice fall, still amid the sombre hoarseness

sound the tinkle and crackle of things breaking.

After an eternity of dread, it ends suddenly. Outside is a faint gleam of yellow light, over the snow and the endless débris of twigs and things broken. It is very cold, with the atmosphere of ice and deep winter. The forest looks wan, above the white earth, where the ice balls lie in their myriads, six inches deep, littered with all the twigs and things they have broken.

'Yes! Yes!' say the men, taking sudden courage as the yellow light comes into the air. 'Now we can go!'

The first brave ones emerge, picking up the big hailstones, pointing to the overthrown tables. Some, however, do not linger. They hurry to the funicular station, to see if the apparatus is still working.

The funicular station is on the north side of the hill. The men come back, saying there is no one there. The crowd begins to emerge upon the wet, crunching whiteness of the hail, spreading around in curiosity, waiting for the men who operate the funicular.

On the south side of the outlook tower two bodies lay in the cold but thawing hail. The dark blue of the uniform showed blackish. Both men were dead. But the lightning had completely removed the clothing from the legs of one man, so that he was naked from the hips down. There he lay, his face sideways on the snow, and two drops of blood running from his nose into his big, blonde, military moustache. He lay there near the votive stone of the Mercury. His companion, a young man, lay face downward, a few yards behind him.

The sun began to emerge. The crowd gaped in dread, afraid to touch the bodies of the men. Why had they, the dead funicular men, come

round to this side of the hill, anyhow?

The funicular would not work. Something had happened to it in the storm. The crowd began to wind down the bare hill, on the slippery ice. Everywhere the earth bristled with broken pine boughs and twigs. But the bushes and the leafy trees were stripped absolutely bare, to a miracle. The lower

earth was leafless and naked as in winter.

'Absolute winter!' murmured the crowd, as they hurried, frightened, down the steep, winding descent, extricating themselves from the fallen pine branches.

Meanwhile the sun began to steam in great heat.

DOOMSDAY

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

WHEN my legs dangled on a rough church bench in my childhood, and the preacher implored the Holy Ghost to 'fill' his flock, things beyond nature were revealed to me. For something unearthly crawled into my legs and hung on like frost, with a thousand tiny fingers, growing dead heavy. This something never did fill all of my body, — I always feared that it might, — only my legs. And when I limped out of church it sank to my toes like sediment and simmered out peacefully.

After that time I grew aware of other wonders. A dozen times I eluded sudden death. I lived my days of adolescence brimmed with bliss. I found a mate, sound as her native soil. And I learned that chance had won me more than my ancestral share of wealth: brawn, blessed by the great goodness of nature; brains enough to catch a truth or two on the wing; and the greatest of all, because a universe

in miniature, blood that could 'feel' beauty. My feelings floated in my veins. Yet in the narrow sense I gave neither God nor Devil any credit. My anchor was held by many million chains.

Once I had failed to find God — at eighteen, during a raging spring fever. 'Too large an order! God is the universe,' a friend whispered. 'Too small an order! There is no God,' roared another. 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein!' a third quoted. 'A child's a functional fool,' snarled a fourth. 'The purest of poetry!' murmured my blood.

As I grew older I came to love the church, save when hymns were sung like jazz, or when the house of God was built of spruce, or when the man of holy orders was very young and raw with tonsillitis. I even joined a church; though I never grew so intimate as did my friends with God and

Devil. And I was flustered. Resolved on finding God, though He had once declined to come to me, I set out for an unknown world, eagerly as when I ran away to sea seven years before.

My flight from earth began the spring Margaret took year-old Junior East. Home was hell without her. Restlessly I walked the rounds of the rooms, patting the furniture as I would her little hand. And I lost my appetite and relished nothing save sorghum and pancakes. A mountain slide starts with a pebble. Who can tell whether pancakes were not the prime cause of my flight from earth? Our young Saint Bernard, Fenris, which poor Cameille had given Margaret, died.

When later at college I veered off to other poles, — even becoming an intolerant atheist, — a noted Dante scholar called me ‘a rolling stone that gathers no moss.’ And a fellow of Norse and Gothic nicknamed me ‘Peer Gynt.’ They were both wrong. I was more of a Brand, crying, ‘All or nothing!’ And I gathered moss a plenty, till a mountain toppled over. I was a Brand, but plus and minus. For I ducked when I saw the mountain coming.

There were other causes, beside the pancakes, for my fierce fanaticism. Yet even a raindrop cannot be fathomed fully until the universe is fathomed. And like all reasons, few and simple, which retrace the winding path of truth, my own, no doubt, are ‘rationalizations’ — a useful word of science, and a hideous word that stings my ears, eyes, and larynx.

Mathematics had already pushed me beyond nature by depicting events long ago dead, such as a solar eclipse ages back above a famous battlefield, and by predicting things before they occur, such as the nothingness of matter at absolute zero temperature.

My work pushed me very near the unknown world beyond nature. The

X-ray was starting to split the atom. And among the country’s master mechanics I drew and designed huge, powerful X-ray machines. Daily I juggled with a hundred thousand volts, once with a full million, and played with my own bone shadows — from those embracing a gland within my cranium to those which the Holy Ghost of my childhood clutched in my feet.

My work took me to a scientific laboratory and to several medical centres and private clinics, where I found the scientist, whose craving for new knowledge was contagious. I fear that I have angered many a wife during supper, when doctor and I were tossing our thoughts upon swift Tesla waves. These great Americans treated me as they would their equal. Healers, teachers, preachers, they were, healing the sick, teaching man the safest road to life, and preaching about a vast unknown world.

Everywhere I found a milestone pointing toward the mystery beyond nature. At an institution for the insane near Chicago I saw and heard the restless mind grope in a morass of ‘telepathic thought,’ ‘revenge by radio,’ ‘God’s eternal wrath.’ My own thoughts and feelings found excuses to set sail for unknown shores. My will became a bundle of subtle deceptions that furnished me with passport as delusions did these inmates.

Above all else my desire for higher learning drove me out again. But I dared not foster my longing for college until Margaret began to encourage me. In the old country, only nobility and clergy rose to such heights. I sprang from the lowest layer, where a trade ranked and was a climb because of its long apprenticeship.

Before my flight from earth I had planned on electrical engineering. I wanted so badly to grasp the mystery which from the day at fourteen, when

I was lineman with my father on the coast of Jutland, had filled me with awe. For until I cut the first metal wire that we strung I had believed a telephone line was but a hollow speaking tube. This mystery had drawn me into serving years as electrician apprentice, had lured me through the night life of Manhattan's power houses and through Cooper Union's laboratories, and had drawn me close to my experimental bench and drafting table in Chicago.

My adventure was wide in scope, peddling Doomsday books through the West, hibernating within a Doomsday seminary, hurling fire and brimstone at lumberjacks. And these were useful prerequisites for the State University. For the first secured us rent, tuition, books, during my freshman year; the second gave me seven out of fifteen precious high-school credits needed; and the third trained my tongue to persuade the registrar to give me a trial. Mathematics and physics I had at my finger tips. I tutored co-eds. Blueprints of modern X-ray machines I offered the registrar in lieu of high-school credits; also parchments of three years' apprenticeship from firms in Manhattan; also a scrawly note from a skipper with the word 'sobriety' twice underlined, — for reasons good and true, — and endorsed by an old chief of my stoker days and by a consul somewhere in the Caribbean. Lucky for me that italics are used for emphasis as well as irony. For the last credential filled the gap — unless it was the verbal one, still of the future: 'Medical missionary to China.'

But I am running ahead of my story. My growth had really been quite logical until Margaret went East. I was then efficiency expert at an electrical plant, timing human motion in fractions of a second, and reducing the fraction. One noon when the whistle

blew I smashed my stop watch vehemently against the factory floor amid a group of girls. Two hours later, at a down-town rooming house, a man interviewed me. At night I set out with his crew of magazine canvassers, swamping the towns of old Illinois.

II

'Junior is dying of summer complaint. Come at once. — MARGARET'

'He is not dying, darling. Please come West,' I wired back, with fare as far as the Mississippi. His viscera revolted against the heat and sudden weaning. Two days later we rushed him to a sanitarium supplied with saintly nurses. Margaret stayed at his bedside night and day, struggling with death and aiding life in his little body. I slept on a slab in the baths.

The patients there were mostly worn-out farmers, whom the nurses rejuvenated by ice, steam, and water baths, and by kneading their muscles in creams, soaps, salts, and powders. I gave a hand scrubbing the stiff old men, and learned some of the arts of hydrotherapeutics.

A night nurse was pondering over a Greek testament — a young Sister with a voice like Margaret's and eyes like Joan of Arc's. She told me that Doomsday was close at hand; she could prove it mathematically. And mathematics appealed to me — a penniless stranger, stranded with a young wife and a dying child. The magazine canvassing had been a crooked game. A sheriff arrested the manager for pocketing subscription money.

By dawn the night nurse had proved that the day of doom was fast approaching. She was skillful, like my teacher at Cooper Union, both hands working pencils simultaneously at left and right of the equation. Doomsday was at hand. The old historic prophecy

grew plain as fact. She showed me the formula in King James: —

'457 B.C. + 2300 years + threescore and ten = DOOMSDAY.'

And there were many other numbers: days and weeks, months and years, times and generations, hours even. How all pointed to that fatal day! And there was the 'number of wisdom' of Revelation xiii, 'Six hundred threescore and six,' which none, not even poor Cameille, could 'count.' But her answer to this passed judgment upon one of the Holy Fathers, whose picture, for æsthetic reasons and because it resembles Cameille, at present hangs in my library.

'VICARIVS FILII DEI' was his title. She scribbled the Latin phrase down on paper. 'Count the Roman numerals of that title,' she whispered like an oracle through the quiet summer night. And thrills ran down my spine at the harmony of numbers.

I began to peddle five-dollar Doomsday books in tooled morocco. A country doctor, whose old obsolete X-ray machine I revived, was the first to buy the book. He was hilarious, inviting me to lunch and taking me to his attic to show me a pickled corpse which he was writing a book about.

The next to buy was a young farmer, who was laid up with 'rheumatics.' I massaged him as I had seen the nurses do the patients, punching his bones and squeezing dirt out of his joints and knuckles. I buttered his skin for lack of cold cream and rolled and pinched his muscles. I scoured his flesh from neck to toes with sand and salt and scrubbing brush. Soap was scarce, and he had not been washed for moons. I flushed him with well water and rubbed him with wheat sacks — empty ones, of course. His rheumatism vanished that very day.

While I held up another farmer his mare leaped over a fence and got part

of a fence post into her thigh. With a halter I hoisted one of her legs up under her belly, crawled beneath, and with my razor sliced out the sliver, sewing up the wound with a fish line. And the owner bought my book.

Farm hands who at night slept beside me — and in heavy underwear — bought the book with a smile and a cheer of good luck. I helped with the chores at dawn.

Whether I found a prim bride in her kitchen, cooking, or a picturesque old farmerette, milking barefoot in the barn, a word of praise brought added beauty into her eyes and opened her heart and pocketbook. The women looked up to me with reverence, for I was to be a missionary. One woman who had a passion for confessing clung to me. The sale of the Doomsday book was at stake. Gently, like a shy girl, I freed myself.

Farmers and townspeople along the Mississippi, and west through Iowa, treated me as though I were Saint John of Patmos. They offered me their best top buggy, riding pony, flivver, bicycle, once even a launch. The Doomsday book sold. I had never in my young life seen so much money. Each week I saved fifty dollars. Yet I should have disliked the canvassing trade if I had peddled dime novels or stereoscope sets or pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware. Money came rolling too easily, as in a poker game among drunks. But I was on a mission, zealously warning the Western farmer. The book had led many a man to sell his farm and go preaching.

I suddenly began to embrace the globe. Doomsday was not pigeonholed because of my fortune. China should know the formula too, while it was yet time. I was in dead earnest in preparing myself and family for the mission field. At the seminary a short course in Doomsday mathematics! Then off to

China trumpeting! And Margaret was game, though she insisted — and wisely so — on my becoming a ‘medical’ rather than a ‘Doomsday’ missionary. This would mean the university.

Junior survived. And sixteen weeks from that day in Chicago when I smashed my stop watch we were headed for a seminary located in a fertile Minnesota valley.

III

The Doomsday seminary was a cloister-like building. Its basement was used for laundry, kitchen, dining room; its first floor for office, classrooms, chapel; its second floor for the women’s dormitory, and its third for the men’s. A farm of thirty pure-bred cows, bathed twice a day, supplied food for two hundred ascetic men and women.

The Bible teacher there was a Lincoln-like graybeard, married to a very young girl suffering from heart trouble. He carried her to chapel in his arms. He was the author of a pamphlet that I memorized from cover to cover, in which he traced the scattered seed of Adam through Biblical generations and up through all the races of earth. But beside being an historian he was a Doomsday mathematician of repute. When he placed a thumb upon a prophecy, and words broke through his beard, Doomsday loomed. It was strange indeed, I thought, that so few people knew of the world’s end, though the doctrine was American and had sprung out of New England soil a whole century before.

The teacher of music was a violinist blind from birth. He taught me hymns on the organ and Margaret minuets on the piano. He groped for my fingers on the keyboard until I felt creepy. When I failed to get the tempo right, his grunts of agony sapped my energy.

And I came out of the music room sweating. Margaret quit him. ‘Too much finger trouble,’ she said. Yet he was a great musician.

I found a gentle doctor from Heidelberg there, with pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, strong blue eyes, a curly beard, and a succulent voice and language. He and his wife were fond of literature, German and English. He was the first to cultivate my taste for the literary arts. And the more orthodox faculty members were not a little disturbed about his worldly influence on me.

We arrived a fortnight early, in the midst of the canning season, and found the teachers busy rinsing, boiling, and sealing the students’ winter ‘grub,’ and wheeling it into huge cellars. No work was too menial for these saints. We adored them from the start. Especially did we love the president. He was a baldheaded philosopher, small of stature like Zacchæus, and, like him, acrobatic. He climbed the cellar stairs on his hands swifter than Margaret on her feet. And he had always time to play, though Doomsday was near. For he worked twice as fast as his spiritual siblings. Yet he was never frivolous.

On a limb of an oak a swing was suspended, upon which one noon he and Margaret faced each other. They swung so high that I gasped. They might whirl around the limb. ‘Higher!’ shouted Margaret. The rope burst. They flew through the air, arms spread like divers, and vanished behind a privet hedge. And they returned stained, not with blood, but with tomatoes. On my shoulder Junior bounced with joy. ‘Higher!’ he shouted.

This man ran the seminary like a clock. Students and teachers alike chummed with him. From seven in the morning until eleven at night he drove us. And we never grew tired of toiling. For he worked harder than any and ‘performed’ while he worked. If

Doomsday had come he might have entertained the heavenly host.

Margaret grew popular at once because of her skill in vegetarian cooking. Where had she ever learned that? She was cook of the canning party. I found work also before the students arrived. I mopped floors, cleaned windows, tore down walls to make classrooms larger, nailed up a metal ceiling in the laundry and kitchen, doctored droplights in a hundred dormitory rooms, shortened the chandeliers in the chapel to even out the light, and installed washing machines for the two hundred students, who I soon found were as cleanly as angels.

The president gave me a hand. His rickety ladder 'stepped' while he stood on the top rung, stretching on tiptoe. He painted more ceiling than I. In my eagerness to beat him I spilled a quart of white lead. The dear old fellow chuckled and never so much as frowned. And he rinsed jars by the thousand, and gave Margaret a whole gross, and tomatoes and crab apples to fill them, besides twenty bushels of potatoes. He granted me a full year's free tuition, and paid me forty dollars in cash, and called us 'a pair of perfect gophers.'

And he never took the matron to account when she smuggled a jar of jam and a dozen of fresh eggs down to our two-room flat above the millinery shop on Main Street. She was very fond of Margaret and too wise to discuss Doomsday. No one knew what she believed. The jam and the eggs did all her preaching.

The students were past the twenties, some in the forties and fifties. They were shy and awkward, yet always on the watch for a Doomsday debate. And they were sly and cunning when they argued. None could rouse their ire. Bible debating was their sport. They told of their debates with men of other faiths

as a soldier would about his battles.

At chapel some would whimper, greatly disturbed that they might lose out on Doomsday. Unlike the 'bums' of the Bowery mission, they did not brag of their sins. It would be a close competition even for the purest of saints. Slightly more than one eighth of a million would be chosen on the great day. This prophecy puzzled me. For what was the use, then, of my spreading the Doomsday doctrine among China's half a billion heathen?

After the seminary started its regular schedule the students did two hours' manual labor daily. And the distribution went as smoothly as in a beehive. Each teacher had charge of a group and completed the work assigned him. The manager of the farm headed the squads that dug potatoes, cut sorghum stalks, bathed and milked the cows, cleaned the barns. The president himself ran a repair shop, printing shop, business office. There were squads for cooking and mopping, sewing and laundry work, painting and blacksmithing, building sheds and barns, breaking new land. The women worked for the matron.

Beside being house electrician I was official architect, drawing up plans for a much needed Greater Doomsday Seminary, which to-day stands strong and massive, but 'for sale.' At two bits an hour I also made mechanical drawings for a fellow student, who — Doomsday or no Doomsday — believed himself the inventor of *mobile perpetuum*.

IV

During the Indian summer of Minnesota we wandered through woodland, enchanted by a thousand gorgeous tints and hues. And as fall advanced we speared black bass through thin ice in the river rushes. When snow fell we bobsleighed down the mile-long

seminary hill. And on mild winter nights we skated on the mill dam with Junior packed in a beer box.

Beside all our friends at school we found good friends in the village. A grizzly farm hand, whom I met at the village library, paid us weekly visits with lollipops for Junior and Margaret, and Thomas Paine, Thomas Huxley, and Thomas Browne — always doubting Thomases — for me. His own name was Tomas Tomassen. Margaret grew intimate with a lovely girl of her own age, who was somewhat ostracized for having been betrayed by her sister's husband. Junior and Franz played together. When the grandmother butchered a pig she sent us pickled pig's feet and blood bologna. And I would nibble at these favorite dishes of my childhood, though this was a cardinal sin, since pork and blood were taboo, according to Leviticus.

The house we lived in was the oldest on Main Street. Within the woodshed we discovered a well, clean enough for washing. A neighbor's pump supplied us with water safe enough for cooking. For drinking I fetched butter milk by the bucket, thick with floating butter lumps. Once a week the surplus from a dairy flooded Main Street. A land 'flowing with milk and honey.'

At country clearings I found fuel. Farmers even paid me for pulling shrubs. A penny for each root they paid. One single day I pulled as many as two hundred roots; but then I began at four in the morning. When I hauled a trainload of soft coal from depot to seminary, the president once gave me a wagonful. It was then thirty-five below zero. Our potatoes froze hard as rock. I split them with an ice pick. And our precious jars of tomatoes began to burst.

We loved our little home best when the real northwestern winter came. One room was small but lofty, and filled

with winter forage. The other was just the reverse, very large but lowly, — it was not designed for tiptoeing, — and furnished in saintly simplicity for an ascetic Doomsday family. A single cot — we slept spoon-fashion and Junior rocked on my chest — slunk elusively along the southern wall. A kitchen table, long-legged, wabbly, and calf-like, leaned against the western wall. An old ten-dollar organ, on which I practised hymns and Margaret minuets, stood against the northern wall, broad and important, and with its two square bellows pedals protruding like peasant feet. If we stepped on one the organ growled, even without our touching the keys. Against the eastern wall, and used in lieu of chairs, lay a flat trunk of clothes and a box of books, salvaged by Chicago friends the day the landlord dumped our worldly goods on the sidewalk.

A trio of wood, coal, and oil stoves stood at attention in the centre. Margaret called them 'the Trinity.' She had bought them from a student and his bride of a week, who to-day are missionaries in China. Sixty-five cents she paid. And the name stuck, even through our college years. For one was a zealous sheet-iron blazer, another was a meek, warm-hearted cannon heater, and the third was a burner for cooking, with a wick and a tank and a warning which we ignored once too often: 'Do not fill when burning.'

During long winter nights in this, our 'holiest of all,' we watched Junior grow. At birth he had been a bundle of body tissue. At eighteen months he was two bundles; and one was made up of loud thoughts and feelings. His words became flesh, or his flesh became words — I knew not which. He turned into a living soul, or a living soul turned into him — I knew not which. He became a child within a child.

The energy he had, despite his recent

illness! He followed me into the woodshed, where his one little hand clung to my knee and the other helped me heave a bucket of water, while he leaned over the well to watch the spill dribble. He crawled through a neighbor's bramble hedge, where a mastiff with slavering flews leaped at him. Ever after I was sure the Lord of Heaven dropped a brick at my feet that very moment.

A bearded student took him cowering from the pasture; and twice he climbed over the Holstein horns, down into the drinking trough. I tied a halter round his waist so that I might worship God in peace at chapel times and let him play in a classroom; but he crawled down a ventilator, almost hanging himself. He found the seminary's coal hole — I shiver at the memory. And while Margaret was busy at the school farm, cooking for an outside threshing crew, he caused the only Doomsday stir of the year by exploring the crowded classrooms.

V

I was a rover like Junior, and, like him, in search of the unknown, sensitive to outside things and strong enough to stand the strain of change. I was a babe unfolding and grew aware of a mystery within. What were the *soul* and the *spirit*? What were *thought* and *feeling*? But I was not ready to explore the world within.

An idyllic Western village; a bucolic landscape of farms and pasture, hills and forests, lakes and rivers; the dizzy prairie star in frost — these were new things that took hold of my heart and pulled. Vegetarian food, potatoes and tomatoes, and a huggable mate whom I dared not kiss because of my Doomsday phobia — these were things that made my spirit flighty. Suddenly I was jerked back to mediæval times, to

a monklike life among ascetic brethren in a crowded cloister, to early speculations and naïve theology, to fantastic formulæ and discarded doctrines. My feet lost their grip on mother earth. I soared beyond the prairie star, centuries behind the X-ray and stop watch. My eye was turned *out* and *up*, not *in* and *down*. But my inner world remained sound, unexplored till the time should arrive when I was strong enough to make my final voyage, and succeed by finding, not God, but myself.

As the winter crept on I grew more fanatic, even raising a beard to look like other brethren. Sabbath was kept religiously from sunset to sunset. But our sunset vespers never began on the dot; for Margaret could not keep track of the sun, which went down earlier and earlier before Christmas and later and later after Christmas. She would be washing the floor the very moment that the sun's edge began to disappear. And it was a race between the two, the sun always winning. The next night at sunset vespers — Margaret called it 'sun worship' — she would watch the horizon and even begin to pick up dishes that had piled up from the previous night. As the sun vanished she leaped at her work, chuckling at my mild exhortations. Then she tickled my chin coquettishly and sang a parody of a Doomsday hymn: 'If only thou wouldst eat a bloody beefsteak.' And she would dance a teasing gypsy dance to celebrate the passing of Sabbath, risking a splinter or two in her foot and showing an ankle. Never had she been so bewitching. I began to dream.

She had gotten me to join the regular high-school classes instead of matriculating in the famous Doomsday short course which within the winter turned farmers into missionaries. My history course was wide in scope and scant in detail. It began with Adam, 4004 B.C., and rushed me up through the ages

of patriarchs, judges, kings, prophets, apostles, saints, stopping abruptly at Charlemagne. And from the last king of my Doomsday history to Gorm den Gamle, the first king of my Danish history, was but a small gap. Between Creation and Doomsday I was, therefore, oriented. I know the reigns of the Hebrew kings as well as I know the reigns of all the Danish kings. And I know Abraham's birthday and the date young Alexander drank himself to death, and the year Esther appeared before Ahasuerus, and the year Ruth gleaned after Boaz. Yet at the State University later I almost failed to earn my foolscap when I cut a compulsory history course, which I deemed superfluous, off my programme.

Languages were hard for me to master. And Latin was as toilsome as all my other courses put together. I was the dunce, though I did catch the grand system of grammar.

'Amavi, amavisti, amavit,
Amavimus, amavistis, amaverunt.'

Margaret sang this stanza often — and thumbed her nose at Doomsday.

Perhaps it was the artist within that sought escape. Every child is an artist. His senses desire freedom like the beast's. Three tales in English literature made profound imprints on my heart: *Ivanhoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Ancient Mariner*. I identified myself with the heroes, something I had never done in my reading before. I had won fair Rowena and I was a knight. I was a pilgrim in search of a door to Heaven, almost taking Bunyan literally. I had killed, if not the albatross, many a warbling lark. The one nest of my childhood gave me 'a glittering eye.'

Three American poems entered my blood: *The Vision of Sir Launfal* — a quest that never ceases till one returns to himself; *The Raven* — a cry into darkness as yearning as the blind

musician's violin; *Snow-Bound* — with that New England Doomsday woman, who like myself watched for

The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

The blind musician's fingers, which wrung sensuous tones out of catgut, stroked the embossed code of a Bible, crawling limberly along the road toward the same unknown world that I was seeking, while his tongue smacked with thought, and his lips thought in whispers, and his eyelids signaled God as a woman her secret lover. At times he played me into a world of wilder beauty than the one in the valley. He was of Ibsen's viking stock, a melancholy man, brooding like my grandfather, and with the same power in his violin as the latter in his voice. His tones 'hung' upon my cheeks and shoulders, not unlike the Holy Ghost in my feet at church, or like those bottles of rare Caribbean rum. It was gravity upside down. I sank upward.

VI

Then came spring, and students scattered, either to peddle Doomsday books or to preach. I took a route straight north and peddled sacred wall mottos and a hydrotherapeutic doctor book. That summer's nourishing sunshine and open air, toil and food, pulled me down to earth again, though it took another year before I fully backslid.

From Hennepin Avenue in the centre of Minneapolis, where I bought Tony, a fine high-strung bicycle, I rode up through northern Minnesota, crossed the steep coulees along the border, rode up through Manitoba to Winnipeg, and farther up to a lake that looked like the ocean, then along the coast from one Icelandic settlement to another, and finally across forest and prairie. Like Louis Hennepin two centuries before,

I broke new ground in Canada. And like him I became an adventurous missionary. China's half a billion was my goal still.

Tony and I encountered many dangers together. A wild-haired prairie minx and her broncho towed us through a strong head wind from a post office somewhere in the wilderness to her father's homestead. How that barelegged girl rode! And how I clung to Tony, whose pedals kicked my shanks! We were assaulted by half-wild huskies, which, the winter long, hauled the fisherman's catch from ice holes far from shore. They had never seen a bicycle, these huskies. And my feet, pulling the pedals, maddened them. We daggled through a swamp on Hekla Island, at times lucky enough to leap along a string of logs, which was the King's mail route. I lost my balance and clung to Tony till the mail came by — a sack conveyed by a bare-foot Iclander. How did he ever get those massive books I mailed across that bog?

A tree in the northern timber woods fell just as we came speeding through a stumpy path. It was too late to stop. We hurried by and got entangled in a hill of branches. A thunderstorm that smelled of ozone drove us to a village of aborigines and to the hut of a squaw and her squinting infant. A gaunt chief one night drove us across untrodden prairie, thirty miles with horse and buggy. He had come to the lone prairie store where I found him to buy tea and crystal sugar. And at midnight on the prairie, while wolf and coyote howled, he made a tiny tongue of fire that licked a kettle trembling on a reed.

One night Tony overtook a heavy halfbreed, who was moving farther north with his pigs and horses, his mother and wife, and his daughter, called 'Almost-as-white-as-birch-bark.' That night we dug out an organ from

under his wagonload of furniture. And beneath the prairie star, three days' journey from church, I played the hymns I had learned the previous winter. I taught 'Birchie' two, one of which was a Doomsday hymn of weird beauty by my blind music master. While she practised I gave her heavy father a ride on Tony, holding on to the saddle as I ran along. Tony groaned and bucked and at last threw him off against the organ. I still hear the finale of that prairie nocturne — the halfbreed's long gorilla snort, Tony's thrumming, 'Birchie's' crystal-clear cry, and the organ jamming the line, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' into a frantic, impatient yowl.

We lodged with many a rusty prairie bachelor. Once a half-blind senile, before I lay down to sleep beside him, searched my shirt to learn if I were lousy. His cows had died from poisoned well water, and his rain-water barrel was empty. His dog, whose broken leg I set, had been caught in a wolf trap hidden at the well and intended for the enemy. My host chuckled wickedly as he tied a string to the door latch and to the trigger of a shotgun trap that lurked between the ceiling beams. In my dreams of Margaret that night I tripped on a string.

During a hailstorm late one night we found shelter at another bachelor's cabin. Hail like hen's eggs had crushed his crop. I showed the frowning host my set of sacred mottoes. When his eye fell on one, 'GOD BLESS OUR HOME,' his fist fell upon it heavy and he roared: 'Have you got a "GOD D— OUR HOME"?' He put me up for the night. And in the morning he bought 'THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM.'

One week-end we made a lucky find in an English nobleman, who tilled a section of wheatland alone. He was a

rank infidel; but his curses were fresh and poetic. He got his grub from Winnipeg. Eleven eggs for breakfast, eleven eggs for dinner, eleven eggs for supper, — thirty-three a day, — he cooked for me in a cast-iron frying pan with butter. A dozen tins of peaches I devoured. The leavings he fed to the gophers that swarmed on his land.

What a host he was! At mealtimes he hewed the two-by-fours along his kitchen wall to get chips for the fire. He urged me to stay a week, but I feared his roof might ramble down. He punctured panes of a distant barn window to show me his marksmanship. His horses were within. 'They are only plough horses, sir. They duck.' He took me crow-hunting in the northern summer night while aurora borealis sprayed the sky. I aimed his rifle at a solitary crow that slept on a stump, and missed because my host tapped my elbow. 'It can't fly,' he whispered huskily. I handed back his rifle, suddenly reminded of the Ancient Mariner. He shot two on the wing.

I lodged in the cabin of a French Canadian. He could not speak English, nor could any of his children. An altar with candles and the crucified Christ, half-size, crowded the living room. At bedtime he held vespers while his wife and children and I knelt in sand on a hand-hewn floor. His two oldest had taken the veil. That night I slept on the left of the old patriarch. At dawn he awoke me for matins. He kissed me Godspeed on both cheeks as I mounted Tony. And my heart quavered with joy at the sweetness of man. Why should the good God who 'loveth all' want to destroy him? That day I preached Doomsday to Tony. For a young doubt is conspicuous by its eagerness to shield an old faith.

I found an Icelandic pastor, whose noble name I could trace through the sagas down to another epoch of

Western immigration a thousand years ago. He wrote me an Old Norse letter, praising my doctor book to his flock of prosperous settlers. And they greeted me as their forefathers would a son home from a viking tour, urging me into their cabins for curd of sheep's milk cooled in deep wells, and for a long talk of my travels. Icelandic maidens in homespun hose and hand-woven clothes and soleless sheepskin shoes sang native songs. I responded by singing songs of the sea, and revival jazz of the Bowery, and Doomsday hymns of the seminary. At night the howling huskies followed me in my dreams when I was searching far and wide for Margaret.

I found a log cabin deep in the forest. The owner was a lone Norwegian woman, who spoke an old dialect that I had learned from sailors at sea. Her forehead was queenly and her hemplike hair was twisted into a heavy hawser. She was a vigorous giantess, who ploughed her own fields, cleared the timber in her coulee, and once a month drove her team to town for mail. In her young days she used to ride to town, she told me; but she had grown too heavy for her broncho. Far into the night we talked about Ibsen and Björnson, Lie and Hamsun, and about the lyric poet, Wergeland, whom she quoted from memory. She knew literature from the *Elder Edda* up. Even the work of Hans Kinck she was familiar with — the least known, and perhaps the greatest. I was charmed by her marvelous memory span and by her poetic brogue.

She gave me the right of way by going to the barn to milk her sheep. I stretched my limbs in bed and was in the midst of prayer when she returned, handing me a drink of milk, warm from the sheep's udder. 'I shall not tempt thee (*Eg ska into frista dokka*),' she said as she lay down beside me.

VII

In the midst of my canvassing I had a 'call.' And I drove Tony back to Minnesota to a lumber town on the shores of Lake Superior. An old man held Doomsday meetings there. He was once a wealthy farmer, but had sacrificed his land to the Doomsday cause after having read the same book which I had peddled in Iowa. A meek Christian he was, who seven summer nights a week sounded the warning to lumberjacks, and the day long tramped the coast with his good wife, cheering the sick. Like old Simeon, 'it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.' On an empty lot next to the cemetery he had pitched his canvas tabernacle and his three camping tents. He called his camp the 'Bible Chautauqua.' There he lived, he and his wife and a younger singer, whom lumberjacks had nicknamed the 'Tent Lass.'

Yankee, Swede, Ojibwa, — they had all interbred, — flocked to the tent at night to hear the old saint prophesy and to hear the Tent Lass sing. A Swede who owned the sawmill came. The Tent Lass charmed him. Morning, noon, and night he came to hear the alluring melodies flow from her lips. For she practised 'voice' the day long.

I helped the tired saint a fortnight, giving the lumber town all that was in me — a dozen Doomsday lectures according to John the Seer. The day long I lay in a hammock within the shady tabernacle, jotting down mathematics and dreaming of Margaret. In the grass at the feet of the Tent Lass the mill owner sat peering into her eyes while a rip-saw down at his mill wailed, 'Y-o-u! — Y-o-u!' in loud, heartbreaking tones, accompanying the singer.

The whole town mustered for my

lectures — Yankee, Swede, Ojibwa, the conquerors of the Great West. And after each of these fire-and-brimstone meetings I took a swim at the mill owner's bachelor bungalow. I was hot. He came to meet me in the moonlight, naked — a stocky Socrates with muscles like a sack of eels. While we swam in the deep dark lake he pestered me with his love for the Tent Lass. And he dived down with a gurgling sigh to wash away his tears. When I was about to make a search for his body he shot to the surface alive, punching a hoary shoulder into my ribs like the sandpaper tail of a shark.

That same summer the old saint dropped dead. And he was buried across the road from his Bible Chautauqua. I had returned home. When the Tent Lass married the wealthy Swede, Margaret was at the wedding.

Our famous stoves stood ready for shipment. It had been a salubrious summer. Margaret had picked berries and had canned ten dozen quarts of fruit, packing them in frost-proof Doomsday magazines and barrels. Five hundred magazines she had purchased wholesale to peddle at a county fair; and she had sold exactly twenty. But during the four following winters at the State University dimes were dear. I disposed of the rest on the streets of Minneapolis.

We took a farewell ride up through Main Street together, Junior hanging on to the handlebar in front, Margaret straddling a grub box above Tony's hind wheel, and I in the saddle. We barely made the seminary hill. Gravity was no longer upside down.

The train pulled out of the depot with the three of us the only passengers, and Tony the only baggage, and our barrels and crates and sacks of new potatoes the only freight. Never before had we been so wealthy or so much in love.

THE GOLDEN ASSE — A TRIBUTE

Frater, Ave atque Vale

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

OLD books suggest old debts, acknowledged, yet unpaid. In this single and momentous respect they differ from those of our own immediate time. For, the manifold question of comparative literary value quite set aside, new books, except it be in their references to the old, rarely, if ever, recall obligations or exact gratitude. The treasures of memory, of long association, do not lie within their uncut pages. They trail no clouds of glory, conceal within their words and phrases no shadowy recollections. To Hazlitt, their idolater, it is the old books which are links in the chain of our consciousness, which 'bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity.' It is they that pervade the external and material life with a luminous and orderly sense of immortality, they that acquaint one early with the haunting, intangible notion of reality. *They* suggest old debts.

And of all old books surely the classics are the most wistful and reproachful to those of us who, a quarter of a century ago, were mightily concerned with parasangs and hexameters. Our names are written large upon their ledgers. To them we owe certain perceptions which an unalleviated Puritanism would have shorn of beauty — the sense of poetry latent in reverence for aged persons, the sudden apprehending of the power which follows any calm acceptance of the inevitable, the

dawning, half-timid perception of a purely physical loveliness. We owe them, too, that train of old and long associations which forms the pattern of the tapestry of our lives. What Latin grammar, bearing on its green back the honorable imprint of 'Harkness,' ever failed to recall the white-columned academy of some New England town? My own dog-eared Cicero, relentlessly moved a few days ago to make room on the top shelves for the doubtful aristocracy of 1925, engulfed me in such waves of adolescent emotion that in abject apology I bade him come up higher; and the words 'Ithaca' and 'Odysseus' — the latter even in modern and forbidden guise — suggest always to me the high, rock-rimmed Maine pastures and the dark cliffs above the sea. These are among the long effects of the classics — these the debts we can never discharge save by maintaining in ourselves something of their mellowed and well-ordered dignity.

It was young Lucius Apuleius of Carthage, that juggler of colored words, that notorious magic-monger, that tireless wanderer among the mountains and about the ancient, weird towns of Thessaly, who but lately through his *Asses of Gold* recalled again an old debt, the verbal acknowledgment of which I had long contemplated but never performed. Willingly lost for perhaps the fiftieth time in his

perennially fresh adventures with sorcerers and thieves, wolves and serving maids, and dazzled by the rich sparkle of a prose which eighteen hundred years and a poor translation cannot dim, I was yet not insensible to the tug of old associations. And when Lucius, the adventurer, in the house of the sorceress Pamphiles, by a magic ointment and many incantations turned himself into an ass instead of into the owl which he desired to be, his original shape only to be regained by a meal of roses, I made a vow to discharge my indebtedness with all possible grace. For, twenty-five years ago, I knew such a 'plaine asse,' fit also to be termed 'golden,' and in those years all roses held magic possibilities.

I

In the late nineties, among the more remote New England communities barter had not ceased to exist as a convenient and eminently respectable means and method of trade. The Congregational pastor of our Maine village received annually one third of his salary in farm produce and firewood, and gave in exchange theological disputations on the Logos and the Paulian interpretation of the Law. These, however, though given in full measure, pressed down and running over, were seldom mistaken for the grace of God; and no one felt that the minister was underpaid. Bargains were struck with the doctor, usually in January, by which he, in exchange for certain commodities, — potatoes figured largely in all deals, — would care for the party to the second part, his wife and children, during all reasonable sicknesses over a twelve-month period. And, to complete the professional circle, my father, the village lawyer, entertained few expectations of payment in cash; for warranty and quit-

claim deeds were luxuries not included in the family budgets, and, when they had to be met, one went to the cellar, the pasture, or the stable for the where-withal.

It was to the last-named repository that the Misses Evelina and Sarah Mansfield, maiden ladies of late middle age, repaired in the spring of 1898. They owed my father for successfully representing their rights over a period of some years in the much disputed matter of a boundary line; they had the highest sense of honor and small cash resources. But they had Richard.

Richard Mansfield, like Modestine, was a diminutive ass, in color a clear gray of the old-fashioned variety, untouched by taupe or mauve. He had been sent the Misses Mansfield on the Christmas preceding by a younger and renegade brother, who years before had run away from home to seek his fortune in the Far West — a chimerical district known to his sisters only through the risqué stories of Mr. Bret Harte. With the season's compliments and his own he had bridged the years by his gift of Richard, a somewhat tardy pledge of his continued esteem and, let us hasten to add, of his sense of humor. How Oliver Goldsmith would have delighted in the revengeful generosity of that black sheep of the house of Mansfield and in the comic situation engendered thereby!

It is quite safe to say that no fabled or historic personage, not even Henry VIII when he first saw Anne of Cleves in the flesh, was ever more bewildered as to what to do with a new possession than were the Misses Mansfield when Richard, his name unmistakably printed on a steel tag fastened to one ear, was forcibly urged up the slip of the Boston boat amid the guffaws of the crew and passengers. Nor did their bewilderment lessen after he had been placed in the one long-deserted

stall of the family stable, his phaeton and glistening new harness inviting their participation in his legitimate activities. With commendable reserve they had told their neighbors that they could not understand their brother; and, indeed, it will be admitted that the case required perception rather than understanding. Miss Sarah, who possessed a fortitude quite lacking in Miss Evelina, had determined, as the snow gave place to spring mud and as Richard's three months of oats began to tell on him, to lend the only possible dignity to the situation by the demonstration of the utilitarian, if not of the artistic, nature of their gift. Accordingly she had harnessed Richard, adjusting his breeching with trembling fingers from behind an empty flour barrel which she had thought best to place between him and her, and had taken Miss Evelina for a drive — a drive so fraught with misery and disgrace because of certain distressing habits of Richard, for the first time revealed, that the cheeks of both ladies burned for hours thereafter. What wonder then that Miss Sarah, tormented in the night watches, did not tarry for the day to arouse her sister when my father suddenly appeared before her distracted mental vision, not in the guise of a relentless creditor, but in that of a deliverer!

According to the town veterinarian Richard was thirteen years old when in the spring of 1898 he made the inconsequential journey from the Mansfield stable to our own. His gray coat was shaggy with a winter's growth of hair, his brown eye was kindly, his underjaw determined, again like Father Adam's beast in Monastier. On his left side, well rounded with the Mansfield corn and oats, his thick hair had long since given place to two letters, T L, cruelly branded into his tough black hide. That neat Roman type afforded us

material for endless cogitations — the meaning of the letters in terms of words, their importance as to time and place, the certain torture that Richard had endured on the occasion of their impress. His long ears differed from those of others of his species only in his manipulation of them. From him we early learned the significance of earmarks as a means of identification, for those two long features were the outward and visible signs of certain temperamental stages. Usually carrying them at a not unpleasant obtuse angle, he brought them far forward in a benignant expression when he was extraordinarily pleased or expectant, lowered the left when he was disgruntled or dejected, and in periods of reflection — for he was contemplative to the philosophic point — laid both closely back upon his neck. His short tail was easily disconcerted and melancholy in the extreme.

How often had we occasion to bless that Far-Western humorist! Those were the days of pride in large families, and no less than a score of children from the immediate neighborhood gathered in our field and orchard on Saturdays and during the long summer vacations to participate in new plays and games made possible by Richard. A kindlier creature never existed. Surely I can never forget his goodness, even though I have until now neglected to chronicle it. His was that 'sweet reasonableness' which, we are told, was characteristic of the saints. As the ridgepole of a tent he would stand still almost indefinitely while we crawled in and out under the blankets and old quilts which we had draped across his back. For as Thiasus of Corinth decked the ass Lucius 'with purple coverings, with a bridle of silver, with pictured cloths, and with shrilling bells,' so we hung Richard's neck with daisy chains, caparisoned his back with

the discarded parlor portières, and led him in triumphal procession about the neighborhood.

He possessed, however, an impregnable self-respect, an integrity of nature which forbade imposition. In simpler phrase, he knew when he had had enough. He would willingly carry six children of varying sizes, stationed from his shoulders to that downward slope of his back which made riding perilous, across the fields or along the street until his dignity and sense of fitness reproved him. Then, suddenly stopping, he would bend his knees in a slightly perceptible motion which we children called 'crumbling.' If this warning passed unheeded — and, after having experienced the delightful sequel, we seldom heeded it — he invariably went on a few steps, and then, again stopping, crumbled unmistakably. Fair warning that! And yet we awaited the climax with excited giggles. It came. Simultaneously lowering his long neck and raising his hind quarters, he deposited us all, safely and gently, on the ground like a line of fallen dominoes, stayed for a moment to survey the situation, and then galloped away at an unwonted pace, granting only dark and threatening glances to those of us who were so unreasonable as to ask just then for more.

On holidays he shared in our high carnival. The 'barly and beans' which the Lady Charites fed the golden asse in gratitude for her safe deliverance from Thessalian thieves were but poor dainties when compared with Richard's Thanksgiving feast of vegetables and sugar. And on Christmas he was as a favored guest. For had not the minister, forsaking the Logos for a season, reminded us of the part played by Richard's forbears in the Bethlehem stable, during the anxious flight into Egypt, and on the Jerusalem streets, ringing with hosannas?

I can recall with a vividness almost painful every detail of our Christmas Eve pilgrimages to the stable — the warm, contented smell there in strange contrast to the cold in which we shivered, the high rafters and beams thrown into great, uncertain shadow in the swaying lantern light, the occasional heavy stir of the quiet animals, and the wide gray eyes of my sister Cynthia, watching Roger hang with careful deliberation Richard's great red stocking on a nail just outside the window of his stall. In four hours, while we slept, would they in the stable, on the stroke of midnight, kneel in dumb adoration — Lady, my father's thoroughbred mare, Constancy, the cow, and Richard? Or was it all just a tale told us like so many others? It was hard to imagine Lady kneeling. She was haughty in her blue blood, overbearing, not easily humbled. And Constancy was a creature who justified her existence by good works rather than by faith. But Richard — my sister Cynthia never doubted Richard, standing there in the light-shot darkness, his great ears expectantly forward as though at once awaiting the heavenly summons and challenging me to greater confidence. Nor would she ever consent to my desire for visible confirmation. For hers was that faith beloved of God — unassailable, and rendered tarnished and languid by proof.

II

In those beneficent pre-Ford days the country roads were open and safe for our journeyings; and the miles were many which Cynthia and I traversed with Richard. Those were the opening years of our teens — a time fraught with new sensations. The smallest details, heretofore unimportant, became monstrous with significance. There was a strange

element of pain in all lovely things — wild roses against a gray boulder, the glimpse of the sea from a hilltop, a flock of goldfinches following the roadside in scalloped flight. Vaguely conscious that life was somehow different, we spent long days along the roads with Richard, calling on relatives some miles distant or driving to berry pastures inaccessible on foot.

Early he revealed to us the most distressing of his habits — that which had so fired the sallow cheeks of the Misses Mansfield and made further journeying with him incommensurate with prestige and position. He insisted upon periods of rest and complete relaxation, and never felt in any way encumbered by his harness or the shafts of his phaeton. His powers of selection were of the highest; I never knew him to choose an unattractive spot. Five miles from home — it mattered little whether he was approaching or departing therefrom — he would select a hilltop affording a sea breeze, or a mossy hollow by a spring, draw the phaeton to the roadside out of the sun in spite of our frantic tuggings upon the reins, stand still for a moment to assure himself that he had chosen well and that all was in readiness, and then with deliberate care lie down with a long, grateful sigh, his head invariably upon soft ground, some lush grass, tender alder twigs, or swaying buttercups well within reach of his eager nose.

His periods of rest were impossible of calculation. I have known him to lie for three hours in a particularly desirable spot on a particularly warm day. They were never less than an hour; and we early learned the uselessness of urging. Like his prototype, the wild ass of Job, he regarded not 'the crying of the driver'; nor did he pay heed to all manner of chastisements. There was nothing to do but to accept the inevitable.

In the second summer of his life with us, however, we discovered a possible means of inducement. He had, let it be known, an inordinate weakness for carrots. Never was the smallest exhibited in his presence without awakening a gleam in the depth of his eyes, an expectant uplifting of his ears, and in his underjaw a perceptible yielding to temptation; and not infrequently did the orange succulence and vernal fragrance of one of these vegetables, if held just without his reach, lure him to rise and continue on his way. Sometimes, too, one served in yet another capacity; for when his usual pace of two and one-half miles an hour became too tedious for endurance, either Cynthia or I, seizing a carrot, would spring from the phaeton and run at top speed ahead of him, always allowing him first, however, a scant but overwhelming nibble. By that simple device many a stretch of level road was briskly covered, with one of us perspiring onward and the other holding the lines and glorying in the increased rate of progress.

But the time came, and that soon, when the irksomeness of Richard's hours of meditation and refreshment gave place to beneficence, when the cups of patient waiters began to brim with old and heady wine. It was Cynthia who first proposed bringing books, and it was my father who proffered the huge green umbrella. Then, indeed, we wanted for nothing. Richard sighing grateful sighs, his head in the cool moss of some wayside brook; the warm sun tracing the shadows of buttercups and timothy upon the brown road; Cynthia and I reading from the same book beneath the green umbrella.

There was an abandonment in reading in those days which I would fain catch again. Books existed for and by themselves; they established

no relations, signified nothing in my mundane world. Words were intoxicants. I tasted, smelled, touched them. They were unknown fruit, strange and delectable, fragrance floating across wide seas, moonlight on still water. They were as remote from my stupid, halting speech as I was from my immediate and material surroundings. I never said them al ud, but I dwelt with them 'in faery lands forlorn.'

True to the Apostle's injunction, we were then 'careful for nothing.' There was doubtless added abandonment in the knowledge that no household task or ruleless baby could call us away at the worst possible moment, that the only hindrance to two hours of unalloyed enjoyment was the extremely unlikely chance that Richard would want to move on. But be the reasons what they were, let them lie in early adolescence or in an unusual situation, it is certain that books had before held no such lure, nor have they since.

Cynthia always finished before me — she read in great, thirsty gulps, not pausing for breath — and when she was ready to turn the page she sighed and tapped her foot with exasperation against the dashboard. But I was obdurate. I wanted time to say words and phrases over to myself, and I took it. I remember that in beginning *The Lady of the Lake* I paused long over

In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.

That line engendered a thrill which I could not afford to lose, in spite of her very obvious irritation.

To this day certain hill summits, fern coverts, and wayside springs in that loveliest part of the Maine coast are sacred, and will ever remain so, to certain persons and situations in books. A flat, mossy rock on the top of one high hill — a hill commanding a far-reaching view of Penobscot Bay — is

dedicated forever to the stout Marchioness of Castlewood and to her irate reception, from her curtained bed, of the king's soldiers. How grudgingly we acquiesced that afternoon in Richard's sudden desire to press toward the mark! A wild-apple tree in a roadside hollow recalls always our tearful accompaniment of poor Smike when he ran away from school and went on his pitiful journey in search of the Nickelbys. We had cried, silently and shamefacedly at first, casting surreptitious glances in order to be assured that each was not cognizant of the other's woe, until Cynthia, unable to bear it any longer, threw reserve to the winds and sobbed unrestrainedly in my blue gingham lap. By a roadside spring, sheltered from the sun by an overhanging bank of small firs and brake ferns, John Ridd made love to Lorna in such impassioned accents that Cynthia and I were cross and abrupt with each other in our efforts to pretend that such was but wearisome reading.

All those books which to-day beggar the attempts of the voluble moderns were ours in those days between grammar school and college — Dickens, Scott, Dumas, Marryat, William Black, Stevenson — and not a few of them were read by the roadside under the green umbrella. And as we read Richard rested, his eyes sometimes closed in sleep, sometimes wide in contemplation. Did he see the things to which, for the moment, situation and suspense blinded us — a dragon fly in blue and bronze, the jeweled shadow of a water spider on an amber pool? Who can tell?

We must have presented a most humorous picture to the passers-by — I can still remember their smiles — and yet I do not think we ever thought the situation itself really funny. One of the functions of early adolescence is to dull the sense of humor; and unlike

the Misses Mansfield we were untroubled by the fear of a waning prestige. Recollection does, however, depict one occasion upon which Cynthia's sense of the ridiculous proved itself existent in spite of adolescence. The family was to spend an August week-end upon an uncle's farm six miles distant, and, to allow for Richard's pace and idiosyncrasies, Cynthia and I had started hours ahead of my father and mother, who were to follow in the surrey with the younger children. After four miles of the hot and dusty road Richard sought a convenient spring and stretched out his tired legs with a sigh that betokened a long and drowsy stay. The afternoon for once dragged — we had long since finished *Kidnapped* and had brought no other book — until Cynthia was seized with the aspiration to utilize her slight and recent acquaintance with Milton. Carefully unfolding the paper which held our week-end supply of accessories, she chalked thereon certain words with a stubby pencil, unearthed from my pocket, and pinned the sheet to the back of the phaeton. So that my father, driving up a half hour later with Lady, whose fine head twitched with scorn at the sight of the prostrate Richard, read, I fear with greater pride in his children than in the poet: —

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

III

It was my grandfather who, during his annual visit the summer following Richard's advent, told us of Lucius Apuleius and of his magic transformation into a 'plaine asse.' He was a prince of story-tellers, and forty years spent among the classics had granted him endless equipment. Moreover, he entirely lacked the mellowless pedantry that too often clings to college professors of seventy. His stories were rich

with the richness of their background, sparkling with the light from his extraordinarily blue eyes, active with the movement of his quick and lively words. Sitting with him in the orchard, Cynthia and I listened, while Richard roamed near by, munching some late buttercups and hearing, we knew not how consciously, the tragic adventures of the Asse Lucius.

Even then, in the fragmentary form given to us, we thought it a golden tale, as thought Marius and Flavian in Pater's gracious and beneficent book. We had our favorite parts. Cynthia was inclined toward the sad adventures of the Lady Charites, kidnapped by thieves on her marriage day, her escape by means of the Asse, their recapture, and the savage plans for their terrible death, the final strategy which brought them once again safely home. She loved especially their triumphal entry into the Citie when the Asse 'cried stoutly,' making the town to ring again with his shrilling sound; but the shining which was always in her eyes dimmed at the aftermath when the Lady Charites, like Juliet, must die for her love and loyalty. And, indeed, it is a fair story. She loved, too, the tale of Lucius's shadow on the wall, which mercifully discovered to the kind soldiers his hiding place and that of his wicked master. As for me, no part of my grandfather's recital matched in any way the conclusion, when the Asse, by eating the garland of roses, regained his human shape. There was wizardry in his tongue, I am sure of it; for, as he talked, there passed through our quiet orchard the procession to Isis. Masked figures in strange guises, women in white with wreaths of flowers, trumpeters with trumpets of gold and silver, priests in purple with vessels of gold, and at last the high priest himself bearing the roses which the goddess had sent to the prayerful Asse.

‘So you see,’ concluded my grandfather, looking in turn at Cynthia and me, ‘so you see how Lucius Apuleius became himself again. Merely a question of roses. How do you know that this Lucius of yours is really an ass? He woke me this morning calling “Never, never!” just as the Golden Asse did when they accused him of stealing Milo’s treasure. If you want to keep him like this, Cynthia, beware of roses.’

I felt sorry for Cynthia, for I knew the matter would stay with her until she had decided it one way or the other. There was never any middle ground for her. Either a thing was true or it was not. And at thirteen making up one’s mind is neither simple nor easy.

My grandfather was, in fact, devoted to Richard — Lucius, he called him. He was greatly disturbed twenty-five years ago over the speed of the world. He did not like the way horse cars were everywhere giving place to electric ones, and the rumors of successful horseless carriages distressed him. He talked almost angrily about the invasion of the telephone. I think Richard’s meditative ways reassured him. He used to ask the minister, who had been a college classmate, to drive with him; and the two white-haired old gentlemen would start toward the open country, quite overlapping the narrow seat of the phaeton with their black frock coats. Richard’s insistence upon hours of complete rest delighted them both. At the supper table my grandfather would laugh uproariously at them, throwing back his fine white head. One August day Cynthia and I, returning from the pasture with laden berry pails, came upon the trio at Richard’s favorite spring. Quite unaware of our approach, my grandfather and the minister continued some heated argument. They had twisted themselves

about on the narrow seat until they uncomfortably faced each other; their straw hats were off; their white heads and anxious hands gesticulated eagerly. Cynthia thought the subject probably the Logos, but we never really knew. Meanwhile Richard lay in the cool grass beside the spring, his mind concerned with ultimate realities and not with those of time and space.

But I did not know until the second year of Richard’s stay with us how seriously Cynthia had taken my grandfather’s warning of the roses. We were driving one Saturday afternoon in July in search of meadow rue for church decoration when Richard stopped suddenly by a high bank which the spring rains had excavated sufficiently to form an agreeable shelter and over which blossoming wild roses grew in abundance. Before he had had time to complete the necessary arrangements for his rest, Cynthia had bounded from the phaeton, seized his bridle, and by mere force of will induced him to move on a few steps beyond the roses. When she came again to the phaeton with *Children of the New Forest*, which she had procured from the back, her cheeks were pink and she avoided my eyes. Then I understood what I have never since forgotten: that hers was a Faith Militant as well as a Faith Triumphant.

IV

Ten years were granted to Richard Mansfield after he left the Far West for the State of Maine. He died at twenty-three, a ripe old age. His last years would, I think, have tried one of a smaller nature. We were in college, negligent and very busy, and, I fear, we quite cruelly forgot him. But may he not well have reaped the confident fruit of those long hours of contemplation, have become careless of little

things like neglect? He came of a noble race. To whom of us has it been granted to see thrice the angel of the Lord with a drawn sword, once in the way, again in a path of the vineyards, and yet again in a narrow place?

Remembering his patient acquiescence as a playmate, I contend that he was at once a Stoic and a practical Christian; recalling his sober delight in the things of this world, I dub him

an Epicurean; seeing him again lying for long hours by the roadside, I even question if he was not a disciple of Plato, probing into the nature of Justice or of Temperance or of Fortitude. Finally, holding in thankful and lasting remembrance the long and luminous effects of those great and old books of my childhood, I salute him in the words of Catullus: *Frater, Ave atque Vale* — Brother, Hail and Farewell!

THE TIGERS OF WRATH

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

'We so loved our God that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations.' Thus spoke the prophet, Ezekiel, in vision to William Blake.

How, indeed, can a human being love without cursing what is unlovely? What power is there within us to segregate love and hatred? They are twin-born. When Pascal entertained a stranger who would oppose reason to his faith, he drew about him an iron belt studded inward with nails, and when the silly reason assailed his faith he tightened his belt of nails. Thus he cursed what was unlovely. The children of wrath, the haters, those who scourge the money changers, who send the Tempter packing, are the tigers of the earth, the unreasonable, the upholders of the ideal, the scions of rap-ture. Because they love, they hate.

How fortunate there are so few of them! For the world is so happy in its smoothnesses. It slips along in its Y.M.C.A., its Rotarian, its hundred per cent; it is so Volstead and Christian,

so immersed in its properties and moralities, that it could not endure frequent haters. And as Providence is always careful that the earth shall remain a good deal as it is, it is slow in sending tigers; for with Providence a moment is as a thousand years, and the upheavals of a day would be immeasurable.

But the tigers of wrath, said Blake, are wiser than the horses of instruction. Who are these horses of instruction? They must be what Ibsen called the compact liberal majority, those foes of truth and freedom who are never right. They are also those who neither greatly love nor hate; they are the world's masters. They live, therefore, not by vision but by laws, rules of conduct; they would make the world safe for eternity. And when they note a desire, they restrain it, for a desire might bring sorrow or joy, and eternity has no place for these — it is merely time plus monotony. They would banish all ecstasy and torments to hell; therefore there is nothing left over for

heaven but the drowsy afternoons of ennui.

They are indeed the conquerors; there are so many of them that the tigers cannot escape. By the pressure of their weighty nonentity they clear the land, and the trail of their footprints is a desert. They are so unmistaken that they fear eccentricity, yet it is not certain that they fear death; for as life is but a composite of absences, the world beyond will be but a more extended composite, and over it will preside a manner of speaking whom they call Love. In calling him Love they confound the tigers. Yet the tigers experience who Love is, but they combine him with Satan or the terrible Jehovah.

But do the horses of instruction never suffer? Indeed, they wear the garments of humanity; they weep in their thoughtless childhood. But when they reach the fulfillment of age tears are but a memory; they smile. Yet they half cherish these tears, — they are a bit proud of them, — for they would make a slight, ever so slight a difference between eternity and earth. Heaven, therefore, must be a place where tears are wiped away, and there shall be no more sea nor mourning. They would drag along the golden streets in a pale forgetfulness, in an eternal sameness of smiles. Thus heaven and earth are really two places, — this is their dual philosophy, — the one a going toward, the other an attainment of, monotony. Here again they would confound the tigers.

I do not wish to imply that it is easy to explain a horse. Though with him society is a hive, even bees are said to possess individualities, and if you should endow bees with higher sensibilities, and if you could imagine them as being so bold as to name their instincts 'intelligence,' their hives would turn complex and might become societies;

they might even worship. Some horses worship; they worship dead tigers, and decrepit tigers often admire robust horses. Thus it might be said that these two creatures belong to the same general organization — they overlap. I mean, of course, that men, in their high sensibilities and in their notable intelligence, actually compromise; they live and let live in society.

But the tigers of wrath never compromise, and — the irony of it! — they cannot explain. Some of them, to be sure, are great talkers; they even preach. Yet so confused do they become in their telling, so unreasonable, such upholders of some ideal, that they never in their discussions come to terms with the unmistakable world about them. Philosophers, they make light of philosophy; poets, they disparage poetry; mystics, artists, lovers, haters, always great worshipers, first they act, and their life, therefore, is not a reason, but an achievement. No wonder they are misunderstood by the instructors! 'Are we,' the latter demand, 'without our reasonings to be even as worms? What a noble work is man! Life is compartmental; there are feelings and logic and will, but to be herded separately without their knowing it, and the herding must always be a little hushed. The slight difference between heaven and earth is that the former is governed more adequately by the rule of rules, the Moral Code.' Such are the conclusions of those masters who neither love nor hate.

But the tigers of wrath so love their god that they curse. In explaining them you can hardly become one of them, for if you loved as they love you would not find time to explain: you would act. Therefore the best that you can do is to try to understand them. The love of the tigers is Beauty, and they hate every form of ugliness. Yet, with all their worship and with all their striving

they rarely make it quite clear what Beauty is, nor is it often appointed them to win it. Only a horse attains. But Beauty is shy and various, and to a tiger she is always beckoning and he pursuing. Some few have almost caught her; they have seemed to touch her, but straightway they have become delinquent, insane, and the world has arched its brows. 'We would be normal,' it says. 'This is sheer eccentricity; this is not the prudent road to heaven.' But the tigers maintain that they are normal; the world laughs at them.

The difference between these two groups — the majority and the singular — is a discrepancy in endowment, or, as the former would phrase it, the difference between certainty and sin. Here it must be confessed that the world's masters have it all their way. There are, of course, things within and things outside; earth, heaven; time, eternity; you, God. This is by no means a comprehensive wording; instead of 'earth, heaven' one might say 'heaven, hell,' or for 'you, God' one might substitute 'beast, man,' or better, 'finite, absolute'; but, whatever terms are employed, the essential is that everything goes into the ark two by two. These dyads, it will be noticed, if they are kept well in hand, always consist of a major and a minor member, and the firm ground of the world's masters is that they know more of the major than of the minor. This comes through erudition in the rules of conduct, almost akin to revelation, and is fitting so. If, for instance, one has a fuller comprehension of God than of man, the latter may be ignored. This is the mousetrap of worldly wisdom.

It is idle to dispute this doctrine; usage and study have made it exact, and, furthermore, if one is a horse, one is born to believe it; it is the inevitable monotone of those who neither love

nor hate. And, strangely enough, the moment a tiger takes it upon him to preach, to come out of his rhapsody, not being able to tell what he lives, he picks up the words that lie about him and struts in the same terminology — with far more emotion, to be sure, he is so fierce; but unless one knew that he could not possibly mean what he says, one would be put to it to distinguish. Fortunately tigers seldom preach; they are weak in theology.

Swaddled in crime and ignorance, worshipers of Beauty, spitters upon ugliness, haters of all dyads, they irreverently but unconsciously seek God in themselves. This, of course, is the outpost of absurdity. More: to a horse it is damnable — he can but rage, but his rage is not the sheer rage of the tigers. Tigers are best when they renounce dogma and keep to fiction — all forms of pure knowledge and art and prophecy. For to them life is not a rule but an end, and they can only find beauty by realizing who they are, and they can only realize who they are in the joy of forgetting. This has always been the method of tigers. Its irreverence consists in its implications; that is, in the dyad 'God, man,' for instance, they drop all concern with the major member — he is adream in his excellence and to stir him would be unprofitable; they disdain the eternal gifts of heaven; they would achieve the immortal boon of earth, and though they may never capture the uncapturable, — for Beauty is a search, — something has whispered to them that she is not outside, but within. Such is the monstrous profanity of tigers.

Yet, as they usually keep to fiction, — which, with pure knowledge, all symbols, a horse does not understand, — the world rubs along with them, and it is discreet, if one speaks philosophically or poetically, to talk about them. But here is met a grave difficulty.

For, as tigers never explain, a diagnosis of them must needs follow the language of horses; otherwise there will be no audience — no one to talk to, no one to talk. One is constrained, therefore, if one is not a tiger, to pursue the dyad. What are reality and the ideal but dyads? Beauty, ugliness? Love, hatred? Even tiger, horse? To the compact liberal majority these words have meanings; to those who crave the earth and life they are just words.

The safest way, perhaps, to avoid this difficulty is to ignore it, to plunge forward in the discriminating language of horses. Might one assume for a moment that even reason itself, in its ultimate unfolding, is a gift, an intuition. Or say that, as you lived in the world as it lies about, you accepted it, not only its fair vistas, but its advertising, its chambers of commerce, its supposed truths and duties, its precepts and aims; and still further that you did not weep over these things or bring cheer, but that you accepted them wholly, were content to be a part, became, as it were, one with them. If you did all this, you would not be a horse. For horses, in their pallid smiles, are forever quarreling, readjusting, harmonizing; in their large approvals they disapprove. They are fond of bickering, of tripping one another, of discovering peccadillos of convention. They take comfort in the opinion that in the world beyond not

only will tears be wiped away, but sinners will meet justice, the same machinery of experience will run more softly, and there will be a divine identity of organization. To them it is a soothing thought that there are swift angels of vengeance and a dyad of worlds.

And the tigers? Well, there are, to be sure, very few of them, and the words 'love' and 'hatred' are but terms for the same energy. Sometimes, when they become decrepit, they love too feebly or hate too long. This, indeed, is their tragedy, the tragedy of many a saint, an artist and prophet. For these personages, supreme and fortunate in their denials, are often laggard as accepters; in the ordinary parlance, there comes to them a time when their imagination deserts them. Of this, however, there may be no pity, for in their frenzied prime they so love their world that they blaspheme all the vacancies about them, some cursing the correctness of a nation, others excoriating the Moral Law. They blaze the immortal trail of death and sin. And this is the tigers' folly. Lovers of earth, they would fain destroy it, or rather recreate it in the flame of their desires. Their wisdom and their joy are in being unconsciously what they are; they are unvicariously, burningly themselves; and the union of the thunder of their hatred with the passion of their love is their symmetry.

BOBBIE SHAFTO

BY ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

I

MARTHA CUSHING, with the two children, joined her husband, Samuel Cushing, the captain of the Susan B. Lamb, when the Susan was upon the eve of leaving Portland for Baltimore.

Martha had put off this reunion for some time in order to allow their daughter to grow as old as possible ashore, but now that this daughter had attained the great age of six weeks, and the Susan B. Lamb was so near at hand and could be reached so inexpensively, it had seemed the appointed time. Charles Cushing, who was something over two years old, had already followed the sea for two years, and so constituted no particular problem, though he was not yet proficient in the use of either sea legs or land legs. He was fair, like Sam, and fat, like neither parent, and could talk quite well. Martha was so delighted to see Sam again that Charles, who had forgotten his father in the three months ashore, was afflicted with jealousy of this stranger; Sam furthermore showed too much pleasure in the pink-and-white idiocy of the daughter he was seeing for the first time. However, in the excitement an awkwardness between father and son went unnoticed.

The family established themselves in the cabin, where nothing had changed. A large box there seemed at once to strike a chord of memory in Charles; he walked around it uncertainly. The box was four and a half feet long and half as wide, and its sides

were about two feet high and slatted in the upper half; inside and out it was smoothly finished; a bed had been neatly prepared on a mattress in the bottom.

'I think he remembers it,' said Martha proudly. That box had been Charles's bedroom and playroom for many months. 'Where are we going to put the baby?'

'Well,' responded Sam with a slight hesitation, 'I took out that deep drawer from underneath the port bunk, and I thought she could sleep in that all right while she's so little.' He laughed. 'It does n't seem very hospitable to have her sleep in a drawer!' Martha laughed, too, happily.

'She won't mind. She's an awfully good baby, Sam, and I think she's going to be as bright as Charles.' Maternal pride could go no further. 'Doctor Story said he'd never seen a healthier baby.' The parents beamed at each other. 'Gracious, I'm tired! Charles was awfully bad on the train and the baby cried all the time and mortified me terribly.'

'I thought you said she was a *good* baby,' objected Sam. 'Oh, I told the steward we'd want some tea when you got on board. Supper'll be a little late; they're going to pull us out of this berth at six, and we'll anchor out in the stream and sail at daybreak. Have you had anything to eat?'

'I did n't have much lunch. Your mother gave me some to eat on the

train, but the baby was so exasperating that I did n't get a chance to eat any. Your mother's well. I stayed two nights at your father's. They're all well. Eli says he wants to sell the Susan — How do you do, steward? We've made you a lot of trouble, I'm afraid! Um! Does n't that look good!' The tea was ranged on the cabin table — thick white china and cheap silverware, splendid great slices of yellow cake studded with raisins. Charles came sniffing about with his nose raised hopefully toward the yellow mound.

'Fresh milk in that pitcher,' volunteered the steward proudly. 'I got it special. I thought you'd want some for *him*.'

'Dowanny milk!' The steward's glowing face fell.

'You've got to drink some milk,' said the skipper firmly.

'Dowanny milk!' reiterated Charles rudely. The steward brightened.

'Don't want any milk!' exclaimed his mother. 'Is n't that nice! Now the baby can have it all!' The improbability of this statement was not apparent to Charles, who became suddenly anxious. 'You know, Sam, the baby cried all the time on the train because she could n't have any milk. Now she can have a lot!'

'She can't have *my* milk,' said Charles distinctly, scowling. The steward coughed and withdrew.

'I don't think that's the way to do, Martha,' commented Sam, contentedly watching his wife. 'You ought to say, "Do so and so," and make — insist on obedience. That's the proper way — Thank you. What's Eli want to sell the Susan for?'

'He did n't say what they offered — Oh, you mean why? I think you should be more explicit. Well, he says the Susan is old now, and he thinks it would be better to sell her while he has a chance and buy another. They have

a new ship building at the Donnell yard. This cake is pretty good, Sam. Have you a new cook?'

'Yeah,' assented Sam. 'Last voyage. Well, the Susan is getting old, and her gear is in baddish shape. Is he thinking of buying the Donnell ship?'

'He did n't say. He's trying to persuade the owners of the Susan to sell. Eli thinks anyway that the days of the sailing ships are over, you know.'

'Yes,' nodded Sam soberly. 'I'll probably be out of a job before Charles is old enough to support me. He can go into steam. Do you want to be a sailor, Charles?'

Charles was deaf.

'I don't want him to go to sea,' protested Martha. 'What are you going to do when you're big, Charles?'

'Drive horsey,' answered Charles promptly.

'He does n't fancy me, does he?' grinned Sam at his wife. 'Did you teach him that?'

'You wrote you had a new second mate.' Martha took a deep interest in all that concerned the Susan B. Lamb.

'Everybody's new but the mate and the carpenter! Got a black crew.'

'You have! I thought you did n't like them.'

'I could n't get any others in Baltimore last time. I've always thought the weather up here was too severe for the black fellows. However, they did very well, though of course the trip was as easy as could be. We're going back light, and the old lady will roll all over the Atlantic Ocean, I expect.'

'I suppose so,' groaned Martha. 'Do you think I'll be seasick again?'

II

The mild December weather held all the way down the coast and the old Susan did her expected best to roll

all over the Atlantic Ocean. Martha had her uneasy moments, but on the whole she fared much better than usual. Charles's zeal really kept her mind off herself, and besides, the baby was ill.

'She can't be seasick,' said Sam. 'It's contrary to all precedent for a little baby.'

'I don't care what the precedent is.' His wife indicated various symptoms of the invalid. 'If that is n't seasickness, what would you call it?'

'Well, anyway, little babies never are seasick,' insisted Sam, a grin creeping around the corners of his moustache.

'Mama! Mama!'

Martha and Sam flew to the rescue. Charles, finding the outer door ajar, had made an effort to surmount the high doorsill; he was now balancing there on his fat stomach and turning a desperate face over his shoulder for help; his feet and hands flourished frantically in space. He was a ludicrous spectacle.

His father laughed.

'That's a good position for practising a swimming stroke,' he remarked heartlessly, assisting Charles to the deck; Charles aimed an ungrateful kick at him and sat down, plump.

'Mama!' he appealed, glowering at his father.

'Someone,' said that worthy, 'some viper has certainly poisoned my son against me.'

'It's because you laugh at him,' responded Martha. 'That is n't the way to treat them!'

The cabin of a sailing ship was never designed for the accommodation of babies. By the time they had been four days at sea Martha Cushing was surfeited with children, even bright and pretty ones. She washed innumerable clothes for the baby, who increased that task by being seasick at odd times. She washed clothes for Charles, in whose pretty dresses she had once

taken such pride, and on the third day out she decided that Charles should have some dungarees; he would never wear another petticoat after she had gone shopping in Baltimore! She'd get some dark blue stuff, cotton for warm weather and flannel for cold, and that child should burst forth in the glory of pants — yes, long pants that would save his underclothes and the knees of his stockings and his mother's life; there was, indeed, an old blue wool shirt of Sam's that she could make into a suit at once if she could get a minute to sew. The children must be bathed. Charles's bath had to be accompanied by interminable discussion and ingenious schemes — disapproved of by Sam — to keep him from noticing that she was washing his ears; fortunately he had soon such a number of bruises that he could be interested in their color and in punching them gently to see if they hurt any more, but it was tedious. The baby had to be fed so often — and a vigilant eye kept on Charles to prevent his eking out his regular meals with surreptitious morsels from the steward.

Also just to watch over Charles's activities was wearying and necessary; he might get out on deck and fall overboard; he might really hurt himself in one of his tumbles; he might stagger against the hot, fat stove and burn himself badly. Charles, alas, was a good sailor! Martha, who was not, had an occasional qualm when the old Susan bounded like a rabbit; and moreover, the horrid relish with which Charles ground his foot on big cockroaches was utterly nauseating — though the shock of his fall after one of those feats proved most opportune. Martha whizzed through the days.

Tea in the afternoon is not on the list of a sailing ship's meals, but Martha and Sam liked it. Martha lighted the little oil stove lashed in the

bathroom, and put the kettle on. With the Susan B. Lamb leaping and gambling, it was necessary to watch the kettle and frequently to hold it in its place; when the ship rolled, the flame heated in turn every portion of the stove except that supporting the tea-kettle. At critical moments Charles yelled despairingly for his mother, and she lifted the kettle to the floor and rushed away in the greatest anxiety. It really takes time to make tea! Sam was in the habit of bringing the dishes and sugar and condensed milk from the pantry and looking up what the steward had left in the way of cake for these unscheduled repasts; but after a few trials, when it seemed that tea was likely to coincide with supper, he and Martha exchanged rôles and he tended the kettle while Martha fitted the odd jobs in among her other feverish duties. Charles's life was a round of disasters.

'I wish these children were grown up and married,' Martha remarked to Sam in that it's-all-your-fault tone. 'They're a d—— nuisance.' She cocked a brown eye at him to see how he would take that; he laughed.

'We won't have any swearing on this ship,' he said. 'It's all we can stand to have Charles on board without your corrupting us with your language.' He gave a great roar of laughter at this subtle joke. 'Oh, good Lord!' He seized the kettle in the nick of time.

From her drawer there came a long wail from the baby.

'The devil!' said Sam irritably. 'I thought that one was asleep.' Martha hurried to restore the peace.

Sam entered the cabin with the steaming teapot in one hand and Charles, gripped by the back of his clothes and kicking like a crab, in the other; Charles had mistaken his time for crawling up the companionway stairs. Sam let him down on all fours in a corner and left him to rage.

'He's demoralizing my crew,' chuckled Sam, pouring the tea.

Charles leaned toward socialism. He had no taste for captains, mates, bos'ns, carpenters, or cooks; rarely his heart softened to stewards; chiefly he gave his entire devotion to sailors. Negro sailors in particular he loved. He crawled up the steep companionway stairs, beat on the door with a soft fat fist, called beseechingly; and the man at the wheel was convulsed, and muttered sympathetic words to him if the mate or second mate was not on the poop. The ship fell off her course, and the sails began to flap; at all times of day one might hear an outraged officer demanding from long distance what the fool at the wheel was doing. Everyone knew what he was doing. He was conversing with Charles, or else, steadying the wheel with a foot on a distant spoke, he was helping Charles to his feet after his début on deck; the activity of the Susan and the irresponsible legs of Charles — after one has crept laboriously up to the top step of a steep flight it is not in nature at once to take a sudden biggish step downward — always wrought calamity and precipitated Charles upon his well-rounded stomach. The sailors loved to pick him up, and he patted those extraordinary black faces and chuckled heartily, and when they gurgled enormous glittering red-and-white laughs he cackled more hilariously still. What fun! What funny men!

'I think when he pounds on that door they let him out, if nobody's around,' suspected Martha. 'It can't be unlatched all the time.'

'Well, you don't need to worry. He has a dozen black slaves,' replied Sam, puffing at his pipe.

'It is a comfort to know he can't get out that door without someone seeing him,' pursued Martha anxiously. 'Because I simply can't watch him all

the time, and think up ways to distract his mind from going on deck.'

'You should n't have to,' retorted Sam. 'You should just forbid it and have him understand that you mean what you say.'

'Sam! Really! I'm so tired of hearing how it ought to be done! You know perfectly well he does n't mind *you* when you speak to him! He does better for me—' Martha was quite overcome by the baby's little affairs and the constant accidents befalling Charles; even now her daughter lifted an indignant voice and Martha left her tea hastily. Sam felt guilty.

'Listen, dear, you know I don't mean anything,' he protested contritely, pursuing her and putting his arm about her waist. Charles, too, staggered after them, tripping on the doorstep and falling on Sam's foot, which he made a gallant attempt to bite. Charles was not reconciled either to the baby or to this man.

'We'll wrap up and all go out on deck for a little fresh air,' said Sam cheerfully. 'That's what we need. You fix Charles, the little reptile, Martha, and I'll bundle the baby in the big shawl. There's a good baby. Want to go out with your daddy? Don't you spit on the captain of this ship, young woman!' Martha laughed, and Sam's mind was relieved.

It was good to get outside into the sunshine and wind and color! Martha held the baby on her lap and watched Charles, who immediately attached himself to the man at the wheel. It was Jim, Charles's favorite, a very black and shining man perhaps forty years old; the bright blue trousers that he wore at sea added to his charm. Just now, when the skipper, the 'old woman,' and the second mate were all on the poop, Jim's trouser legs were all the pleasure Charles could get from his friend, and he clung to them like a

bloodsucker. To be sure, after the officers moved off to the main deck to inspect something, Jim grinned and whispered an occasional remark; and then he was apt to have the giggles and, his shoulders shaking, he would turn his face away from the 'old woman' in some very unseamanlike direction far round to leeward. Charles stared up, red and rollicking. Officers did n't bother *him* any; but he had a better time when that man and those other men were not about, and still better when his mother was below. For then Jim let him turn the wheel, clutching at the whirling lower spokes and getting his head constantly in the way of the next descending one! In the excitement of steering the ship he often wobbled terribly and fell, *squash*, sticking his hand through one of the holes in the grating; at once Jim gathered him up and petted him, and he smoothed Jim's beautiful face. After such a catastrophe Jim held him up and allowed him to steer from the top of the wheel, the sailor teetering on one foot and shoving the wheel about with the other. Never was Charles content to turn the wheel a little way—it must turn way, way over.

He learned new words, too.

'Huddapoht,' he'd shrill, and struggle to suit the deed to the word; the official helmsman was anxious to please him, yet at the same time exceedingly alert for the second mate.

'Huddober!' Charles would scream. 'Huddastahbud!' Gracious, it was fun to steer the ship! How grand it was to know the proper routine when another grinning sailor came up the lee side of the house to relieve the wheel!

'Whatsa course, young sailah?' said this man to Charles.

'Nothe-east,' returned Charles, tipping up his pink face beamingly.

'Nothe-east it is!' repeated the new

man seriously. The first man usually whispered in the ear of the new man — they were a long way above Charles and he could n't quite catch what they said, but Jim at one time had given him the idea that it was about what was for supper; it seemed quite likely, for Charles himself took an interest in supper. If the coast was clear they all three laughed in gurgling abandon.

The men adored Charles; they loved his wild yellow hair and big round eyes and red cheeks. How could they not? He admired them so fervently! He essayed such calamitous fat kicks at everybody on board except sailors, his mother, and the steward, who, he had been led to believe, made the cake.

'He's a bad influence,' the skipper chuckled. 'I think he's organizing a mutiny. I don't know but that I ought to put him in irons — but I doubt if we have any the right size.'

'He keeps trying to get out on the main deck,' complained his exhausted mother. 'But so far he has n't been able to do any more than get balanced on top of the step and scream. He wakes up the mate or the second mate or whoever is below!' She giggled. 'He's really awfully funny sometimes.'

'He treats me like dirt,' said Sam, and his wife laughed suddenly till the tired tears ran down her cheeks.

III

In time they reached Cape Henry and plodded up the Chesapeake, repulsing several tugboats that longed to take them in tow. The Susan had been reported and she was to go under the coal-tip at once; coal was in demand in Maine! All arrangements were quickly made. Stores were hurried on board. Sam tried in vain to find a white crew and was obliged to ship over the same old crew, who were

pleased to go with him again; he treated his men well. Martha bought cloth for Charles's overalls and made them to the accompaniment of the roar of cargo sliding into the hold. The Susan was daily more filthy with black dust; Sam and the mates viewed her with anguish, and one could see the industry in store for the crew once they were again at sea. Charles for his part busied himself making little marks with his fat fingers in the coal dust on the white paint, a great sport that made the washing of hands more pleasure than usual. The baby collected coal dust remarkably well on all her plump exposed surfaces.

'The old girl's loaded to the gunnels,' said Sam to Martha as the tug pulled them out of their berth and set them on their way.

They stood on the poop in the early sunshine of what promised to be a warm December day. Far off on either side the low shores of Maryland moved past; the tug pulled stoutly. A dilapidated crew strove to set sails under the urgent driving of the irritable mates; five of the crew were 'sleeping it off,' and three dubious cases that were yet deemed fit for service ambled foolishly about the decks, laid feeble hold on ropes, and hauled limply, incurring all kinds of verbal abuse; there seemed to Martha's eye to be only two men who were actually sober — old Jim, who was at the wheel, and a man in extraordinary checked trousers, who sped up and down the rigging.

Charles was clinging to Jim's legs and interfering at the wheel. In a whisper the sailor praised Charles's new pants; he murmured, too, that he had brought Charles a present which was at the moment in his sea bag. Jim was a peerless friend.

'Are you going to keep the tug all the way down?' asked Martha.

'Uh-huh,' responded the skipper.

'If this wind holds it will be a fine fair wind when we get outside.'

'Oh, of course!' agreed Martha. 'I did n't think of that. We'll go home quite fast.'

The wind held. At the Cape the tug cast them off with toots of farewell and they set all sail for Portland. In two hours they took in some sail and in another hour they took in more, slowly and painfully with the dilapidated seamen; a few hours later they again shortened sail, and the seas were rolling up heavily behind the ship, and the crew was seedier than ever. Sam hunted up the high board and fitted it into its grooves at the head of the companionway stairs.

'We've got a good strong breeze,' he told his wife cheerfully as he rummaged in the slop chest. 'Where's that slop-chest book? Oh, here it is.' He measured a pair of thick trousers against his own stalwart frame; they seemed small. 'Guess these'll do. Gee, Marth, sailors are the biggest fools. You saw that one in the checked pants? He was sober. He's come on this trip with those checked pants, mostly cotton, and his dungarees! I wonder where I put those new shirts.'

'They're in the bottom drawer of the medicine chest.'

'Oh! He's standing at the wheel shivering like a leaf and his teeth chattering. Already, by George.' He climbed the stairs with the garments on his arm.

The good strong breeze practised and grew stronger. In twelve hours the Susan B. Lamb was pounding along with very few sails on, and the seas were coming tremendously over the stern, hitting with a crash against the rail and the house and the companionway door; dribblings of water dripped down the stairs, and Martha added mopping to her jobs; the little doorsteps penned the water into a shallow

lake at the foot of the stairs, and Charles scuffled in it and wet his feet while his mother was busy with the baby. He climbed the wet stairs, too, and beat on the door, calling to be let out, but the door stayed latched better than it had on the trip down. That at least was a relief to Martha as she hustled her son out of his soaking clothes. Occasionally she herself went up the companionway to gaze out at the gray prospect.

'It's blowing awfully hard, is n't it?' she inquired anxiously of Sam on one of his visits in the cabin.

'Hard? My girl, this is just a good breeze!' insisted Sam.

'Then why do you stay on deck so much?' she demanded.

Sam grinned; he began to foresee a time when he might not be able to deceive his wife about the weather.

'Why, the second mate is short-handed in his watch with all these drunken baboons we've got on board. You know that. Well, so long, Charles.' Charles paid no heed.

Martha had another idea.

'It's blowing awfully hard, is n't it?' said she to the mate, who came for a mug of coffee before going on deck. The steward had secured a pot of coffee to the top of the fat stove in the forward cabin.

'No, ma'am!' he responded at once, swaying easily in the doorway. 'Just a good wind to push us along. Hullo, Charles! The carpenter's making something for you.' Charles regarded him with slight interest. 'Well, got to be going.'

Perhaps it was just a good breeze.

'It's blowing awfully hard, is n't it?' inquired Martha of the second mate. He poured some scalding coffee on his hand and muttered horribly.

'Awful,' he agreed. 'Terrible sea, and we got the worst crew o' land-lubbers I ever did see.' He gulped

his coffee and went to his room. The second mate, Martha meditated, was naturally gloomy; he had a hideous scar cutting across his forehead and one eyebrow where a block, falling from aloft, had struck him when he was sixteen; he had met with other accidents and his disposition was soured.

Really, was it a good breeze?

Supper was an acrobatic contest in which at intervals everyone laid hold of every liquid within his reach on the table and tipped it the proper way. Charles enjoyed that and grabbed things with the best of them, tipping them wildly any way at all until he had deluged himself and the table in his vicinity. Martha lifted him from his throne of dictionaries and cushions and removed him, bellowing, from this pastime. He continued bitterly resentful, until the rumbling of deep voices in the forward cabin announced a conference at the second table, from which the carpenter, blond and very shy, came presently to the door of the after cabin with a sensational gift.

In consequence the meal at the second table was enlivened by the shouts of Charles and violent blows on the walls; he bestrode a little platform on four stout wooden wheels, the two in front connected to a post that went up through the platform and ended in a crosspiece to which a small boy might cling and thereby, with luck, guide the vehicle. Across the rocking floor sped Charles, shrieking, to stop with a bang against the wall; if he was quick enough to turn around it was nice, but if not he retraced his path backward, thrillingly. An accidental turn of the tiller would cannonade him into a table, against a chair, into his mother, who was appalled and yet amused. Sam, also, watched the sport faintly smiling; but he had been a sea captain longer than he had been a father, and he

suffered for the hardwood floor and the polished panels. Charles went to bed that night with the new toy alert at the foot of his box.

During the night the pound of the seas grew more and more frequent, and at dawn they hove the ship to; that good wind was a gale. For four, five, six, many similar days they alternately hove the ship to and let her run before the wind as the gale increased or moderated a trifle.

The slop chest was soon sold out of woolen clothes of every sort; Sam clumped up and down, scolding over the improvidence of sailors. The second mate lacerated a finger between a snapping rope and the rail, and was in such a temper that he could hardly trust himself to speak to anyone but the crew. Sam and the mate, on the contrary, outdid themselves in sprightliness at meals, and when meals could no longer be served on the table, that proved to be a state of things that they enjoyed above everything. Martha suspected them of deceit, or attempted deceit. The baby slept and ate and cried. Charles was happy with another choice present. His black friend Jim had brought it aft under his oilskins to the wheel, entrusting it with bashful smiles to the skipper 'for the little boy'; it was a little yellow box with a little handle that, when turned, produced a little tune—oh, a delightful thing! When Charles was not careering around the cabin on his rolling steed he sat on the floor and patiently wound the crank of the music box; he played it in the early morning before he was released from his slatted coop, and before he fell asleep at night.

'That tune is driving me mad,' said Martha. 'I hope no one else has any presents for him.'

'I wish he could read a book.' Sam had just waked from a brief nap on the lounge and was cross. He thrust his

feet into his rubber boots and began to struggle into oilskins.

'You don't have to go out again, do you?'

Sam snorted in reply.

'Where are we now?' pursued Martha pleasantly, ignoring the snort. 'We've been out a week, have n't we?'

'A week and three days yesterday,' grunted Sam. 'I don't know where we are. I have n't had an observation since we left Cape Henry.' He swayed steeply back and forth, gradually recovering his good humor. 'I don't know where we are. The mate does n't know where we are.' Martha gave him a quick, guilty glance. 'The second mate does n't know where we are. Charles does n't know where we are—'

'I do too,' contradicted Charles.

'A life on the ocean wave!' Sam burst into song, prodding his daughter jovially in her stomach. 'A home on the rolling deep! Where the stormy waters —' He mounted the stairs, his coat swish-swishing as he went; Charles followed his progress with round eyes as the stentorian voice boomed in the narrow confines of the companionway, and he smiled. What a lovely loud noise!

Martha pondered. One ought to know where the ship was; Sam had spent time enough over the chart, calculating on bits of paper and measuring here and there, to have found out where she was, even if the sun did n't shine. There were other ways; what was that thing called dead reckoning?

No matter what Sam and Mr. Webb said, Martha *knew* that affairs were not going well. The second mate, whose hand troubled him a good deal and who let her bandage and clean it up every little while, often failed to be optimistic in his natural gift for pessimism; from him Martha gleaned a few items about the situation. Because

of the cold and the constant work on deck, the getting wet, the lack of hot food and sleep, there were now only about five men still able to keep at work. 'Housemaids!' said the second mate passionately. 'Infernal weather! Only a fool goes to sea!'

Eight bells. Slow, heavy steps approached through the forward cabin. Ha, the mate after something to eat. Dripping a little circle around him from his yellow coat, he smiled in at Martha, cuddling the baby, and at Charles, winding the music box.

'Getting me a little snack before I turn in,' he said, with a chunk of bread and butter in his red hand. His eyes were sunken and tired. 'It's cold out.'

'Where do you think we are by now?' inquired Martha perseveringly.

'Oh, well,' replied the mate, 'it's hard to tell. Think maybe we're a hundred miles or so to the east'd of Cape Cod — somewhere,' he added vaguely. The hot stove made him drowsy and he yawned. 'Get me a little sleep,' he murmured, and thumped away, his boots squeaking as they rubbed each other.

Charles fell asleep on the floor, rocking over and back with the ship's motion. Martha idly tried to wish away the water that rippled and deepened at the foot of the stairs; she was tired of mopping it up. How the ship did roll and pitch and toss, creak and groan, and how the waves thundered and hammered at her! The Susan was hove to again. Wearily Martha rose and put the baby in her drawer. With the greatest difficulty she made tea and filled big mugs. Lots of sugar. With them she staggered up the elusive stairs, knocked a warning on the door, opened it cautiously, and thrust a mug into her husband's hand.

'Wait,' she said. 'I've got two more.'

The second mate's sad face lightened as he took a cup.

'Another one,' she added. 'For Jim.' Jim's black face wreathed itself in a dazzling smile; his poor heart must almost have broken at the sight of those steaming mugs. The skipper handed him one and braced the wheel while he drank. Martha, waiting for the empty mugs, wished she had thought before about a hot drink for the man at the wheel; she had never seen anything so cold and wretched-looking as that poor sailor who, Sam had assured her, was the 'best of the lot.' Muttered words of thanks, a radiant black countenance, and three drained dishes rewarded her effort. A mug slipped from her hand and broke in flying splinters as she balanced down the reeling stairs; and Charles, waking, greeted the crash with a shout of satisfaction.

An ugly night stormed by. Sam came and went drippingly; he had no time for dry socks, though there was a new tear in the leg of one boot that inundated him regularly. The mate and second mate passed through the forward cabin all night long, swallowing hasty drinks of the bitter coffee that Martha tried to keep replenished on the stove. The pot was loaded with old grounds, and a stream of liquid hissed on the stove and wasted; but the steward's device to keep the pot in place was too intricate for Martha's solving, especially after she had once been flung into an unintentional fond embrace with the stove while studying the contrivance.

Morning at last. Breakfast — cold fried potatoes, cold mush, salt horse, and hot stale coffee. The steward apologized for the state of the food, for, he said, he had had to wait half an hour in order to get across the deck at all with his basket. Sam and Mr. Webb ate in weary silence, standing. Only the second mate came to the second

table, and he bolted the cold food, braced in the pantry door and muttering. Martha demanded to see his hand again — the drenched dirty bandages were clammy and the finger angry-red and swollen.

'You *must* keep it dry and try not to use it!' she exclaimed in great annoyance with her patient. The dismal face and hard mouth of the patient looking down at the bent brown curls twitched unexpectedly. Keep it dry! Not use it!

'Sure!' he growled. 'Thanks.'

Martha, alone again, heated some of the cold mush, sweetened it with thick condensed milk, and spooned it into Charles's gaping pink interior. She pacified the baby, who wept hungrily. The day's work had begun. She washed clothes and arranged them in a steaming circle on chairs around the stove. This once, she thought, she would not bathe those children! All the dreary morning she mopped up the icy water in the companionway and changed Charles's stockings and shoes. She erected a wall of pillows about the cabin as a buffer to ease the impact as her son charged back and forth across the floor on his steed, braking desperately at times with his soft legs. Once during the morning she took coffee up to the poop and was surprised to see Jim there! What was he doing at the wheel in the mate's watch? She asked Sam about it.

'Oh,' said Sam casually, 'he's the only one that's got the guts to take the wheel now; they're all played out. He's a good able man.'

Dinner was like breakfast, except that there was no mush. Martha felt that it had been years since she had sat at table in dignity with the steward hurrying behind them.

In the afternoon the water flowed in faster, and Charles grew somewhat tired of his careering passages over

the deck and lay on a heap of pillows in a corner, playing his music box and dropping off in short naps. During that afternoon Martha noticed a pounding, a very strange noise, neither the waves nor any usual sound.

'What's that pounding?' she demanded of her husband. Sam thought irritably that Martha had a fatal gift for asking questions that he did not want to answer.

'That?' His tone expressed surprise that one should not recognize so ordinary a noise. 'Why, we're just knocking out some planking to let the water off the deck!'

'But it goes out the scuppers,' objected his wife, who believed that Sam was trying to make a fool of her.

'It does n't when there are a few tons of it on board and more coming every minute,' retorted Sam dryly. 'It's no bird bath on the main deck!' Instantly he regretted that disclosure. 'Hi, Charles!'

'Hi,' returned Charles graciously. Sam was immensely flattered and went on deck in a glow, forgetting his annoyance with Martha.

No one came for supper but Sam, and all he took was coffee and an immediate departure with two mugs in his hand; Martha followed him with three thick bread-and-salt-meat sandwiches which she thrust through the crack of the door.

A great deal of water began to come into the cabin. It no longer stayed in the little pool bounded by the doorsteps, but it ran all over the floors; Charles certainly could not sleep in his box nor the baby in her drawer that night. Darkness fell. The ship rolled terrifyingly. The seas were continual and staggering. The water rose to six inches, and deeper still when the Susan lay over, groaning in all her buffeted old frame. Martha donned a great pair of rubber boots from the

slop chest. She undressed the children and secured the baby with safety pins to the mattress of the big bed; she pinned Charles, too, to the big bed, close to the board inserted between the mattress and the edge. No one would need that bed that night, she thought, sitting for a moment on the lumpy lounge. She hoped they would go to sleep right off. When Charles lay flat she could n't see him, but occasionally he lifted his tawny thatch of hair and peeped at her over the board. The baby fell asleep, but Charles continued wakeful; his mother gave him the music box and he wound it peacefully except when Martha left the room, and then he howled despairingly till she returned. For a time Martha hurried about, accomplishing nothing in her uneasiness.

Then the steward arrived — he said the skipper sent him — with a tub, and together they went to work on the water; Martha bailed and bailed and the steward emptied the tub and they started afresh. It was back-breaking, endless.

Near midnight Sam paid them a visit; he fidgeted about indecisively; he looked at the children; he inspected the water in all the rooms; he complained about a smoky lamp chimney, which both Martha and the steward, red and weary from stooping, felt was unreasonable. The steward brought a clean chimney from the pantry, where he had soothed his feelings by a few whispered observations on sea captains. Sam was very odd! At last he poured two portions of coffee; Martha waded after him to the foot of the stairs.

'I'll take the cups back,' she volunteered.

With one foot on the stairs Sam stopped; the water ran down the companionway in a steady stream, rippling about the great boots his wife wore. Her skirts were turned up and pinned;

her brown hair curled in little horns about her flushed face.

'Martha,' he said, 'Martha.' In a flash she knew that something had happened, something terrible.

'Sam!' she cried. 'Sam! What is the matter? Oh, is it the *ship*?' In an awful picture she saw little Charles and her baby in the freezing, snatching sea.

'Yes,' he muttered. Perhaps he had a vision, too. 'I'm afraid the old girl can't live through the night. The cargo — I'm afraid we may be swamped. I — I —' he looked away from her, up at the door, earnestly. 'I — I'll try to come down if I have time, or give you a chance to come up.' Swiftly he kissed her white cheek, crushing her hand against his stiff, dripping coat. 'Oh, Martha!' he whispered and turned away.

Mechanically Martha toiled after him up the stairs. Peering through the crack into a blackness lighted only by the binnacle lamp, she saw the second mate and faithful Jim at the wheel; Jim's pale lips were drawn back so that his teeth gleamed in the light, and his skin was a sickish gray; the second mate's face was set, and his injured hand on the wheel showed bandageless and bare. Sam vanished in the wild darkness and Martha paddled down the lively stairway through the cabin to Charles, who abated his outcries at her coming and fell back on the bed, clutching for his music.

Martha bailed. She bailed fast, carefully. It took her mind off the night, the storm, those grim men on deck, a foundering ship, and — and little children struggling in the sea. Bail and bail and bail. Would bailing do any good? Charles raised his head and peeped at her.

'Scoopy watta, mama,' he encouraged her. 'Scoopy watta.' The steward laughed.

At every crash her heart tightened to

a little hard knot, but she did not cease her work. Sometime in the night she fed the baby, — it hardly seemed worth while, — who had no fears and went at once to sleep again. What kept Charles awake? The noise? He made faint remarks to himself from time to time. 'Bang, bang,' he murmured when the crash of seas shook the house. 'Bump, bump.'

Toward morning, at the sound of an opening door, Martha's heart stopped; it was a ghastly face she turned to Sam.

'It's nothing,' he reassured her hurriedly. 'Just after some coffee.' His cheeks and chin were rough with a scrub of beard and he looked old, old, a man of stone.

Four o'clock passed, five o'clock, six o'clock. A mean, thin daylight leaked in. Martha straightened her aching back. Perhaps —

'Scoopy watta, mama,' urged Charles, popping his gay head at her. 'Scoopy watta.' So obediently she fell to once more.

'I think it's moderatin',' said the steward, bringing an empty tub. 'You rest a minute, ma'am; we got her pretty well bailed out right now. I'll start some fresh coffee and see if I can git to the galley for some breakfas'.'

'Scoopy watta,' insisted Charles.

'You keep still with your "scoopy watta," young fella,' retorted the steward cheerily. 'We ain't no slaves.' He disappeared into the pantry, and as if that were a signal Charles, with a small sigh, dropped his box and, leaning his forehead against the board, slept. And Martha fell into a doze in the big chair, the great boots toed-in comically. The night watch was over.

Martha waked with another wrench of dread at heavy steps thumping downstairs, but a glance eased her.

'All right so far,' reported Sam. 'Clouds blowing away a little. Now, if we can just get an observation.' He

sat down with a deep sigh and poured the water out of his boot.

But the morning passed without the sun. The afternoon drifted into gray evening and the ship wallowed on blindly. The barometer began to fall; Martha tapped it just as she had seen Sam do, and it dropped a little. Sam would have been provoked at that bit of acumen on his wife's part — but Sam was pacing the sea-swept poop with eyes intent on a dodging horizon. Martha regretted consulting the barometer; things were bad enough as they were; it was better not to know, she guessed. Would she have the strength to lift one more dipper of water or give another swish and wring to that heavy mop? She was wondering, when the door opened. Would she ever be able to hear that door open without fear?

'Got it,' muttered Sam, with some of the strain gone from his face. 'Just for a second. We got Portland Head and Monhegan. Hi, Charles!'

'Hi,' said Charles, poking up like a Jack-in-the-box, flushed in his pink flannel nightgown, 'ol' man.' Sam did not notice.

He plotted a position on the chart, fixed a course.

'It's going to snow,' he said to Martha. 'It's cold. But we're going in.'

'Into the harbor? But there's a bad bar, is n't there, or something like that? I remember you said —'

'We've got to go in, Martha! We can't weather another night.' It was maddening the way Martha remembered every chance word! 'Of course there's not a bad bar!'

'Well, you said —' But she was alone.

Martha pressed her face to the companionway glass. The snow was fluttering already. The mate and second mate went forward, leaving only Sam — poor tired Sam, cross as two sticks — on the poop and ashy-faced Jim still

wrestling with the wheel. A few figures moved on the main deck, the officers among the men; the cook rushed from the galley and laid hands on a rope; the steward's white apron flapped beside the mate. Sam shouted in a voice that was drowned in the wind, and blew a shrill blast on a whistle; he turned to the helmsman.

'Handsomely now, Jim, handsomely!' Jim bent to the wheel at the word.

The ship heeled so steeply that Martha gripped the railing on either side. The ship labored about and lunged directly into a whirling whiteness that hid all before her; only the wild Atlantic showed like a mountain above the lee rail. The Susan B. Lamb began a long struggle toward the harsh coast of her birth. The groans of the ship's foghorn mingled now with the cries of children. Martha descended. Charles was tired of that bed and frightened at his mother's absence; in a temper he had thrown the music box at the baby. Martha removed one of Charles's safety pins, turned him over, and spanked him thoroughly; it gave her more pleasure than it did him. She consoled the outraged baby.

She was going to look on that chart; Sam had certainly told her — She pored over the chart. Those stars were lighthouses. That thing must be a buoy. Portland was there. There were all those islands. That lead-pencil dot and circle must be the ship's position. It was very interesting. If she had more time she could probably puzzle out what all the little numbers and letters and dots and things meant, she thought, but now she had several things to do, whether they ran on a rock or a reef or a sandbar or an island or not. However, she sat down on the haircloth lounge while she considered what to do first, and, after an exchange of hostile glances with Charles, suddenly fell asleep. Her head sagged

forward on her breast. She slept and slept.

She woke with a start; her head had swung around in an arc, wrenching her neck; it startled her, though nothing seemed amiss. That is, nothing additional. Nevertheless she hastened up to the window again; outside she saw men in attitudes of concentrated attention; they hardly breathed; they might have been frozen, from their stillness. She gazed astonished at the spectacle. At last a hoarse cry burst the stillness.

‘Ah years it, sir! Ah years it!’

Martha pressed her nose more closely to the cold glass. Sam and Mr. Webb remained immobile, Sam’s hand clenched in the air halfway to his pipe; then both heads turned slightly toward each other. Whatever it was, they too heard it. What could it be?

‘One — two — three — four — five — six —’ Martha could read Sam’s lips counting off deliberate seconds. Why?

‘Seven — eight — nine —’ The mate was looking at the skipper entranced.

‘Ah!’ It was a gasp from the throats of the listening men, a deep sigh. Sam wiped ten years from his tense face with one gesture across his brow.

‘I make it the foghorn off Portland Head,’ he said in a loud, relieved voice. Martha sat weakly down on the top step; you tell foghorns, she thought, by the number of seconds, miserable tiny seconds, between the blasts. But what would they have done if it had been the wrong foghorn? Or what if a foghorn makes a mistake? It would be very easy to, it seemed. She — she’d ask Sam sometime when he was not so tired. Could she ever take the children to sea again? Oh, she was all wet, sitting in the water.

They lurched into a harbor shrouded in snow.

They picked up a pilot and a tug. Heavy-laden, white with snow and coated with ice, they lumbered behind the tug to find an anchorage. They crept through a narrow drawbridge where a thin man, wrapped and bundled, leaned over the guard rail to see the ship pass by; he was almost on a level with the top of the house.

‘What stove all those planks in?’ The thin man dared to hail the lordly pilot standing on the house.

‘Ho!’ roared the pilot dramatically, swelling his chest. ‘The wind and the waves and the storm!’

‘Oh!’ said the inquirer. ‘I just thought maybe you did it to let the water off. Hullo, Sam.’ The skipper was hunched over to light his pipe and hide a grin; he swung about and stared hard at the muffled figure.

‘Why!’ he exclaimed. ‘Hullo, Eli! What you doing up here?’ He leaped to the top of the house and strode across; the two men were not twenty feet apart as the old Susan inched along.

‘Well, your mother was anxious,’ explained his brother. ‘You certainly gave us a scare, Sam. Everybody come through all right?’

‘So-so. I’m sending my second mate up to the Marine Hospital as soon as we get tied up somewhere; he’ll have to lose a finger anyway, poor fella.’

‘I’ll let ’em know he’s coming,’ assented Eli. ‘You must have had a mean trip. Ten days ago I went out and insured the freight when we began to get the weather reports.’

‘You darn miser,’ said Sam. As the ship crept forward he stepped slowly aft till now he stood on the brink of the house. ‘I don’t suppose you spent a cent insuring *me*.’

‘No,’ answered the thin man. ‘What good would that do? You had Martha and the children with you. Well, so long, Sam. See you later.’

ON STAYING AT HOME

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

I

THERE are always compensations. Some people do not believe this. I was not sure of it this morning myself when I saw a poster on the station platform; I shall not be sure of it this afternoon if I see a schooner in the Sound with seven masts and a black hull; but between then and now I have been to see Mr. Barboza and we have conversed about biscuits.

One must admit, as he would say himself, 'That's not so much.' It does not seem 'so much' when, for a ticket to Brussels, we could see men and women crossing blue streets under green skies, laughing at purple houses. And yet, to find those places, times, occasions that set our spirits most alight — this is living; and it was Mr. Barboza who opened my eyes to the fact.

I must begin at the beginning.

Our town is by the sea. It is gray even in July, gray as foul weather even in the Christmas snows. Sand dunes run high and low along the beaches, and gray-green witch grass tops their rises and their curves. The houses gather to face the open water, and circle at the back around a pond where, in the fall, the scrub oaks turn to liquid fire. At dark this pond is filled with boats whose swordfish tackle is reflected on its surface and silhouetted against the thin-sliced clouds. On one side of us lies the Bay, its round fat shape acknowledging its placidity, and on the other the Sound, stretched like

a wedding carpet. Down it come ships as gayly poised as any bride, and they are accompanied by buoy bells, a sound as gracious as a church's proclamation. Just within range of vision is the lighthouse point. Our town is an ordinary village by the sea.

There are those of us who will always spend part of our lives kicking our heels against some old sea wall, an indigestion on our spirits and its hiccups bringing up fierce, spasmodic pictures of the worlds we have not seen. At such moments memory will take a holiday, and leave in its place a cheap designer, one of those daubers who paint the earth and all that's in it as if there were no fleas, as if boats had no smells, as if trains always were on time — as if, in fact, going here and there made the world change, the sun shine all the time, and every stick and stone a marvel. In this way distance is accentuated and Eternity draws her running string of time so tight that space for living seems no larger than a bottle's neck. We sit and kick our heels in hopeless despair that we shall ever get outside our own particular garden gate. Yet perhaps we half enjoy these gusty melancholy winds, until —

'Ma'am,' calls Maria, gleaming, 'the crackers ain't come.' And we see that we are not going to be let off anything, but must bore ourselves to death finding a way to live.

That is an ordinary case of staying at home.

To-day there were compensations, and they began with Mr. Barboza. Strictly speaking, perhaps the lane leading up to them was something else, — Scipio was coming to dinner and the greatest of Romans likes chowder, — but Mr. Barboza opened the gate to their apprehension. The crackers were his affair.

Mr. Barboza is the baker of Teaticket. He came, together with six or a dozen black pigs, in a Portuguese packet from the Cape Verde Islands. He set up a shop in a rafted barn where there is the smell of mice and moulded hay, and the happiness of his customers is a matter of the deepest emotion to him. Besides bread, Mr. Barboza keeps sundries, and among them are those hard soda biscuits that burn the mouth and rejoice the heart in a perfect chowder.

From the first day that I had noticed his truck labeled 'Portaguse Bred,' Mr. Barboza and I had come to an arrangement. I would leave my money at his door and he would leave whatever I required the next day at mine. Sometimes it came by truck and sometimes it was brought by Mr. Barboza's neighbor, Mr. Manuel Santos, but whatever its method of travel it never failed to come, and we were both delighted. Therefore when I who had made an arrangement, when I who had left thirty cents at his door last evening, had this morning been told that there were no biscuits, I knew that I must go to Mr. Barboza and inquire the cause.

As I slid the car round the circular drive, my eyes were fixed on the flat blue board of the ocean. There was nothing between me and Europe but a patch of grass and one small island. Behind the island ran a thin blue line of smoke. There was nothing between me and Europe but —

Someone was shrieking from the

kitchen porch. Maria tore down the drive.

'Captain Chase just telephoned, ma'am, an' he can't deliver the fish,' puffed Maria, bursting. 'Cook says there's no salt pork.'

'All right.' I gave up looking for that steamer. 'May God help those who have to help the help to help themselves,' I said. 'All right, Maria.' On the way to Mr. Barboza's I did not see a single tiger lily in a single garden.

I found Mr. Barboza, like Mr. MacGregor, hoeing onions, but the moment I drew up at the door he rushed to attend me. At once I explained.

'What, you get no bisks?' cried Mr. Barboza, flinging his arms out in consternation. 'By fishes! What you mean?'

I explained again, and assumed the sadness the occasion demanded.

'They did n't come,' I said.

Mr. Barboza's eyes grew wide with regret, his military moustaches drooped, his hands drooped to his sides, his chin drooped on his chest, his light olive skin lost its red glow. Mr. Barboza, in spite of his figure, is a handsome man. His eyelashes are half an inch long; he looks more like an Italian than a Cape Verde Islander, though you could never take him for one, as he is as shy as a bird, — a rather round bird, — and hops about in much the same manner; but when he is disturbed he turns quite green.

'Too bad,' said Mr. Barboza deeply. 'Gor — too goddam bad.'

Here we paused for a moment as if overcome.

'Where are they?' I finally asked.

His eyebrows and hands went up to his hair.

'I give one — two — box to Mr. Santos las' night,' he answered. 'New bisks, good bisks. You not get?' he said, like a bird that has pounced upon a worm. I shook my head. There was

another pause while he gloomily stared at the flour bin.

'You wait,' he said suddenly. 'I go see him. I go see Santos.'

I had only just time to ask where he lived.

'Not so far,' said Mr. Barboza, his voice ringing happily, leaping into his Ford truck; 'not so far.'

There was a great din of turning, grinding, hiccuping, as he whirled off, to stop, before he was well started, at a red barn not a hundred yards away. He came back in the same fashion and beamed at me through the fog of dust he had created. He was cheerful but puzzled.

'Santos he say he lef' bisks.'

'But where?' said I.

'Thaz right,' agreed Mr. Barboza sympathetically. 'Where? He don' know — I don' know.' He scratched an ear. 'You not get?' he asked, giving a final peck to the worm.

'No,' I said firmly. We paused again.

'You got hotel where you live?' asked Mr. Barboza at last, tentatively.

'Why, yes,' I answered.

'Santos he say hotel maybe.'

'Well,' said I, brightening, 'I'll go to the hotel and ask.'

But this was ill-advised, for it threw Mr. Barboza to the bottom of a pit.

'No good,' he said darkly; 'gone — they eat.'

It seemed, then, that there was nothing to be done. I turned to go, but Mr. Barboza detained me.

'I give you some more,' he said, coming up as radiant as a sun, 'for notting.'

I agreed at once, but not, of course, 'for notting.'

'It was Mr. Santos's mistake,' I said; and I pressed thirty cents into his hand. He looked dismayed. He turned the coins over in his palm, to have time to think out the meaning of my words,

and when they were clear to him he put the money gently back between my fingers.

'Oh no,' said Mr. Barboza. 'Oh no. You get no bisks, I tak no money.'

He took down several boxes from a top shelf and then ushered me through the door.

'You bring no more money,' he said joyously. 'I don' need. I give you t'ings, one — two — maybe t'ree times a week; sometime you give me somding, after one week, a mont', a year — ten cents, two dollaz, whatever —' There was a shrug of the shoulders and outspread endorsing hands, while I nodded. 'Thaz all right,' he called, as I got in my car, 'thaz *all* right'; and he waved me out of sight.

Thus I rode off, and I passed on my way the green truck gardens and strawberry fields filled with men and with women in large ill-shaped straw bonnets. On my way over, I had not seen a single tiger lily in a single garden, but now there were these pickers in the strawberry fields, some with bright blue aprons, some with colored scarfs, some with yellow kerchiefs, and at the side of the road crate on crate of scarlet berries. There was besides a porch with honeysuckle; there was a blue-wheeled cart; there was a Portuguese baby, as naked as the moon.

II

When I got back to the village, I slowed down opposite Captain Chase's path, and I saw at once why he could not deliver my tautog. He was having it out with Mrs. Phinney.

There is a feud in our town. It has to do with lobster pots.

One morning of quiet July weather, Mrs. Phinney, who keeps a house for summer boarders, took a stand against lobster pots. She refused to let her lawn be used for airing them. She said

they stunk. They did. But Captain Chase, who owned them, said: 'An' what if they do? It's a confounded better smell than some o' them summer folks bring with 'em. Talk about perfooom — Lawbster pawts! Lawbster pawts ain't in it!' To which Mrs. Phinney had replied that it was not for him to interfere with trade, whatever smells he might prefer.

So it began. This morning it continued. They stood and shouted at each other, she leaning over the piazza railing, and he propped against the rail of the wharf at the bottom of the lawn.

'Sure I got your tawtawg,' said Captain Chase to me, without moving. 'An' what's more,' he yelled to Mrs. Phinney, 'I don't believe they'd be able to notice nothing beyond themselves. I set next to one uf 'em t'other night at the movies, an' I know I couldn't; no sir, not though there was one o' them Greek banana sellers settin' right next t' me; and he's the smellingest fella in town.'

'You must 'a' neutralized each other,' shouted Mrs. Phinney.

'I ain't a-goin' to move 'em,' shouted the Captain, regardless. He turned to me. 'Say,' he said, 'wa'n't I here ten years afore that harpin' piece o' sea wash, and ain't them lawbster pawts been stinkin' fer ten years?' And he asked, illogically, to know what was eating Mrs. Phinney, that she should hold her nose at this late date.

'I'll get the cunstable,' said Mrs. Phinney.

'Aw gwan! Cunstable yerself,' said the Captain, and winked at me.

The constable in our town is just Ben Bartow dressed in uniform, and that only on Sundays. The rest of the week he sits in the room over the fire house and chews tobacco. Most evenings Captain Chase chews with him.

Mrs. Phinney knew this as well as

we, but, as she said, she hoped Captain Chase would see reason before she had to do something.

'Sumpthin'!' ejaculated the Captain, and cursed 'these goddam nosey women.'

'What's "sumptin'"? Would you take my pawts?'

'They're goin' off my lawn,' said Mrs. Phinney.

'And it would n't be no good askin' you where they was, neither; you would n't know — o' course not!'

'But I would n't be sorry they'd went,' called Mrs. Phinney sweetly.

The Captain spat into the green harbor water. 'Yuh can't keep lawbster pawts hid,' he said, complacently. Mrs. Phinney sniffed.

'Can't yer?' was all she said. As I looked at her, I thought that Captain Chase might be mistaken. Perhaps you could keep lobster pots hid if you were Mrs. Phinney. But he, at any rate, knew how to take advantage of a respite.

'Oh — them tawtawg,' he said to me. 'Ketch a-hold o' that line an' pull in the trap. I'll have 'em skun afore winkin'.'

I left him kicking the cracks in the wharf planks, one eye on the boarding-house door. It is evident he does not trust so sly a piece of sea wash as Mrs. Phinney, and I wondered, as I went on for the salt pork, whether when night came he would see fit to sleep with the lobster pots, and whether after that — but Mrs. Chase can look after herself.

It is only a step from the Captain's to salt pork. It is around two interesting corners: one where a parrot is hung, and the other where the tugs lie in for storms, and give their long-drawn whistles of farewell as they go out to join their barges. It is a dangerous corner, this, but luckily to-day the lighthouse has no storm flags out.

I said: 'Good morning, Mr. Calhoun.'

He said: 'Mornin'.'

'Nice day.'

'Fine, fine,' he answered. 'Was you home last week?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'Some blow, wa'n't it?'

'Some blow,' I agreed.

And there our conversational bark is wrecked, for everything that can be said in our town about that blow has been said unto the third and fourth generation of them that saw it.

III

Nevertheless, as I waited, the storm stood before my eyes. Only last week — and I might have been in Aden, where it never rains; or in the New Zealand caves, where it never blows; or in California, where there is never any bad weather at all; but there are compensations, and so I was only far enough away to enjoy the sight of the kitchen steps being blown into the sea.

Nor could I have got back in time, for it took us unawares. There was no commotion for the morning. The skies had emptied themselves in placid buckets. Who knew that the wind watched in abeyance? One said, 'Only the end of the drought.' One heard 'God bless the rain'; and one saw Sally Bates rush out to gather mushrooms on her lawn before they could be waterlogged, but noticed no untoward buffeting of skirts. These were no heralds. Oracles consulted as to the weather spoke as follows, it is true: —

'I dunno no more'n you.'

'Course you do.'

'Don't neither. What yer want to know fer? Goin' some'eres with yer feller?'

'Yes, picnicking.'

'You won't go on no picnic.'

'Why not?'

'Cause I'm tellin' yer.'

'You don't know.'

'All right — I don't; but you wait 'n' see. I hope that feller er yours can swim, and swim good too, cause he'll need it. Say, what'd yer ask me for?'

True, too, that the barometer sank like the spirits of a hypochondriac, and that the papers had prophesied a 'tropical disturbance'; but who believes in oracles or barometers or papers until afterward? No, I should have missed that storm, for it was not until noon that the man who pulls the siren on the engine house realized that nothing could be heard but the scream of the wind. By that time the whole air stung and sang.

It was after lunch, and I had gone back to the goat house to finish a piece of writing. The goat house is a small structure in the middle of the west lawn. It used to be used for Mr. Bang; it was for him that the red and yellow curtains were hung. I do not remember under what æsthetic influence this necessity arose, but I do know the effect they had on his digestion: he died — which is so contrary to the tradition of all good goats that in a moment of disillusionment they were abandoned, and Mr. Bang's abode was turned over to me. I imported a desk, a chair, and a laundry table, and at two o'clock every day I retire, helped away by the superstition that I am going to finish a piece of writing, and that anyone who disturbs me will do so at his own risk. This is a necessary precaution; otherwise someone might discover that there is a rose vine blowing in my window, that the laundry table is as covered with crosses and squares as a telephone booth, and that I keep *Jane Eyre* in a drawer of the desk. I had gone back after lunch to finish *Jane Eyre*.

For an hour the goat house had shuddered at intervals with great shattering sighs, like a child that has been weeping; but one does not pay much attention to other things if one is

reading about Mr. Rochester. Suddenly into the middle of Yorkshire came the conviction that if I did not leave at once I and the house would be picked up and hurled into the sea. I was so sure of it that I did not even wait to save the piece of writing that somehow never is finished. I wrapped my coat around me and ran. Outside the door I stopped to look about me for the place where I lived. It had disappeared. But it had left behind a sort of ghost surrounded by a lake. I dashed for this and, finding some steps, tried to get in by a side door, but was knocked off and whirled around the corner, wondering, as I went, if there was any object except a rose bush between me and the low sea wall. Luckily there was a comparatively quiet place around that corner, and I was able to stop my feet from moving, one after the other, irresistibly into the sea. I went in while I had the chance, with some vague idea of getting dry, but it was just as bad inside. Every window oozed and streamed, and the north-side closets were letting in trickles of water on to favorite hats. So I went out again.

The world had turned to a tempest of biting water, and I stood on the steps to watch the earth dissolve. I saw the balcony railing blow off, then the kitchen steps and the lattice, then a tennis-court post, and then, to relieve the tension, a jesting pair of corsets hurled themselves down the drive. They had apparently come from across the Bay, for no one could be got to claim them then or later.

Still there was no alarm. It was not until I looked for the white fleet in the harbor that suspicion began to rise, and after that it was too late. It was not there. Our particular part of it had gone with the rest, taking anchor, mooring, chain, and everything with her. She settled on the rocks at the

mouth of a tide rip for a few hours, but finally sank, and was hauled out next day, with three great holes gnawed in her side and the rest of her wrenched and torn.

It is as well to have the worst happen at once. We may then enjoy the irresponsibility of having nothing more to lose. I set myself in the path of the wind to see what it would do to me. When I got to the village it was waiting. Trees were down and telephone poles; roofs had been torn off; north windows had collapsed — these did not matter. Dread was mounting like a wave and minds were becoming motionless for fear of thinking, for the village was waiting. It had seen this sort of thing before.

I found myself at Captain Chase's pier. Captain Chase was going out. I could not believe it, and there was no way to ask — he could not hear; but he was in the L. & M., starting the engine. I looked at the harbor. Each wave, as it started to unroll itself, was picked up and flattened out. It must have been on some such day as this that Christ essayed to walk upon the waters, for most of the weight of a moving body could have been held up by that wind. Someone appeared at my side. There was news — news that a man and a girl had gone picnicking and had been seen clinging to an overturned skiff somewhere, and Captain Chase was going after them. Two men ran by us. At the beginning of the pier they stopped. Is it possible to walk a tight rope in a hurricane? But they did it. We saw the L. & M. disappear.

After that, rumor ran riot. Three men had gone adrift. There was a schooner on the rocks. A man in a row-boat had tried to go out to secure his mooring and had been blown out to sea. These were the dark things just behind the wind. But there was that hint of gallantry before. Not one of these

rumors was left unsounded, and any one that held a chance was chased beyond the wall of flying spray. Women with faces lean and rutted like the gutters that the sea cuts into the land, with lank damp hair like seaweed, watched from their windows. But even the spirit of Christ in jeopardy, as has been well displayed, cannot save fools from their own destruction; and some of them were drowned. The L. & M. came back with an empty, overturned skiff and three men, cursing.

The evening lay deep blue, after. The sun, departing, left its burning scarfs behind — no wonder, either, since their torn and ragged bits unfitted them for the tidiness of morning, unfitted them for any use except what fancy might construe into the pall of Nature for the ones she kills. The harbor water, quieting itself, gave out no other sound than the *splash-chunk, splash-chunk* of rowboats on a nearly level sea. Across the Bay, dim-white like ghosts, were shapes against the black performance of the rocks.

People stood on the street corners, that evening, and talked. Every road was blocked, every garden and lawn a blackened ruin. Wires were down, back yards were under water, everything was to be done, but they stood in huddled groups, talking it over, and for days afterward there were still little knots of people standing at the street corners, talking it over.

I started home casually secure about my lot. Do wanderers discover more in wandering?

IV

For all this, I cannot recommend Mr. Barboza and Company as a universal panacea, because, since they are in our town, they cannot possibly be in yours, or his, or hers, or theirs. I only bring them forward as a patient does the medicine that has done him good. But

at the same time I have a suspicion — though it is one I hate to admit — that not all the interesting people, nor all the curious people, nor all the delightful people live in our town — nor all the grass, either, nor all the sea, nor all the flowers. Indeed, I have so frequently suspected that they lived in someone else's that more often than not I have gone myself to see; and so will you, having been earnestly told and earnestly believing, in spite of the song of the bear, that the Magical Chance lies over the mountain.

Yet — mark you — adventure is no more than a gloss of the mind. We are never shown a thing as it really is when the artists take us here and there. We are shown only the form to which it has melted in the fire of their minds. For of what is Romance made? Not always petticoats and pantaloons, nor half so much of actual love as of evanescent laughter, nor of salt tears for absent kisses as of phantom pain to see the beauty of the stars in water. 'Dust and a faint wind's burthen,' or a star, columbine, caps of snow on the ends of branches — these are life. We have been made to believe too long that it was something else, something tangible, connected with women of the streets and railway posters calling us to Spain. Young boys believe it still and think they are seeing life by seeing gambling hells and brothels; young girls imagine they have got to it at last in night clubs. These experiences are merely discoveries that there are various ways to carry on existence. One could touch reality as closely by driving down a village street in Maine. Both ways of life are real enough, and information concerning them a useful thing to have, but not if translated into the supposition that the limits of crudity and sordidness, extremities of poverty and dullness, are living, made vital and bare. For life in its essence is no more than the

power to live. Our experiences are the superficial aids to stimulation, but the variety of their colors depends not so much on where we go and whom we see as on our ability to endow people and places with meaning.

This afternoon I went to the beach. Now and then, suiting my mood to the sun's dictation, I tried the green water. On one of these expeditions I became omnipotent to save a ladybug from drowning, so I took her ashore on the end of my finger and we lay on the sand to get dry together. Then, as the lady came to life with a vague, ecstatic movement of her wings, I knew I was a god, working creation, whereupon I slid my head on to an outstretched arm and contemplated the things My Majesty would make; for the world is no more than a map of our own dimensions.

I would first buy a house in a town in a valley, and there I would stay at home. There would be no roses over the door, — for roses are the fashion in suburbs, — but flank on flank of holly-hocks. Somewhere would be a pond, fringed with idle grass, and here and there a tree; ducks would take their pleasure in the pond, and geese would form battalions and execute manoeuvres from the kitchen door. It would be a white house in a green field, and from every side would rise the formidable hills. Inside there would be books from floor to ceiling, and one chair, one bed, and one person. I would live there in the quiet. I would write a little, and dream a little, and read all night. But I would never ask a friend to come to stay, and I would never climb beyond the first field wall, for there are voices out beyond the

hills. I would not let the sea set music to their calling, for, once they ring themselves along the air, peace whistles down the wind. I would not have them coax me to forget that there is a price to be paid for horizons.

No small price either. It begins with discomforts, disappointments, and disillusion. It runs all over the pages of our more material hopes and dreams and blots them out. It ruins forever our chance of brownstone-house success. On no other conditions will the high road or the high sea accept us as its own and give us any adequate return; and even so there will be more than one descent from the mountains when our lives have turned to ashes in our mouths and the taste of freedom is as bitter as loneliness can make it.

I would not be thus tormented. I will lie on my back in the valley and watch the grass move on the tops of the hills. I will laugh and pity its restlessness. I will have stilled those voices whose breath makes it stir, for have I not found compensations? Small-village life is ordinary dough enough, but if the cook has clever hands the bread will rise.

And yet — I cannot keep the moon from shining.

Some night, when the dew drips silvery and large, I should go out again upon that path of pale-blue steel and take a fever one more time to add a useless fuss of exploration to the world. The reason? To be remembered by, like what's beneath our graveyard stone? But what's remembered? Who remembers? Oh — the reason? There is a road, and we would walk it. There is a smell of seaweed from the sea — that's all.

THE PERILS OF MAGNANIMITY

A PROBLEM IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

BY HANS ZINSSER

It is easy to be clever at the expense of opulence and to jeer at the contrast of the barracks in which Pasteur achieved his wonders, or the rural milk route of Koch, with the palaces and equipment which have grown like mushrooms from the golden fertilizer scattered over our medical schools. Such triviality, however, obscures the accomplishments which have already resulted from this unexampled generosity, and which have placed American medicine upon a footing approaching equality with that of Europe.

Were it helpful, we could mention offhand a dozen important contributions and double that number of names which might have been to our credit without the Rockefeller donations (to mention only one of these agencies), but which probably would not have been — at least at this early stage. And even were this inaccurate, there is little risk in prophesying increased intellectual velocity from the potential energy now accumulating in young men and women who, for the first time in history, are being given that thorough medical education which furnishes the tools for high endeavor. And the nature of medicine, broadly conceived, is such that no school not highly endowed can furnish this.

These admissions are platitudes to the fair-minded. And it may well be that, such splendid accomplishments conceded, wisdom should remain blind

to the threatening centre of the cloud with such a golden lining. But in the minds of many who are in touch with medical institutions a feeling of apprehension is being aroused by the progressively increasing dependence of a great educational system upon one or more centrally controlled funds. And since, in our opinion, this apprehension is based on more than the unworthy caution of suspicious natures, we believe that it should be aired in frank discussion instead of being allowed to ferment in the dark corners of vague and irritated criticism. Our remarks of course do not apply to the Rockefeller organizations alone. The General Education Board idea has appealed to other philanthropists; and for this every sensible medical man should be grateful. But the best way to show gratitude, aside from cultivating one's own garden to the best of one's ability, is to contribute what one can to the reaping of the healthiest crop from the generous sowing.

It is true that the criticisms to which we refer are often based on differences of conception in which our own judgment inclines us to side with the foundations. And it may also be said that much of this criticism emanates from sources which have failed to obtain some of the money. On the other hand we believe that, if one searches below the surface, the basis for dissatisfaction, often not clearly understood by the

critics themselves, may be found in a foreboding that the guidance of medical education is to a considerable extent passing out of the hands of the universities themselves into the hands of a permanent or, at any rate, self-perpetuating body of gentlemen who, by the very force of the established relations, cannot help extending their influence over all the important centres of American education. Though the expressions of this feeling usually take the form of criticisms of the policies of the leaders of this movement, to whose labors American medicine owes a profound debt of gratitude, the heart of the problem lies not so much in a conflict of opinions as in the growth of a situation inevitably created by existing circumstances.

If, as we believe, there is amid the confusion of much trivial, irritated, and reactionary criticism an element that is objective and thoughtful, nothing can be lost and much may be gained by an attempt to formulate this element in order that it may be freely examined. For it would be unintelligent to bury our heads in the golden sand and, for lack of frank discussion, risk the slowing of a forward movement which owes most of its velocity to the group of public-spirited men who have already accomplished so much for our profession. They have devoted laborious and conscientious years to the development of sound medicine—thoughtfully, with study and contemplation. When they hastened the death of some of the obviously inferior schools and formulated policies of progress for the others, they liberated American medicine. They have ridden their lances into many dragons—but also into a number of windmills. The dragons expired and are gratefully forgotten. But the windmills keep on clattering and dulling the lances. We do not want these Saint Georges to become Don Quixotes

merely because, as in the classical case, altered conditions are calling for a change of methods.

We may grant—indeed, it seems to us quite self-evident, because of the nature of the relationship—that the purpose of the responsible governing bodies is solely to spend as much as possible of the available funds, as rapidly as is feasible, for the greatest good. It is inevitable that such boards must be besieged by requests for sums far greater than the endowments they administer, a considerable proportion of which could not be granted without unpardonable laxity in the spirit of trusteeship. Ergo, it has been necessary to have on hand one or more individuals who are constantly studying the problems involved in the development of medical institutions and who can give expert opinions in individual instances. Such experts, therefore, must form opinions and—naturally—must adhere to them after they have obtained all the information possible.

Immediately we have a situation. The expert and his board have opinions. They also have money. The universities, too, have opinions; but often no money; never enough. The trustee-experts with the money—in all honesty, we are convinced—disavow the desire to impose their own views upon the organization of the medical schools. But if they do not approve of such organizations, their methods, or intentions, how can they conscientiously give the money? The medical schools, on the other hand, need the money very badly. Often—we know of such cases—their existence may depend upon the control of a hospital, the possession of a laboratory building. They may have convictions of one kind or another, and they may—perhaps wrongly—believe that a certain procedure is peculiarly suited to their

traditions, locality, or what not. But the temptation is great to adjust in the direction that will lead to the needed assistance.

We are not leading up to a discussion of the 'full-time plan.' Specific differences of opinion do not properly enter our argument. The point is not who is right about this and who about that; but rather: Does the system which was necessary to achieve the indisputable good so far accomplished carry with it into the future an inevitable uniformity of educational methods; does it inevitably diminish local initiative in educational experiment; and does it, or does it not, by all these tokens, by its very uncontrollable evolution, lead to the establishment of a hierarchy of opinion on matters which, of all human endeavors, are the ones for which freedom of development is most necessary?

The question is not: Is the vast benefit accomplished worth the risk? It *has* been, so far, undoubtedly. But the question is rather, for the thoughtful: Is the great conception in danger of losing effectiveness? And the reply to this query depends upon the answers to a number of further questions. Is there a tendency among medical schools to adjust their organizations and the nature of some of their important appointments by a process of reasoning in which the influence of such adjustment upon prospective donations plays more than a secondary rôle? Have any of the leaders of individual schools put their pride into their pockets, reconsidered their own decisions, and wandered like Henry the Fourth to Canossa to say, 'Father, I have erred; give me the two millions'? In short, are there growing indications of an influence, well-intended and so far highly beneficial, which is formularizing our medical educational system by a uniform standard and subtly imposing the

beliefs — however wise — of a single group?

None of this may be true. But we believe that there is enough truth in it to necessitate frank and friendly discussion; and we believe this discussion to be especially desirable because we are not among those — and there are such — who see in the situation the sinister tentacles of the octopus reaching for power. The situation is much simpler than that, and less dramatic. There is merely a group of conscientious and well-informed gentlemen who have taken over the arduous duties and responsibilities in connection with a fund which they are trusted to spend wisely and without too much delay. They are guided by a capable scholar who has made himself one of the foremost lay students of medical education. They are beset by a clamor of requests which it is their duty to gratify in so far as they properly can do so. Many of these requests are wise, some of them are less wise, others not wise at all. The trustees have wrought mightily by the only method possible when the field was rough, stony, and full of weeds. The situation that has arisen is not of their making — surely, we believe, not desired by them. But if it *exists*, why not face it before it has done the harm which may not easily be undone?

To all that we have said there are a number of obvious rejoinders. Indeed our discussion might be reasonably regarded as an entirely gratuitous attack upon an undertaking which is unmatched in the magnanimous application of financial resources. We should not care to risk lending support to reactionary obstinacy, inertia, or professional arrogance. But when these and other still smaller human motives for criticism are eliminated, there remain a number of factors in the situation which are causing misgivings in the

minds of the thoughtful who hope for still greater results from these undertakings in the future. Foremost among these factors is this inevitable development of a power, superimposed upon the organized educational system of the country, which — however benevolent in its autocracy — must still retain the last word in any question in which its opinions differ from local judgments. If higher education is to develop in a wholesome manner it must be free to follow many paths, to experiment in many directions — if necessary, to make its own mistakes. The universities are the normal guardians of educational progress. Their organizations and their considerable resources in expert opinion and educational experience entitle them to autonomy of decision, both as to policy and as to details of method. Limit them in this regard and the future will inevitably pay for it. Left free, they may commit errors, fall behind, or even remain — for periods — unmindful of their obligations. But in the long run they will make progress, impelled by the varying problems they encounter, or by the enthusiasms of the particular brand of educational progressive who happens to gain local influence. At any rate they will remain individual and independent of guidance by a sort of superacademic general staff.

We know and repeat that none of these tendencies are deliberately intentional; but that they are bound to eventuate we must also endeavor to make clear. That they have begun to develop seems indicated to us by the considerable uniformity of organization already apparent in the clinical departments of almost all the schools that have received support, and by our impression that leaders in many of these schools — wisely, we admit, but none the less significantly — look to the foundations for advice and guidance at

least as much as to their own university councils and colleagues.

It behooves us to ask ourselves whether these conditions are inevitable and inherent accompaniments of the foundation idea — in which case they may be accepted as minor evils overshadowed by a great good. But we note that similar developments have been completely avoided in the world-wide activities of the International Health Board, and it would appear to the observer a simple matter to eliminate them completely from the educational programme of the foundations by a relatively slight adjustment to recent changes in the management of medical schools. Largely owing to the activities of the trustees of the larger funds, these medical schools have matured and have become incorporated departments of universities. They are guided by educational wisdom and experience, and can be trusted to apply with studious conscientiousness any funds they may receive. Is it not reasonable to hope that future donations may be determined purely on the basis of demonstrated needs and bestowed for definite purposes, leaving the details of procedure and organization entirely to the governing bodies of the beneficiary institutions? Surely this would be safe in most cases, and would eliminate irritation and the apprehensions we have mentioned from a relationship which should be one purely of gratitude for great benefactions.

We feel neither called upon nor qualified to enlarge upon the remedy. We have endeavored to make a diagnosis. And we have thought it worth attempting because we believe the conception that underlies the return of great private fortunes to public service a very fine one that demands the coöperation of everyone interested in safeguarding its purposes.

There is, of course, still another way

of looking at the situation, but one that seems to us unworthy of the magnanimity which pervades the undertaking — to the effect that, after all, the great fund is a free donation, given under conditions which no one but the donors is entitled to determine; and that institutions which apply for assistance cannot expect to dictate the terms of

acceptance. This we believe to be a complete misconception of the intentions of the givers, and far removed from the spirit of those who have administered expenditures; moreover, whatever misgivings we may have of the future, a point of view so crude is unjustified by the experience of the past.

THE GREEK SPRING

BY JOHN FINLEY, JR.

WHEN in the glad green tide the childish brooks
Born in the rainy mystery of nights
Slip through new fields, the gray-eyed acolytes
Of spring, the formal olives with prim looks,
Advance their festive dances in the nooks
Of mountains and the vales, while dressed in whites
With lovely fillets bound each orchard lights
The earth with gathering revel. Then to the crooks
Of shepherds bound new lamb and new-got kid
Which anxious dams survey. Small birds in air,
Like dolphins in bright seas, leap up amid
The flecked and glancing sunbeams everywhere.
The steepled sky, the pinnacles of cloud
Crown the blithe earth with chaplet high and proud.

THE MISSING ROOMS

BY JOHN CARTER

I

WE are passing through a social revolution so gradual as to be almost unsuspected, so profound as to modify every aspect of life and to affect every member of the community — the revolution of the rents. Quietly, unobtrusively, but steadily, rents have soared, — carrying commodity prices with them, — until they are nearly double what they were before the war. We stopped building houses in order to beat the Germans. Had the Germans beaten us, the worst we might have faced was slavery; but we won, and find ourselves threatened with social disintegration. For the war left the housing shortage so acute that we now pay for two rooms what would formerly have obtained a home adequate to house a family, and so we are dispensing with the family.

The rise in rents sliced two rooms off the average post-war city home. A case in point is handily provided by an advertisement which appeared in the *New York Times* for September 19, last: —

Two-room kitchenette apartment, \$65; 6 rooms, skylight studio, \$120; 4th floor, lease.

Its significance lies not so much in the specific rentals demanded as in the fact that the rent paid for space adequate to raise or shelter a family is nearly double that required for space sufficient for a childless couple. Rentals vary from one street to another, from one city to the next, but the ratio

abides. The consequence is that at least two rooms go into the discard, and these two rooms are, spiritually and socially, the most important in the home — the guest chamber and the nursery.

Barely a week after this dynamic little announcement, the papers carried an account of a nation-wide survey of the rent situation. Rents are still 75 per cent higher than in 1914, and though the rates for the country as a whole have declined 6 per cent since July 1924, the majority of Eastern cities show no drop, and in some cases the rates are even higher than in 1924.

The cause of this devastating situation is so simple and so obvious that it requires little comment. On the average, in this country there are a million marriages a year and an excess of nearly a million births over deaths. But while the demands for homes thus increase by a million a year, the construction has been not nearly large enough to meet the demand. Thus, as stated, during the war there was very little building; in 1920 there were seventy thousand houses built and a million marriages; even in 1925, six years after the housing shortage had become apparent, there were only half a million houses to meet twice that many marriages. A situation has been created in which families are steadily multiplying and homes are becoming relatively scarcer. In fact, the census of 1920 showed that there were only twenty million dwellings for

the twenty-four million families in the United States; a similar survey for 1926 should indicate that there are at least seven million families without homes. At present this stringency is sharpest in the East, where in cities such as New York there is one dwelling for every three families; but it is spreading westward, and now Chicago stands on the same footing with Boston, with two families to every house. In due time, unless energetic measures are adopted, the scandal of inadequate housing for the richest people in the world will be nation-wide.

The result of high rents is inevitable, so long as it is impossible to spend more than you receive: one house does double or triple duty, and the economy is effected in such a way that hospitality and the rearing of a family become practically impossible. A friend writes me from Boston: 'Forty years ago the house in which I now live on Beacon Hill sheltered a single family. Now it supplies homes for six, and of all that number my daughter is the only child.'

This is the revolution, and one far more disastrous to the welfare of the country than anything an enemy might have done to us. Statisticians may labor from now until doomsday in trying to estimate the damage done our national economy through the restricted size of families; such a discussion as this may dismiss this aspect of the business with the observation that in the last ten years the city birth rate has fallen 3.5 per 1000, as compared with a drop of 1.3 in the rural birth rate. What is more important than the loss in physical and numerical values is the loss to the country in spiritual and cultural values. Pedagogues and clergy alike have been bewailing the decline of home influence; they have blamed everything from the automobile to evolution, from jazz bands to Bolshevism. They have failed to see that what

was disappearing was not so much home influence as the home itself, that the dimensions of the domestic establishment had shrunk so drastically that there was no longer room for home influence to develop.

Only in terms of a comparison can one measure the loss American society has inflicted on itself through its suicidal failure to provide adequate housing. This comparison will differ for every reader, but in its main features it will be the same — the typical middle-class home of the last generation. For purposes of illustration a personal recollection is permissible. It is a roomy, slightly oldish, un-interior-decorated building in a pretty New England town. It stands pleasantly back from the street on an acre and a half of ground, with a barn, an apple orchard, and a truck garden. The town is a microcosm of New England: a college, two factories, a Boston and Maine 'deepo,' and the regular collection of churches, — Episcopalian, 'Congo,' Baptist, Methodist, French Catholic, and Roman Catholic, — a community of about three thousand people. There are seven children in the family, and four or five servants — cook, waitress, chambermaid, nurse, and sometimes a governess, not to mention the handy man who looks after the furnace, the barn, and the grounds. With a little doubling up there is room for everybody, and for the guests who frequently visit for a night or a month. Money is never discussed and, though the family is by no means poor, luxuries are rare enough to be what their name implies.

But there is a piano and there is a good library. The mother reads Scott and Dickens and Stevenson aloud in the evening. All the children have had a chance to study music, and one or two play really well. Chopin and Beethoven are as familiar friends as

Pickwick Papers or *Anne of Geierstein*. In the evening the children have supper in the nursery, or as they grow up are allowed to come to the dinner table and listen, with outward respect at least, to the conversation of their elders. There are morning prayers for the entire household and church twice on Sundays. In this atmosphere the children grow up to feel that life is a system to which they belong. When they travel they nearly always stay with friends, even if only for the night, just as their friends visit with them. They come to feel that theirs is a country with a skin to it, a sort of freemasonry of a common culture that begins in the nursery and lasts through college. Wherever they go they meet the same nice, well-bred people, with the same ideas of decency, the same way of life, and the same habit of speech.

Then comes the war, and, as the confusion clears and they have found their work, they turn to try to build up the same sort of home for their own children, only to find that they can't afford it.

II

Looking back on their home, they may begin to feel, as so many of the rebels do, that it was all perhaps a little stuffy, that tea and Chopin were not enough to prepare one for the stormy life of the twentieth century. It was a bit padded and soft, too much of the comfortable sofa and the wood fire, not enough 'mixing' or roughing it. It was more than a little — to use that doleful word — bourgeois. But it had its standards, too; nor were they enervating standards. Bullying was cowardice, a lie was not Freudian, gluttony was not self-expression, and infractions of this code were dealt with, not à la Montessori, but with a ruler in father's study.

Looking back, again, in the cold light

of the post-Armistice years, one can see that this old-fashioned home was poised, like a bubble, on the fact of cheap labor. Our grandfathers had made money by the sale of lands and through investments in railroads and factories, for both of which immigrants were required. From the proceeds of this sale of our birthright, our fathers gave us the culture which we now miss. It is three generations between shirt sleeves, and we are the shirt-sleeve generation, but we find no longer the opportunities for manual labor. The immigrant has moved in and is still moving, and we are derelict. To-day in New England only a third of the people are of the old stock, and the soil is going to the Pole, the Italian, and the French Canadian. We could have done with a bit less culture, a few less railway shares in the safe-deposit box, and a bit more land. It took the war to teach us the meaning of physical toil and suffering; it would have been better if we had learned some of that lesson before and had had a heritage to return to when the war was over.

However, that chance is lost irrevocably. The home built on the sands of immigrant labor has tumbled as precipitously as did the Roman villa after the Antonines. The new home which we have found is in the city, for the roots of our old home did not strike into the soil on which it stood, but into the banking system, and to strike out roots of our own we must first find the money and feed it to the banks. Our opportunities lie in the city, and it is to the city, with its agony of insufficient housing, that we have been driven. We have turned from a nation of land-owners to a nation of job-holders; severed from the city which provides our job, we are without resource. Here the statistics of our predicament come into play again. In New York City, where the standards of wages and

prices are as high as anywhere in the United States, less than a tenth of the heads of families submitting income-tax returns have incomes over \$5000 a year and only a quarter receive between \$2500 and \$5000.

Even assuming that one is a member of the emerged tenth, the cost of city living strikes the prospective family like an icy blast. Take alone the simple and inevitable matters of birth, marriage, and death. These are the central events of human life and they come to city dweller and farmer alike. In the code in which we have been educated, the woman and child are entitled to the care and protection of the husband and father. Yet the cost of being born — aside from the inevitable physical travail of the mother and the future economic handicap of the father — has made it one of the most expensive of financial investments. The minimum maternity cost in the average city hospital comes to \$150; care described as 'adequate' costs \$250; a specialist of any variety costs at least \$200 more; and well-to-do people must pay at least \$1000 for the privilege of doing their social duty. If the child is born in a clinic, it has the lofty satisfaction of knowing that the room its mother occupies costs more a day than the same space in the best hotel in town and that its nurses are paid \$16 a day. The city bride must pay anything up to \$1500 for what her mother paid \$25 for. No wonder, as Grace Fletcher observed, that in 1923 there were 3,637,216 automobiles made in America to 1,792,646 babies.

The cost of a city wedding can hardly be computed; a very ordinary sort of affair, with decorations in the church and a reception afterward, can run to \$10,000 without the slightest difficulty. And as for the business of dying, the total the traffic will bear is the guiding principle of the undertaking tribe —

'morticians,' they call themselves. One current practice is to trade in the funeral for the full amount of the deceased's life insurance, if he is poor; where the family is not entirely desperate, they are distracted and in no mood to haggle over terms. This is the mortician's opportunity, and that he makes the most of it is evidenced by the growth of the gruesome business of burial into a major industry, of nation-wide dimensions, yielding its practitioners more, far more than 6 per cent.

Rents, as we have seen, are nearly double what they were before we went to war. The housing shortage has, as usual, brought out the meaner traits in our society. Padded costs of building material, achieved through collusive bidding; padded construction costs, achieved through union labor 'tsars' and 'wild-cat strikes'; expanding municipal budgets; and the ever-increasing demand for housing, have brought it about that all houses, old as well as new, are letting at rates which represent earnings far in excess of the original investments. Worst of all, the incidence of rent falls most heavily on newly married couples who are setting up their homes. Older people are already settled on long leases, so the greatest expense falls on those who can least stand it. Not only is the rent problem an added penalty to marriage, but it adds to the cost of every commodity — food, clothing, and entertainment — which can conceivably be required by the family; rent is, in fact, the basic item in the cost of living.

Hence there begins that appalling series of economies of which the missing nursery and guestroom are the symbols. The size of the city flat has shrunk until now buildings are being put up with apartments consisting of only one room, with the corners partitioned off to provide closet and sleeping space,

kitchenette, and bath. Service of any sort is incredibly dear, for servants are compelled to ask wages sufficient to pay their own rent elsewhere. A house worker costs at least \$15 a week, a cook \$18, and so on. Now, while a couple can scrape along by themselves, — it is probably salutary that they should learn to wait on themselves and work for themselves, — when any sort of family is involved, 'help' (in the homely New England sense) is a social necessity. During illness or the infancy of a child, in the old days one could count on Cousin Jane or a neighbor's wife at the very least. But in the cubicles of the city there is no place for Cousin Jane to sleep, nor are there any neighbors — only people living in the same house whose interests, connections, and activities are in no way connected with the people across the hall.

III

And so it goes, jobs and rents, food and service, with the walls of the home steadily pressing in and a general uprooting each October. Gas and heat, telephone and electricity, insurance, entertainment, savings, clothes, carfare, medical attention, charity — everywhere the rise of rents has caused the cost of living to expand, subtly, steadily, irrevocably, a cent here, a nickel there, a couple of dollars for this, fifty dollars for that, until every phase of living has become integrated in terms of cash, until the radio (paid for in easy installments) replaces the piano for which there would be no space, until the moving picture replaces the works of Messrs. Dickens, Scott, and Stevenson, and the delicatessen insinuates its convenient blight into the kitchen, and five thousand dollars a year does not begin to provide the simplest and most ordinary amenities of life.

Whether or not the substitution of

the Happiness Boys for Chopin's polonaises, or of Harold Lloyd for Mr. Pickwick, is a positive loss is a matter of opinion. Certainly there can be no two opinions about the state of mind engendered by the unthinking acceptance in toto of all the hand-me-down culture which is invoked to make city life tolerable for the masses. A recent communication in the Contributors' Column of this magazine put the situation succinctly: —

Not only adults, but even the youngest children of to-day know nothing about leisure, to say nothing of solitude. They are rarely brought into any contact with the elemental forces. They turn up thermostats instead of cutting wood for fuel; they turn electric buttons instead of filling lamps with oil; and they drive through our beautiful north-country mountains at forty miles an hour instead of climbing the slopes or walking along the crests of the Y—— Range. The result is that when somebody asks them for an opinion they look for a button or a switch or an accelerator pedal to manipulate instead of falling back on any realization of the fact that they have been given minds and that these are presumably for occasional use. The pleasantest memories of my childhood are the memories of the quiet evenings about the dining-room table, in the centre of which sat a large lamp and about which were ranged the parents and children, all with books and all quiet. It was something to be looked forward to through all the day, and it was an influence the value of which I shall never be able sufficiently to appreciate.

The fact is that the old-fashioned, cultured home has passed away. The push-buttons themselves are not to blame; they are only the lesser of two evils. The choice no longer lies between the thermostat and chopping wood, but between the thermostat and no heat. Similarly, the choice no longer stands between the push-button family and the circle around that lamp on the dining-room table, but between

the push-button family and no family at all.

There is neither space nor opportunity to explore all the branches of this dilemma, for their meanderings only bring one back to the same hard choice. The suburbs, with their illusion of escape, lead only to a wilderness of toy-town cottages, perambulators, and golfing talk, with neither the intimacy of the village nor the indifference of a city. Worse still, suburban society consists principally of young married couples and their infant offspring. It lacks the savor and stability of a society of all ages; it vacillates between the foci of the railway station and the country club, not — as in a real community — between the church and the town meeting. Petty gossip, talk about golf, drinking, and business, round out its intellectual horizon, and the cost of living is higher than in the near-by town from which it pretends to be a reprieve. For all that it suggests release, its roots are not in the soil on which it stands, but in the omnipotent city job which governs the greater part of our population. Suburb or city, it is all the same: two rooms are missing, or, if they are there, are rarely filled.

IV

The price paid for including these two vital rooms is too high for the average city family; what of the price paid for omitting them? The price is paid in terms of social well-being, at the expense of the two oldest social traditions, the family and the art of hospitality. It is these which distinguish man from the animals, these upon which have been reared the towering edifice of Church and State, clan, tribe, and nation, courtesy and chivalry, decency. Subtract the guest chamber from the home and all that you have left is a cocktail shaker. The age of synthetic

gin in which we now live is evidence of this fact. Prohibitionists and the professional enthusiasts for law enforcement might well bear this in mind before castigating the recalcitrant cities for their bibulous unorthodoxy. The cocktail shaker, and what goes in it, have become the sacraments of the rite of hospitality. One can no longer give a friend lodging; one can scarcely feed him in the limited space of the city home; but one can mix him a drink, and one does. There is no doubt that this instinctive clinging to the last vestiges of conviviality is responsible for the matter-of-fact manner in which all classes of the city cling to their bootleggers.

The second effect is the one already mentioned. With rents, service, and food all valued in terms of the enormous demand for housing, it is impossible to raise, shelter, feed, clothe, and educate a family in the city, save at the expense of our prejudice against that hugger-mugger promiscuity which we have hitherto confined to the barnyard. For culture in our sense demands a minimum of privacy, in which the home becomes a refuge, not only from the world without, but from the other members of the family. No doubt it is physically possible to rear a family of five in two small rooms, but it cannot be done save at the expense of privacy and through the imposition of that enforced intimacy of the tenements which drives the slum children out to swell the ominously mounting tide of juvenile delinquency.

The third effect of this situation is the decline of culture to the measure of money and money only. A two- or three-room flat has little space for books, and few opportunities for quiet. The circle around the lighted table is impossible, if only because there is not room for a large enough table. Similarly, amusements must be sought out-

side. None of the old-fashioned parties with favors, the charades, the games of twenty questions, and the innocent diversions of the latter Victorian era are conceivable in a kitchenette apartment. Outside there are the night clubs and dance halls, if anything like that is desired. Music declines to the radio and phonograph; and the art of rendering Beethoven's sonatas or of singing Schumann's songs, no matter how artistically, is stilled. City neighbors do not look kindly on piano practice, and determined voice culture provokes reprisals. Even the theatre, which is proper to the city, costs too much for the average citizen. With seats at \$3.30 in the orchestra, and all the problems of dressing, dining, and transportation to be overcome, a theatre party for four can cost thirty dollars — half a week's salary — without any difficulty. Instead there are the movies.

Every feature of living — birth, marriage, and death, hospitality, culture, and healthy recreation — is rapidly being integrated to terms of cash by the push-button substitutes which are the best the city can offer the greater part of us. In the city, where the job is, nothing can be done without cash. The dollar mark is being stamped on every facet of urban society, and it is there to stay. Our cities are being converted into ingenious hives where there is room for everything but parks, and where even swimming in the universal ocean can be achieved only by paying some concessionnaire for the use of a bathhouse.

What wonder that the American abroad goes into raptures over London with its 'pubs' and parks, and is willing to dispense with a little open plumbing so long as he is treated like a human being and not like an automaton with a nickel in its hand! What wonder that the boulevards and cafés of Paris, the German municipal beerhalls, and the

churches and cheap *trattorie* of Rome strike an overwhelming chord of nostalgia in the touring American! What he experiences is not a spiritual expatriation, but a homesickness for the amenities of life.

The worst of all these cumulative penalties on decent living in this country is that they have made us an uprooted nation. In the city one cannot strike one's roots down very deep. We are becoming a nation of nomads, living from one moving day to the next, existing from lease to lease. Our friends are not those of our vicinity, but those of our office. Our life centres around the job, which may fail us at any time; and the home which we might fall back on can be terminated the moment we fail to pay rent. This has produced in us a deep *malaise*, the demoralization of the *déraciné*, the unrest of the uprooted. We are heirs to an inestimable investment in terms of social effort; we are ourselves the product of a considerable outlay in human and cultural energies; and we find that we can do nothing with either but push bigger and better buttons.

Even if we make a lot of money, what can we do with it? Buy a home? Where? Investments fail and purchasing power decreases and taxes rise. Have lots of children? What if our business goes on the rocks or is reorganized by Mr. Dillon? What if our professional skill becomes outmoded? We are now completely at the mercy of the buttons we push. Our young men can no longer go West or South with profit — they will only find the same system. No longer are our feet on the solid ground of husbandry, nor is our income derived even indirectly from the soil. What we sell is 'service,' and as soon as our services cease to have value there is no place to which we can retire.

We are facing one of the most serious

debacles since the decline of the Roman Empire, and possibly for the same reason. Somehow, somewhere, we have set forces in motion which are driving us to the cities, and once there we remain slaves to that precarious freedom which permits us to work or starve. The immigrant is on the land which was once ours, and — unhampered by notions of privacy, Victorian culture, or by the sanctity of drawing interest — is making it pay in localities where the Yankee gave up in despair. Whether this will mean the slow extinction of the American race is still problematical; certainly it means the abandonment of a large part of our racial heritage. The most hopeful sign — for us — is the fact that the immigrant himself is socially demoralized even more rapidly than we were. What meant hard money for us means easy money for him. By applying his old-

world notions of thrift and industry he can thrive on our racial leavings; but his sons and daughters have little stomach for the toil involved. They turn to the 'easy jobs,' the fixed hours and fixed pay of the mills and cities, and fill our slums with the opportunist swarm of casual laborers which is the feature of our greater cities. They are inclined to be insubordinate and inefficient, where their alien parents were inflexibly ambitious and hard-working. Now that the immigration tide is shut off, the curse of American life — the desire to get something for nothing — may give the old stock something they have not deserved: a second chance. Stripped of our lands, our ways, and our ideals, we may yet emerge from the city as the immigrant's children rush in to get at the push-buttons, and so return to our land a humbler and a harder people.

TEACH US TO PRAY

BY MARGARET STUART LLOYD

'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them'

PRAYER for others is at once an art and an intuition, and dependent, as both these are, upon imagination for its power and its fulfillment. For without vicarious imagination there can be no reality to prayer, and prayer, lacking reality, becomes a dead weight indeed. And as any true art involves a long and steadfast apprenticeship, followed by a life of dedication, so must prayer be pursued and never relinquished. It demands a long training, a long experience

of private and individual prayer, before the soul has any power to pray for other selves. Yet a paradox is here, for without long-continued, sincere prayer for others the soul lacks power to pray for its own needs. And indeed its own wants may be said to vanish as it continues in prayer for the needs of others.

This matter of praying together for others and for one another, what is it? A mystery profound, yet a rite instinctive to all peoples. A custom so

universal in practice that it goes back beyond the beginnings of drama and other primitive modes of self-expression. Its beginning must lie hid in that vast mystery — the dawn of human consciousness. For when man first realized himself he did it through contact with other selves, and to touch other selves is to draw on them for power, for instinctive protection against the unknown. When he first became aware of God, then did man first strive to apprehend Him, and his way was the child's instinct of propitiation. Many of us are still in this primitive stage of prayer and we implore our God, 'Do this for us and we will do thus and thus for thee!' Yet our intelligence does revolt against this bargaining. Rather would we pray, 'Do this, because it is of thine own nature, O thou Eternal Love, even as we, thy children, pray it because thou hast thyself caused us to pray!'

This immediately brings us to the conditions for effective corporate prayer: —

1. Such prayer demands leadership — we must have one to direct our prayer, one who leads us in rhythm and unity, and thence to the real power that is generated by such harmony.

2. There must be a form of words. Here impromptu effort rarely suffices, no matter how poetic or beautiful it may be. Words must be accepted, known, and loved before we can go with them straight into the presence of God. There must be indeed a waiting upon God, but it must be with unity of purpose, uniformity of expression. To be inarticulate now, or to be eccentric, is to dissipate spiritual force and to be lost in the unreal. In this sense corporate prayer is like great music — it must follow order and be sustained within bounds to make a great appeal.

3. There must be the spirit of love in our corporate prayers, for now we need

the gifts of intuition and of imagination, and these come of love. Our prayers, lacking love, lack that vicarious sympathy which gives strength to desire. Without love, prayer has no wings either to approach the Eternal Love or to bear our brothers' burdens.

4. There must be freedom from prejudice. For it is possible for a group of us to pray with intense feeling for some cause, or for some movement for social justice, and at the same moment to have within us a deep undercurrent of bitterness toward those who are not in agreement with our own beloved 'objects.' But how can we enter the Presence of Infinite Pity and Infinite Love with the spirit of intolerance making us little and dumb and poverty-stricken?

Haste, and dogmatism, and dependence upon certain environments, are not all these hindrances to effectual corporate prayer? And awareness of God, expectation, freedom from prejudice, are not these really necessary conditions to such prayer?

We have said that, while love is the very essence of corporate prayer, it is also dependent upon intuition and imagination. What are these? The truest answer would now be to appeal to the inward experience of the soul. What is intuition? That sense of the soul, that mysterious quality, which derives its strength from the growing life of God within its consciousness. A sense beyond other senses; that in us which is of the Divine, the Knower.

And what, then, of imagination? It is this picture-making faculty, this ability to see with the inward eye, that gives us power to visualize the needs of those for whom we pray. We must suffer with, we must identify ourselves with those we are praying for. Do we pray together, then, in order that the Divine Power may bless human beings, because we fear that they will not be

blessed without our prayers? Does God *need* our prayers for them? Here is a mystery! One answer, and only one of many, is that God uses His people as His channels of blessedness, and the full tide of His divine love comes pouring through their human loves as they make themselves ready for His purposes.

Yes, truly, this need of human intercession is bound up in the mystery of the incarnation. We are all the servants of our brothers, and the Divine Love uses us even as it used, chiefest and best, Him who was and is above all His brethren.

And if love be the sum of it all, the motive for, the reason for prayer, how shall we approximate to any degree of love that shall so partake of the Divine Nature as to make prayer imperative? There is the way of living. Your friend becomes more to be loved and followed as you dwell where he is. Daily, hourly contact, knowing Christ, is the answer. What is not of His nature you grow away from; what He cares for you learn to prize. His desires become your aim; His purposes you strive to fulfill. And all this with an ever-growing consciousness of His supreme beauty of character. Does this rob you of individual effort, does it bring with it an abject humility? Rather, it increases your courage; and that you may

help Him work out His purposes for your brothers is to you a source of complete and everlasting joy. In His will is our peace, indeed!

There comes a place in our journeying when both individual and corporate prayer to us cease to seem different, when the needs of the one are merged in the needs of the many. And there is an experience when from an agony of supplication for others the soul no longer asks for anything at all, when it knows that the Eternal Love has accomplished that for which it had impelled the soul to pray.

How, then, shall we attain to this high ideal of corporate intercession, which is, indeed, Love-in-Action?

Only by living continually in the presence of love and of pity. All the saints have pointed out to us that their strength, whether of prayer or of vision, lay in their practice of the presence of God, their perpetual awareness of Him. By never-broken habit of will, by steadfast imagination, they dwelt upon the reality of the Eternal Love until for them this reality became as breathing — the very process of life. And if there is one thing their testimony has bequeathed it is that this practice is not for the saint only, but is open to the least of the brethren of Christ. It is the Royal Way, and it is also the way of the humble.

THE CAUSES OF POLITICAL INDIFFERENCE TO-DAY

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

THE record shows that in the last campaign President Coolidge appealed twice to the voters. Once he asked them to vote, to go to the polls and vote, to mark ballots for somebody. And once he emerged from behind the veil of the official spokesman's unofficial and indirect discourse to plead with the people of Massachusetts for his friend and campaign manager, Senator Butler. This attitude was a fair sample of how the country felt about the election. A voter ought to vote. That was generally admitted in theory. But in practice the private citizen, like the President of the United States, was interested only in some one local election.

Mr. Coolidge was interested in Massachusetts. Mr. Smith was interested in New York; Mr. Ritchie was interested in Maryland. Nobody was very much interested in the nation. Investigation would show, I am told, that the Republican National Committee was never called into action during the campaign, and that most of its energies since 1924 have been devoted to celebrating the personal virtues of Mr. Coolidge and to repairing the deficiencies of Senator Butler in Massachusetts. The Republican Party in 1926 had neither national leadership nor platform nor strategy. It was not like Cæsar's wife, and it was all things to all men. Its component factions engaged in a series of local elections from which not only Mr. Coolidge,

but the national organization as well, held aloof. The party as a national organ abdicated, and either the voter had to follow Mr. Coolidge's example and excite himself about a local issue or he had not to excite himself at all.

The principles of the Democratic Party were likewise determined by geography. This party, too, had no national policy whatever. It too conducted a series of local campaigns, which were not only independent one of the other, but contradictory. Mr. Wagner ran in New York as a wet Democrat and Mr. Wilson ran in Pennsylvania as a dry. Mr. Brookhart ran in Iowa as an antitrust Republican and Mr. Butler ran in Massachusetts as the devoted slave of all business everywhere. Mr. Brennan in Illinois had about as much in common with Mr. Barkeley of Kentucky as Mr. Wadsworth of New York had with Mr. Willis of Ohio. The only difference between the Republicans and the Democrats was that the Republicans were split apart and did n't know it, whereas the Democrats were split apart and knew it. They could not help knowing it after the convention of 1924 in Madison Square Garden.

In fact, as one contemplates the activities of politicians there is little doubt that, if only there were voters somewhere who wanted it, Republican and Democratic principles could be accommodated locally to polygamy, foot binding, or voodooism. The rule

is simply this: anything which helps you to carry your state is the immortal principles of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson.

It is not surprising, then, that national partisan politics should have come to mean so little to the ordinary voter. There are no parties, there are no leaders, there are no issues. There are parties only in the states, there are leaders only of sections, there are issues, but they are either evaded by national public men or carefully confined to the localities. There is nobody in American public life to-day who, like Roosevelt or Wilson, is really a leader in all parts of the country. Mr. Coolidge has enjoyed popularity and confidence for two years, but the record of his leadership of Congress shows that he is essentially the representative of the Eastern tariff-protected interests. Neither Western agriculture nor the Eastern exporting interests have ever laid much of a hold on his mind. Mr. Lowden, undoubtedly the most powerful figure in the background of Republican politics, is devoting himself wholly to that agricultural interest which Mr. Coolidge has ignored. Senator Borah has touched almost every question and has come to grips with none; with all his great promise and immense personal opportunity he has failed to transform an attractive provincial insurgency into any sort of coherent national policy. There is no need to dwell upon Messrs. Dawes, Watson, Johnson. On the Democratic side there is Governor Smith, idol of the urban Democrats of the Northeast, but as yet wholly unknown, untried, and unexpressed on national questions. There is Governor Ritchie in Maryland, who may fairly claim to have a set of Democratic national principles, but who has not as yet a Democratic national following. And there is Senator Reed of Missouri, who has at least got this far nationally:

he has made himself a holy terror to Republicans and Democrats alike.

II

The effect of these political disharmonies is to bewilder the electorate and to make the voters feel that politics is an elaborate game which has no serious and immediate consequences. This bewilderment manifests itself as complacency or as cynicism. Since 1920 the country has witnessed brazen and expensive corruption. In the amount of money involved the corruption is without parallel in our history. In its sordidness it is surely as bad as and probably a little worse than the scandals of the Grant administration. This generation has known nothing so disgraceful as the carryings on of Fall, Daugherty, and Forbes, nor anything like the Smith primary in Illinois and the Pepper-Vare primary in Pennsylvania. Fall has just been brought to trial; Daugherty was brought to trial only three or four months ago because of the exceptional energy of United States Attorney Buckner; the primary scandals were never rebuked by the leader of the Republican Party. In their public speech public men have been as complacent as possible about it all, and privately they have been prepared to explain that 'Well — oh well, you know, politics is a dirty game.' Maybe it is. But only a few years ago the country was still naïve enough, was still sentimental enough, to have become violently indignant over a cabinet officer accused of bribery. Indignation of this sort we have not known during these last few years. That too perhaps helps to explain why the interest in politics is at such low ebb, and why voting is not looked upon as such a very high duty. The impression has gone out from the White House that there is no use

caring too much whether public officials are honest or whether elections are bought.

This persistent dampening down of popular interest in popular government has been the calculated policy of Mr. Coolidge ever since he became President. The reason given for it is that nothing must be done to distract business. The other reason for it, not given, but perfectly well understood, is that it is good politics when you are in power to discourage all manifestations of discontent. Mr. Coolidge is not exactly an ardent spirit. He is contented with little things; he is hardly suited to large thoughts and large deeds. He has not attempted them. On the contrary he has devoted himself to encouraging the people to turn their eyes away from the government. In peaceful, prosperous times not much encouragement is needed. Public spirit is at best a fragile thing when it comes into competition with the urgent demands of our private lives for money, for power, and for pleasure. So it has not been difficult for Mr. Coolidge to persuade the country that it need not take a vivid interest in public affairs.

III

Yet neither the personality of Mr. Coolidge nor the very special political strategy which he adopted will by itself account for the lethargy of spirit which has prevailed during his administration. Under different circumstances the virtues of Mr. Coolidge would almost certainly have been looked upon as vices. Mr. Coolidge has been praised for failing to lead Congress, for failing to lead his party, for refusing to become indignant at abuses, for not having a positive policy and a constructive programme. He would not have received this praise

had the country not been in the mood for a negative administration.

It is the fashion to explain this mood by saying that after all the tall talk heard under Roosevelt and Wilson the country was exhausted emotionally and needed a rest. It had had its fill of idealism, of prophecy, of adventure, and of public action. It needed to forget Washington and the White House and the President, and tend to its private affairs. There is something in this explanation, of course, as there is also in the theory that the war brought a deep disenchantment with politicians, policies, and with what used to be called 'progressivism.' But all these explanations are obviously incomplete. For when you have said that men were tired of public affairs you have still to explain why, being tired of public affairs, they are able to indulge themselves by neglecting public affairs.

With this question we come, I think, nearer to the root of the matter. The American people, since the industrial recovery of 1922, has enjoyed an amazing prosperity. Except here and there in a few spots there has been such a surplus of wealth that practically the whole people has raised its standard of life. It was obvious that the opportunities to make money were so ample that it was a waste of time to think about politics. Nothing a man could hope to gain by voting for politicians, and by agitating for laws, was likely to be half so profitable as what he could make by participating in the boom.

The interested motives which are the driving force of political agitation were diverted to direct profit making. Now progressivism, as we have known it in the past, has arisen out of the belief of the debtors, the employees, the consumers, the farmers, that they could by changing the laws obtain a larger share of the national income.

With the stupendous surplus available these last years, it has seemed to most men quicker and easier to go out and make money than to work through the cumbrous indirect processes of political action. Thus there has been no political discontent, except in a few farming states where the new surplus of wealth was not available, and where in consequence the old progressive motives and traditions survived. The common people looked to Roosevelt and to Wilson (before 1914) for relief from poverty and economic servitude. They did not look to Mr. Coolidge for relief because they were finding it by themselves. I am not attempting to say, of course, how real or how permanent is this relief; the fact which counts is that from about 1922 on almost everybody has had the feeling that he had a lot of money in his pocket, and would soon have more. It was this feeling which robbed progressive idealism of its urgency, and made it appear abstract and unimportant.

Together with this diffused prosperity, I should set down as a fundamental cause of political indifference the rise of what may be called the New Capitalism. There is no doubt that the large corporations are now under the control of a very different kind of man than they were when Roosevelt and Bryan and LaFollette were on the warpath. The new executive has learned a great deal that his predecessor would have thought was tommyrot. His attitude toward labor, toward the public, toward his customers and his stockholders, is different. His behavior is different. His manner is different. His press agents are different. I am far from thinking he is perfect even now, but I am certain that he is vastly more enlightened and that he will take ever so much more trouble to please. He is no doubt as powerful as he ever was, but his bearing is less autocratic. He

does not arouse the old antagonism, the old bitter-end fury, the old feeling that he has to be clubbed into a sense of public responsibility. He will listen to an argument where formerly he was deaf to an agitation.

Whatever may be the intrinsic good and evil of such things as the wide distribution of securities, however questionable may be some of the practices to which Professor Ripley has called attention in this magazine, the net result of the new attitude on the part of capital has been to create a new attitude on the part of the public. The press agents of the corporations have been told to woo the public, and their wooing has been successful. Suspicion has died down. Yet here again we must recognize that it would not have died down if capitalism as we know it were not making most people feel quite comfortably well off.

During the last four years the actual prosperity of the people, combined with the greater enlightenment of the industrial leaders, has removed from politics all serious economic causes of agitation. There has been no pressing reason for an alignment of 'haves' and of 'have nots,' and no reader of history needs to be told that when you remove economic discontent you remove what is certainly the greatest cause, if it is not the mainspring, of political activity. Politics carried on for justice, for liberty, for prestige, is never more than the affair of a minority. For the great majority of men political ideals are almost always based upon and inspired by some kind of economic necessity and ambition.

These circumstances account for the striking differences between European and American politics. The European finance ministers have had to struggle with deficits, ours with a surplus; they have had to impose taxes, ours to reduce taxes. The European nations have

had to borrow, we to lend; they to devise means of payment, we to find ways of receiving payments. They have had to struggle to raise a low standard of living, and we to protect a high standard. They have had to reconstruct and restore; we have had only to perfect and expand. To Europeans, therefore, the American situation has seemed almost idyllic, and there has appeared a great literature in Europe which discusses the American economic system, often with admiration, sometimes with envy, always with the implication that it is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in history. Here in the United States during the last few years capitalism has worked in a way which confounds those who, like most educated Europeans, were brought up to think of it according to the socialistic formula, as an industrial system destined soon to be superseded by some kind of collectivism. Events have taken a wholly unexpected turn in the United States, and the advanced thinker here and abroad suddenly finds that he is no longer advanced. His descriptions, his analyses, his programmes, all assume a different course of evolution. The more or less unconscious and unplanned activities of business men are for once more novel, more daring, and in a sense more revolutionary, than the theories of the progressives. Action has moved faster than thought in these last few years, and practice is ahead of the programmes.

This lag in the development of theory has had a curious effect on political discussion. Public speakers, if they are conservative, will usually be found defending practices that their supposed clients are rapidly abandoning; if they are progressive, they will be found rather wearily and half-heartedly repeating the charges and the idealisms that were current a decade ago. The real industrial development of the

day, with its momentous social consequences, hardly figures at all in public discussion. The philosophy of it is not yet understood; we have not yet learned how to talk about it. The good and the evil it contains have not yet been registered and assayed. And as a result most public controversy seems not so much like hot air as stale air. Without knowing just why, most of us feel, I think, that the current conservatism and progressivism are irrelevant. They do not satisfy our minds or grip our emotions.

IV

The questions which really engage the emotions of the masses of the people are of a quite different order. They manifest themselves in the controversies over prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, Romanism, Fundamentalism, immigration. These, rather than the tariff, taxation, credit, and corporate control, are the issues which divide the American people. These are the issues men care about. They are just beneath the surface of political discussion. In theory they are not supposed to be issues. The party platforms and the official pronouncements deal with them obliquely, if at all. But they are the issues men talk about privately, and they are, above all, the issues about which men have deep personal feelings.

These questions are diverse, but they all arise out of the same general circumstances. They arise out of the great migration of the last fifty years, out of the growth of cities, and out of the spread of that rationalism and the deepening of that breach with tradition which invariably accompany the development of a metropolitan civilization. Prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, Fundamentalism, and xenophobia are an extreme but authentic expression of the politics, the social outlook, and the religion of the older American

village civilization making its last stand against what looks to it like an alien invasion. The alien invasion is in fact the new America produced by the growth and the prosperity of America.

The evil which the old-fashioned preachers ascribe to the Pope, to Babylon, to atheists, and to the Devil is simply the new urban civilization, with its irresistible economic and scientific and mass power. The Pope, the Devil, jazz, the bootleggers, are a mythology which expresses symbolically the impact of a vast and dreaded social change. The change is real enough. The language in which it is discussed is preposterous only as all mythology is preposterous if you accept it literally. The mythology of the Ku Klux Klan is a kind of primitive science, an animistic and dramatized projection of the fears of a large section of our people who have yet to accommodate themselves to the strange new social order which has arisen in their midst.

This new social order is dominated by metropolitan cities of which New York is the largest and most highly developed. Therefore New York has become the symbol of all that is most wicked and of all that is most alluring in modern America. But New York to-day is only what Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Jacksonville, and Miami expect to be to-morrow. It is the seat of a vast population, mixed in its origins, uncertain of its social status, rather vague about the moral code. In these metropolitan centres the ancient social bonds are loosened. The patriarchal family, the well-established social hierarchy, the old roots of belief, and the grooves of custom are all obscured by new human relationships based on a certain kind of personal independence, on individual experiment and adventure, which are yet somehow deeply controlled by fads and fashions and great mass movements.

The campaign in certain localities to forbid the teaching of 'Darwinism' is an attempt to stem the tide of the metropolitan spirit, to erect a spiritual tariff against an alien rationalism which threatens to dissolve the mores of the village civilization. To many of us the effort seems quixotic, as indeed it is, judged by the intellectual standards of metropolitan life. But if we look at the matter objectively, disregarding the petty mannerisms of the movement, there is a pathos about it which always adheres to the last struggle of an authentic type of human living. The anti-evolutionists are usually less charming than Don Quixote. Perhaps that is because they have not been transfigured by an artist. They are at any rate fighting for the memory of a civilization which in its own heyday, and by its own criteria, was as valid as any other.

The anti-evolution bills are, of course, a comparatively trivial symptom of this profound maladjustment. The overt struggle turns politically on two questions: on the Eighteenth Amendment and on the nomination of Governor Alfred E. Smith. The struggle over these two issues implicates all the antagonisms between the older America and the new. The Eighteenth Amendment is a piece of legislation embodied in the Constitution which attempts to impose the moral ideals of the villages upon the whole nation. The force behind the Eighteenth Amendment is the Anti-Saloon League, which is the political arm of the evangelical churches in the small communities. The financial and political strength of the Anti-Saloon League is derived from the members of these churches, chiefly Methodist and Baptist, with other denominations divided but following these militant sects. And the strength of these sects in the last analysis arises from the spiritual

isolation of communities which have not yet been radically invaded by the metropolitan spirit.

The defense of the Eighteenth Amendment has, therefore, become much more than a mere question of regulating the liquor traffic. It involves a test of strength between social orders, and when that test is concluded, and if, as seems probable, the Amendment breaks down, the fall will bring down with it the dominion of the older civilization. The Eighteenth Amendment is the rock on which the evangelical church militant is founded, and with it are involved a whole way of life and an ancient tradition. The overcoming of the Eighteenth Amendment would mean the emergence of the cities as the dominant force in America, dominant politically and socially as they are already dominant economically.

V

The alignment of the new cities against the older villages traverses the nominal political alignment of the two great parties. In New York State, for example, it has divided and broken the Republican Party as a state organization. There is much more community of thought and feeling between Republicans and Democrats in New York City, in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and Albany, than there is between the urban and the rural Republicans. The unity of the Republican Party in New York is like the unity of the Democrats in the nation: a unity of politicians interested in offices supplemented by the prestige of a name and a tradition. There is no unity of interest, of principle, or of programme.

A similar condition exists in almost every state where there are powerful cities — in Massachusetts for Boston, in Pennsylvania for Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, in Ohio for Cleveland

and Cincinnati, in Illinois for Chicago, in New Jersey for that urban conglomeration known as Hudson County, in Missouri for St. Louis. Both parties are cracking under the strain. Both maintain the appearance of unity by political deals and the compromise of principles. The well-known fact that parties have become meaningless is due to this internal division. They dare not take definite positions for fear of alienating one or the other of their irreconcilable factions.

For reasons which are not altogether clear the conflict has first become overt in the Democratic Party. The convention of 1924 was the scene of the first great, though inconclusive, phase of the struggle. All the signs indicate that the next phase, in 1928, will be at least as sharp and perhaps more decisive. In 1924 the urban democracy rallied around Governor Smith of New York, the village democracy around Mr. McAdoo. The urban Democrats in 1924 controlled a little more than one third of that convention. Since 1924 they have gained in strength and by 1928 they should control at least half of the convention. This change of their position from a minority to a majority faction is not due to the personality or to the leadership of Governor Smith. It is due to a growth of self-consciousness which is developing the latent strength of the city electorates. They are beginning to feel their oats. They are throwing off their sense of inferiority. They are beginning to demand the recognition which is due their intrinsic importance.

The outcome of the struggle within the Democratic Party is, of course, obscure. One can be certain of nothing except that the rapid growth of the cities at the expense of the countryside is bound at last to result in the political domination of the cities. This may

come soon. It may be somewhat delayed. It will come. The first great result may be the disunion of the Democratic Party and perhaps even the rupture of the Solid South. If that is the result the ascendancy of the Republicans may be temporarily confirmed, but it will be followed almost certainly by a realignment of Republicans as well as of Democrats.

For the two parties live by taking in each other's washing. The unity of the one is dependent upon the unity of the other. The grip of the Eastern industrial Republicans on the national organization rests at last on the fact that in the South there is a Republican machine but no Republican electorate. If ever the South should break away from the Democrats, a Republican

Party would appear in the South. The appearance of a Republican Party in the South would make the South as unmanageable to the Republicans of the Northeast as the Republican Party of the West now is.

These prospects are not alluring to men whose lives are bound up with the existing party system. They promise nothing but trouble for them personally. They call for an effort of thought which is distressing, and they open up issues for which political leaders, trained between 1890 and 1910, are not prepared. It is not surprising, then, that our political leaders are greatly occupied in dampening down interest, in obscuring issues, and in attempting to distract attention from the realities of American life.

SOUTH AFRICA: BRITON VERSUS BOER

BY STANLEY HIGH

I

SOUTH AFRICA has been called a 'Two Miles an Hour Country.' Its early history was made on springless wagons, behind countless spans of oxen, trekking, generation after generation, into the veldt.

Two miles an hour is excessive speed for an ox wagon. I discovered that during a week's visit with an American friend in an out-of-the-way corner of Africa. My host had an automobile. But roads were only in the making, and his garage was four hours and a half of hard travel from his house—four hours and a half, that is, by ox wagon; nine miles as a geographer would reckon it.

We did the distance behind two spans of oxen through a fog of red dust. Our teams required a driver for each ox, and a pilot in addition, who broke trail for us and pulled, rather uselessly, on a thin leather strap tied to the horns of the lead oxen. The road was a succession of ruts and stumps and forest shrubbery. A canopy, built for a sunshade, was brought crashing down on us by the limb of a tree before we had gone a quarter of a mile. We bounced and jolted over the landscape like an army tank. But always at two miles an hour.

There is progress in South Africa.

But gold and diamonds, labor unions and chambers of commerce, mark only the pace of the cities. Beyond electricity and paved streets, the ox wagon is still supreme. Progress there is ponderous, clumsy, rough, and never more rapid than the dust-clouded caravans of its settlers. However its influence may be waning before the rise of modern industrial centres, much of the foundation of modern South Africa has been laid in this back-veldt country of the ox wagon.

In the back veldt it is the Boer who rules. The society, which is of his making, is patriarchal, and like a patriarch he dominates it. His religion is more of the law than the prophets. The justice which he metes out is harsh, but Scriptural. And when he can no longer rule his strip of 'blue' the Boer inspans his oxen again and treks through the sand and the heat to some farther hinterland. That, at any rate, is the past in South Africa. If the present has invaded his realm with trains and tractors, the Boer scorns the tractors, rides on the trains, and still moves, in spirit, with the oxcarts.

To-day's history in South Africa is being made out of a conflict between town and country; between the pace of the back veldt and the pace of the cities. And that struggle, when the lines are drawn, finds the back-veldt Boer in contest with the Briton for the domination of the Union: the Briton hustling for trade; the Boer never hustling, with no mind for trade, desiring to be left alone, with elbowroom.

There have been those in South Africa who dreamed of union between the two. Cecil Rhodes dreamed and blundered. General Botha dreamed and sacrificed. Jan Christian Smuts, in his tangled old house at Doornkloof, still dreams, and he too has sacrificed. And the stuff for these dreams was real enough. English troops were hardly

welcomed by the Dutch when they landed in Table Bay in 1806 and possessed the land. But once British authority was established in South Africa the ultimate fusion of the two peoples, as Dutch and English were fused in New York, was confidently expected. The race history of both was rooted in the same Low-German stock. Both loved freedom and fought for it with spirit. Both professed Protestantism, and the language differences were so insignificant that an Englishman soon acquired Dutch and a Dutchman quickly learned English. Moreover England, benefiting perhaps by disastrous blunders in the New World, retained the Roman-Dutch law already in force, established the Dutch language as official, altered few of the established institutions, and initiated an administration that was genuinely beneficent.

But fusion did not result. The character of the South African Dutchman contained elements which could not amalgamate. He was a farmer, — the word 'Boer' means 'farmer,' — as different from the Hollanders who came with Van Riebeck in 1652 as South Africa is vaster than the Holland from which they came. Hospitality was his greatest virtue, but distances were so great between farms that neighbors, in the ordinary sense, did not exist. Town life, where intercourse with the British would have been possible, was utterly unknown to him and shunned for the lonely freedom of the bush. He loved liberty, but understood it only in terms of solitude. When the British came they neither understood him nor left him alone.

After the first decade of British administration, official wisdom seems to have run its course and a new policy was inaugurated in the Cape. There were readjustments in the local self-government and a subsequent reduction

of the rights of the citizens. English was substituted for Dutch as the official language. Worst of all, from the point of view of the Dutch settler, the British Government suddenly appeared as the aggressive sponsor of the native, and, in 1834, abolished slavery in the Colony.

The Boers resented bitterly every infringement of their traditions. Many of them, in fact, shrugged their shoulders at the British overlord and moved out beyond the reach of his authority. But the abolition of slavery and the confusion that resulted were intolerable. There had been other treks. Now came the Great Trek. Rumors of good grazing lands had come down from the unexplored north, and into this region the exodus began. By day, long winding lines of wagons with a cloud of dust billowing over them; by night, clusters of camp fires in the bush, suppers of maize and biltong, evening prayers.

More than a little of the bitterness of the back-veldt Boer of the present toward the Englishman dates from the Great Trek, from the sacrifices and the suffering that it involved, the bitter heat of the karoo, the sickness that ran among women and children, the ceaseless skirmishing with Bushmen, the war with Mosilikatze and his Matabele. And more than a little of the uncompromising nationalism that dominates the present Boer Government of the Union finds its source in the traditions of that epic time when Dutch pioneers conquered the vast territory that lay between the Orange and the Limpopo rivers and set up a government there of their own fashioning.

But still the British interfered. They sought by devious methods to reclaim the territories of these *vortrekkers* for the Empire. But in 1880 the last vestiges of Britain's authority were destroyed at the battle of Majuba Hill, and the Transvaal Republic was pro-

claimed. There were six years of comparative security, and then, in 1886, a gold reef was discovered on the Witwatersrand; prospectors poured in to profane the veldt, and hostility to the British found new support. A decade later came the Jameson Raid, when Rhodes, irked by the limits which Paul Kruger — Oom Paul, President of the Transvaal Republic — placed upon Britain's African dominions, permitted a freebooting expedition against the authority of the Boers. And, the Raid failing, the Boer War followed, and final annexation by Great Britain of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Thus, again, British ambition thwarted the dreams of the vortrekkers.

For that last chapter the Dutch of South Africa, despite such notable converts to English rule as Smuts and Botha, will not soon forgive Great Britain. Life in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State — before the British came — was paced to suit the Boers, as it had been in the Cape — before the British came. Oom Paul, four times President, governed from his front porch and welcomed there any who came that way, rich and poor, wise and foolish; and served them coffee after the custom of the veldt. Authority came from the bush and was administered on behalf of the back veldt. Settlers, who had come by ox wagon and for certain definite reasons, founded the country. And Paul Kruger, himself a vortrekker, governed along lines that those pioneers approved and at a pace that they could understand.

There were towns in the Transvaal before Johannesburg, but they were small and unimportant. Town dwellers, who finally made up a clear majority of the population, received little consideration from the Government and had an even smaller share in the governing. The back-veldt Boer then, as now, looked upon the towns with dislike

and the transactions that centred there with genuine suspicion. That, doubtless, accounts for the fact that in South Africa to-day — even in Johannesburg — Dutch business interests are very limited: Dutch names seldom appear in the management of big industries or in the lists of bank directorates. British money and British management dominate the commerce of the Union. And the dislike of the Boer for the town and for the British is increased by this obvious relationship between the two.

II

The realm of the typical Boer is still the back veldt. And though the British destroyed the nation that he fashioned, and gave him an equality of privilege which he had always denied to the English who settled in his land, they did not restore the authority of the frontier. Far from it. The pace of South Africa to-day is not that of the Boer. It is a British pace and much faster than two miles an hour. The British, moreover, still stand sponsor for the native against the traditional Dutch policy of repression. British ideals are built into the government, and the government itself is built into the British Empire. Thus the back-veldt Boer, although he signed the Act of Union, is not content. He is no more content, in fact, than he was a century ago when the exodus from the Cape began. Oom Paul Kruger is still his patron saint. The Transvaal, in the early days of the Republic, is his ideal dominion. And since a Great Trek is no longer possible the Boer, obstinate, unchanging, set upon a freedom of his own making, has turned again against British domination, this time with the weapons of politics.

The formation of the Nationalist Party, which is the Boer party, was inevitable, made so by the traditions and the bitterness of the last one

hundred years. General Botha, the first Premier of the Union, made an heroic attempt at political fusion in the South African Party. General Smuts has held steadfastly to the same purpose, though under greater difficulties. But a vast majority of the Boers who could not fuse racially were not fitted for political fusion. At their rural gatherings they preached an anti-British gospel and waited a leader. And in 1912 General Hertzog — who had helped to draft the Act of Union four years before, but remained more Boer than British — was exiled from the South African Party largely because of his anti-imperialism; went, temporarily, into political exile, and returned with an ill-organized following which he called the Nationalist Party, and which to-day is governing the Union.

It is a common saying among South Africans that the Dutchman takes naturally to politics and that all Dutchmen are politicians. There is much basis for that statement. The back-veldt Boer never fails to vote and he will ride many miles to a political meeting. But in 1912, when General Hertzog withdrew from the Government, the Dutch had not as yet learned to think or act together politically. They resented the extent to which British-Dutch amity was officially proclaimed and they knew just how far such proclamations missed the truth. Their opposition to the newly established order, however, was sporadic. But in General Hertzog the Boers found a leader, a man as clearly ordained as Oom Paul Kruger had been. It now remained for them to unite and to follow union with the establishment of their gospel as the dominant force in the political life of South Africa.

One factor, beside the political, entered into the situation to make this undertaking less difficult. The Nationalists found ready support among

the representatives of organized religion. In the back veldt, in fact, where the control of the Dutch Reformed Church is undisputed, it is the *predikant*, rather than the officeholder, who is the political dictator. His support is the first requisite to rural political success, for the electoral instructions of the preacher to the people of the parish are inviolable. In this community of the rural Church, hostility to the British was already exceedingly bitter. The Church had begun to lose its hold upon its youth, many of whom no longer accepted its doctrines or observed its commandments. The Continental Sabbath and Continental morals, in general, were said to have invaded the country, and the young people were being drawn away from the faith of their fathers into all manner of worldliness. For this the British, because they were believed to represent the spirit of modern Europe, were held accountable. The Nationalist Party, therefore, was welcomed as an agent whereby British influence might be uprooted and the power of the Church restored.

III

General Hertzog, from a political point of view, recognized his opportunity and did not blunder. Conciliation and understanding, as party principles, already had sponsors, more gifted than successful. General Hertzog knew there was only one basis upon which a Dutch party could possibly succeed. He accepted that basis and came preaching the old doctrines of back-veldt nationalism to the Boers. His lieutenants, much more than he, did not hesitate to capitalize every echo of anti-British sentiment and to stir up, for their own support, every ancient bitterness. That the Boers were able, in twelve years, to succeed to the government of the Union, even at the

expense of an alliance with Labor in a Pact Ministry, is indicative of the extent to which British authority still irks the Dutch population. Hertzog's tactics were successful, eminently so. But once employed, and the dreams of Rhodes and Botha and Smuts — statesmen's dreams — went glimmering.

And now, after two years of Dutch control, British South Africa has become aware of that fact and is alarmed. Even the British, in 1924, received the Nationalist Party government with a measure of cordiality. Since its formation the Union had been governed by South African Party ministries and by none other. Politics, as a result, grew tedious. A change of authority was welcome. But so great a change was not expected, either by the British or by many of the more moderate Boers.

For, once in office, the Nationalists set themselves, with zeal, to two closely allied tasks. In the first place, they introduced a policy — 'Dutchifying' is the popular word for it — aimed to break the British mould in which the Union had been formed; to reshape life in South Africa in Dutch design and refound an Independent South African Republic. Further, they maintained throughout the country an unremittent campaign of radical nationalism of the same bitter sort which first mobilized the support of the back veldt and alone gave promise of an increase of strength sufficient to keep them in power.

In this second undertaking the Nationalists have flooded South Africa with an unparalleled deluge of speeches. I know of no country in the world where, with no general elections in sight, there is so much and such bitter political speechmaking. Clause four of the Nationalist Party Constitution calls for the 'sovereign' freedom of South Africa, and that clause the party spokesmen have taken for their text. It is given variations, many of them

not altogether dignified, but the meaning is unvaried. The back-veldt Boer, as a result, is more than ever a Nationalist, convinced beyond dispute that the Nationalist Party provides the agency whereby British influence will be checked and South Africa, dissociated from the Empire, transformed into a republic — a neighborly, slow-moving republic like that of Oom Paul Kruger.

The first task, too, was carried forward with expedition. It is, in fact, the legislative programme of the Nationalist Government much more than the speeches of its ministers that has alarmed British and Anglo-Dutch South Africa. A multitude of radical measures — they hark back to the policies of the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State — have been introduced into Parliament and many of them passed. To the Briton these measures appear significant chiefly because they represent, to him, definite steps toward secession from the Empire.

Great Britain's liberal policy toward the natives, which had been adopted by previous Union governments, but was always resented by the more ignorant Boers, was speedily repudiated. The Nationalists, with Labor aid, passed the Color Bar Bill, which definitely bars the native from entering the ranks of skilled labor regardless of his ability, experience, or training. They turned upon the Indians, with whom General Smuts had worked out an amicable agreement, and proposed the Urban Areas Act, which will bring about the complete economic and social segregation of the 160,000 Asiatics in the Union.

It has been decreed, moreover, that the Dutch language shall be learned by all civil servants regardless of their position, length of service, or the degree of probability that the language will ever be used. Officials who are

unwilling or unable to learn Afrikaans are dismissed. Natal, the stronghold of British sentiment in the Union, has been flooded with Dutch officials. During the two years of the present government the increase in the voting Dutch population of that province has been more than 100 per cent.

The three-per-cent preferential tariff which has existed between South Africa and Great Britain has been abolished. And most extreme of all measures, from the point of view of the Englishman, the Nationalists have proposed — action is now pending — to substitute a new emblem for the Union Jack as the official South African flag.

The probability that this measure will become a law at the next session of the Union Parliament has stirred the country as no other development since the Union, with the possible exception of the rebellion in 1914 when a large uprising of Boers offered organized resistance to the pledge of aid which General Botha and General Smuts had given to Great Britain. The Flag Bill, in fact, is widely regarded as a political step toward the same end for which the rebellion of 1914 was organized: the severance of Empire connections and the establishment of a republic.

General Hertzog, since his is a minority government maintained with the support of Labor, has pledged that there will be no move for complete independence until a majority of the people, at the polls, declare that they desire it. But General Hertzog has not denied his allegiance to the Nationalist constitution, which demands independence; nor have his acts in office been such as to reassure the Englishman and the Anglo-Dutchman who prize the dominion status. The leadership of the Nationalist Party, moreover, is not altogether in the hands of General Hertzog. Those who with him dominate the party include the most radical

of anti-British politicians, among them being several who were convicted of high treason in 1914 and were subsequently pardoned. These lieutenants have been much less cautious than their nominal chief. They have accepted the dictum of Tielman Roos, the present Minister of Justice, and have preached throughout the land, 'South Africa first and alone.' And Mr. Roos, who is the high priest of anti-British Republicanism, was recently hailed, in typical Nationalist language, with the toast: 'The Republic is not dead. It will come in God's good time. Mr. Roos is its pioneer; he will be its first president.'

IV

To this doctrine of Republicanism, however, the British in South Africa will never submit. Thus it happens that every new step, however mincing, toward that end increases British hostility toward the present régime, and in particular to the back-veldt interests for which that régime is mouthpiece. And in progressive communities, like Natal, where the British greatly predominate, it is a settled conviction that any overt move toward secession from the Empire will be met with a counter move of secession from the Union.

With the British in this stand are the natives, those of them who are aware at all of political developments. The natives are under no delusions about the Dutch, particularly since the threat of a color bar has become a reality. British treatment, however harsh it has been at times, has always returned, soon or late, to the traditional principles of British justice and fair play. The Dutch tradition, since the Hottentots were first enslaved, has stood for treatment of a very different sort. Similarly the Indians uniformly support the British point of view. The status of the Asiatic, though bad enough as it is,

would be worse if the Union were without the restraints of Imperial obligations. It is the custom, in fact, for Indians, failing to make progress in Africa with their cause, to appeal directly to India, where, through the mediation of Downing Street, the Empire influence is brought to bear in the Union. I have seen no more outspoken opposition to the Nationalist régime than that contained in the Indian paper published in Natal by the son of Mahatma Gandhi.

But natives and Indians have practically no political standing in South Africa, and since the present is a political struggle it will be determined finally by the European population. The size of the Dutch and English communities of the Union is about the same, with the Dutch in a slight advantage. For that reason, if the Nationalists could align the entire Dutch population with themselves, the issue might soon be settled. South Africa could break from the Empire, and after British opposition had wrought what havoc it could an Independent Republic might eventually be built out of the fragments of the Union.

But the Nationalist Party, as I have pointed out, is a back-veldt party, prospering chiefly upon the ignorance and suspicion of the bush farmer who lives where schools are few and contacts limited. Its strategy, up to now, has been to pit country against town — the nonprogressive independence of the vortrekker against the modern drive of the city dweller who has invaded the vortrekker's realm. How successful this strategy has been I have also indicated.

But by this very programme the Nationalist has alienated, as definitely as he alienated the British, those Boers who have learned, in spirit at any rate, to travel with the cities. Botha and Smuts were not alone when they

stepped from the slow-moving line of their ancestors — a line which they had fought to defend — and went forward at a more rapid pace with the British. The men who went with them, a goodly number, revered the traditions of the Boers. But, union once accomplished, they turned their backs upon the prejudices which the back-veldt nurtured, learned the practice of coöperation, and merged their earlier fealty in loyalty to the South African Nation — which was a greater thing. There were few small men in that group.

And though they by no means constitute a majority of their race in the Union, these Anglo-Dutchmen are a real, perhaps a vital factor in the present situation. This is due to the fact that in this class are to be found a great many of the cultural leaders of the Dutch population. Even the Dutch Reformed Church, which is trembling on the verge of a Modernist Movement, has been obliged, increasingly, to recruit its academic leadership from those who stand, in sympathy at any rate, with the more progressive interests of the Anglo-Dutchmen. Into the ranks of this group a great many of the younger, college-trained Boers are being constantly drawn, until it seems likely that it is the Anglo-Dutchman who may finally be called upon to resolve the issue which has arisen in the political life of South Africa.

The British position, so far as the present situation is concerned, is relatively fixed. Even now the Labor Party, which is predominantly British, is wavering in its support of the Pact Government — wavering because of the Republican programme which the Nationalists preach. If the fundamental question of South Africa's position in the Empire were raised for immediate decision there is little doubt that Labor would stand in a vast majority for the maintenance of the British connection.

The position of the rank and file of the Nationalist Party is likewise certain. The back-veldt Boer is a Die-Hard. His politics are of the pre-Boer-War period, to which have been added the bitterness of the war itself and the developments that followed it. Only irrigation schemes and capital and the capture of his schools and pulpits by progressive teachers and preachers will alter his environment or change his political outlook. The political awakening of the back-veldt Boers, which found its first significant expression two years ago, has been urged steadily forward by strenuous Nationalist campaigning. It is altogether likely, in fact, that another general election — if it comes in the near future — will strengthen the position of the Boer Party, whereupon the question of a South African Republic, independent of the British Empire, is almost certain to be raised at once. And a final settlement of that problem, since the Dutch and English populations are so nearly equal, will doubtless be found to rest with the Anglo-Dutch voters who would constitute a balance of power.

In such a situation the position of the Anglo-Dutchman would be relatively certain. His environment is that of progressive South Africa. His faith is in the commercial and cultural development of a Union that is genuinely one. He repudiated 'South Africa, First and Alone,' when he signed the Act of Union, and his sons sealed that repudiation with the Colonials in Delville Wood. He is, in fact, one of the South Africans of to-morrow, the citizen alike of an independent nation and of an Empire; moving abreast of the modern world, yet with the spirit alive in him of those other South Africans who widened the boundaries of the land and traveled, through the red fog, never faster than two miles an hour.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THAT BEWITCHING VEGETABLE

WE owe the following tale of Queen Elizabeth to one of the early colonists, 'Colonel William Byrd of Westover, Virginia, Esqr.,' in his story of establishing the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. We have amplified the tale a little.

Amadas and Barlowe brought back to England two Indians, some sweet potatoes and maize, and last — and seemingly least important — a certain plant which our Colonel calls a 'bewitching Vegetable.' The Indians called it 'uppowoc.' Walter Raleigh had financed the expeditions.

According to our Colonel: 'Sir Walter made a present of some of the brightest of this bewitching Vegetable to his Roial Mistress for her owne Smoaking.' It seemed like a proper and courteous act, but tragedy was lurking round the corner. For Elizabeth, like the ladies of to-day, sought to imitate the ways of mere man. Let all modest maids note this: that a penalty attaches to every departure from conventional ways. Elizabeth 'smoked' three good whiffs of the burning, bright, bewitching vegetable; and then came trouble. She turned pale. Her maids hurried to her side. Some called for the leech; others cried, 'Seek the 'pothecary,' for 'roial' blood must flow to relieve such distress. Whisper spread that Raleigh had 'poisoned his Roial Mistress!' Alackaday! Those maids who favored Leicester wagged their tongues! For a brief space it seemed that a certain great ornament of the English nation would surely have his head chopped off, even

as happened to him later when that royal hater of tobacco, King Jamie, sent him to the block — ostensibly for harrying Spaniards, but really for not bringing back gold. After some anxious moments Elizabeth recovered her composure and her complexion. Peace being now assured within the royal confines, the maids loudly applauded the heroism of their sovereign.

Then, to the consternation of all, the sovereign commanded the Countess of Nottingham 'to try a pipe'! The Countess could do no more than emulate the example of her royal mistress. Therefore she too turned pale. Likewise those maids who also took a whiff. Some of the more artful ones feigned a greater degree of stricken stomach than was actually the case; but for one crowded hour much occurred in exclusive circles. And two noble red men from Virginia looked on, unmoved. 'T is likely that Sir Walter removed himself speedily from the presence. 'T were useless to quote to ladies at such a time that 'it chears the Heart even of a Man that has a bad Wife, and makes him look down with great Composure on the crosses of the World.'

Some say that Columbus himself discovered this habit of the Indians to perfume themselves. Others say that when the Spaniards landed in South America the natives, as a defensive measure, — and it would seem to be also offensive, — spat tobacco juice in the eyes of the invaders. Some say Jean Nicot, a French ambassador to Portugal, carried tobacco to Catherine de' Medici in 1560. And some say that Ralph Lane was the first who smoked in England. There is a tradition in the

Greek Church that Noah was a heavy smoker; and it would seem plausible that the venerable navigator, at the end of a somewhat trying voyage, should seek solace in a pipe as well as the fruit of the vine. But certain it is that the Lord of Villemain, Jean Nicot, sent to the Queen of France some of the 'bewitching Vegetable.' Did Catherine de' Medici, like Elizabeth Tudor, ever try to 'smoake'? History is silent.

And thus during the reign of the Virgin Queen came the Indian weed uppowoc into vogue. All the gay gallants followed the fashion introduced by Sir Walter and swashbuckling captains like Price and Koet who 'drank' (meaning 'smoked') tobacco publicly in London. The tale is still told in the nursery how Raleigh's servant, on first seeing smoke come from his master's lips, fearing for his master, emptied a flagon of ale over him to put out the fire; and even the Pilgrim Fathers must have heard, as their little ships started for the New World, a jest then bandied in the streets of Plymouth — how a Welshman coming new to London, and seeing a swaggering gallant smoking, cried out, 'O Jhesu! Man! Thy snout is burning!' Hastening for a 'bowle of beere' he threw it in the other's face to quench the flaming nose!

Shakespeare must have heard of these events, for he knew about the shipwreck of Sir George Somers in 1609. In *The Tempest* he speaks of the Bermoothes (the Bermudas), but there is no mention of Virginia. This is strange; but stranger still is his silence concerning the 'bewitching Vegetable,' for at that time smoking was in vogue. Perhaps the myriad-minded poet and successful theatrical manager had no patience with the noisy gallants who smoked and swaggered on and off stage. And then that pawky ruler, James the First of England, Sixth of Scotland,

had complimented him on his literary ability.

Shakespeare died in 1616, and in the same year, according to Jamie's idea, a much more important matter happened; namely, the appearance of the first edition of the collected works (literary) of the king. Of these we are concerned only with the famous *Counterblast to Tobacco*, which Shakespeare undoubtedly read. Every lover of good tobacco should have a copy of the *Counterblast* framed and hung in his den. And as he blows smoke rings in the direction of the framed words he may picture himself as one of that noble army of contented, smoking burghers who puffed away and blew their smoke in the eyes of Wilhelmus Kieft, — William the Testy, the second governor of that then slow-moving burg, Nieuw Amsterdam, — thus disposing of the testy one's order abolishing pipes. But the *Counterblast* has decided excellences as a bit of literature.

Jamie did his instructors credit; and on every page you can see old Geordie Buchanan's teachings cropping out in his royal student's exposition of the majors and minors of the argument; and the 'fallacies' of those who claimed, with a show of reason, 'that this filthie smoake aswell thru the heat and strength thereof, as by a naturall force and qualitie, is able and fit to purge both the head and stomacke of Rhewmes and distillations, as experience teacheth by the spilling and avoyding fleame immediately after the taking of it.'

Jamie is nothing if not logical. Would a man because his 'Liver is hote (as the fountaine of the blood) and as it were an oven to the stomacke' — would such a man apply and 'weare close upon his Liver and stomacke a cake of lead'? No indeed, Jamie! You are quite right, and, although Shakespeare said it always gave him

a 'paine' to appear at court, I think that most of us would be glad to appear and tell the king how correct and laudable these sentiments were and how beautifully expressed! Jamie was good at argument. When the philofumists (lovers of smoke) claimed that at best smoking could be but a minor offense, this ruler from the land of cakes and brither Scots met their argument thus: —

'So is an Ant an *Animal* aswell as an Elephant; so is a Wrenne *Avis* as a Swanne; and so is a small dint of the Toothake a disease aswell as the fearefull Plague is.'

In a right royal way our misofumist (smoke hater) berated those of his subjects — there were many — who so far abased themselves as to imitate the beastly Indians.

'Why do we not,' he thunders, 'aswell imitate them in walking naked as they doe?' Why indeed, Jamie? But if you were here to-day you might wonder if forsooth the ladies were not trying to imitate the Indians in the matter of dress as well as smoking!

And he further fulminates: —

'In preferring glasses, feathers and such toyes to golde?' Woe betide the chap who tried to pass spurious coin on Jamie!

And finally he clinched the debate:

'Yea! Why do we not denie God and adore the Devill as they doe?' There was no answer. But two years later Sir Walter smoked his last pipe, and then, with a sigh of regret, laid it aside and walked to the block.

James, by the grace of God, and so forth, was of opinion that smoking was 'a custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomelesse.' Without bothering Commons or Lords

he put a tariff of 'Six shillings and eighte Pence uppon everye Pound Waighthe thereof, over and above the Custome of Twoo Pence uppon the Pounds Waighthe usuallye paid heretofore.'

But neither James nor all the kings of Europe, nor Pope Urban VIII, who excommunicated every soul — as did also a later Pope — who used tobacco, nor the Sultan Amurath, nor prince nor potentate, could stop the practice. 'To follow Follie and to feed on Smoake!' Thus sang one of the minor poets; and that perhaps explains matters, for never yet did — and probably never will — act of government force men to forsake that dear mistress, Folly.

STRENGTH OF TEN

THE seventh meeting of the Sir Galahad Civics Club was in progress, 'Gerald Hunt presidin', as the diminutive secretary read with unfailing precision each week. All was going well.

Miss Carr was proud of her boys' club. While the girls sewed — and hated it — the boys declaimed, debated, put motions, rescinded votes — and loved it. They had taken to civics served in this style like the proverbial duck to water. Miss Carr's soft heart always swelled with emotion when the boys' rough young voices rose and fell in the 'Knights' Song' with which they opened each meeting: —

'In days of old crusaders bold
Rode forth to fight the foe,
And we to-day, as brave as they,
Forth to the battle go-o-o,
Forth to the battle go!
Let's fight for truth and chivalry,
And make our armor sure,
Our strength is as the strength of ten
Because our hearts ARE PURE.'

Miss Carr suddenly became aware that while she had been musing on the

knightly spirit in her boys the programme had been going forward and Antonio Josephs, chairman of the committee for the afternoon, was putting his trained men through their paces.

Antonio had drilled the readers faithfully during the week, paying especial attention to 'chest up, chin in, knees firm, heels together, toes apart.' Unfortunately Antonio, in his zeal to hasten the programme, had mixed his last two orders and exhorted his cohorts with 'toes together, heels apart,' which they obeyed literally as loyal subjects. Miss Carr joined in the laugh which shook the school, and the president rejoiced that he was given opportunity to call the meeting sharply to order with vigorous use of the gavel — a crooked ruler. Order was restored immediately and the meeting went forward with dignity and seriousness. Her boys had learned splendid self-control, complacently thought Miss Carr. All was well!

And then the unexpected happened. Nurse Wyman came in with her portable scales to weigh each pupil. Miss Carr was inwardly disturbed. She liked to have the boys feel that this one hour of the week was especially their own, and thus far she had been able to keep it free from interruption.

Miss Carr sometimes wondered who had the right of way in her school. Of one thing only she was certain: *she* did not. At any moment of the day the principal might enter and, sweeping the programme aside, give to the school an intelligence test, or the athletic director might send for a few boys to come to the gymnasium for practice — that too while the history lesson was in progress. Perhaps the school physician, discovering a spare hour in his daily programme, might come in and direct that each pupil come to his office in alphabetical order for a physical exam-

ination. However disconcerting these interruptions might be to Miss Carr, there was, as in this instance, no help for it. She knew, too, that Nurse was a busy woman and that the weighing must go forward immediately, so she advanced to meet her pleasantly, suggesting meanwhile to the tall, handsome young president that he adjourn the club meeting for half an hour. Then it developed that Miss Carr must assist Nurse by recording name, age, height, and weight of each boy. This required rapid work on Miss Carr's part and close attention to Nurse Wyman.

To give the boys something to do while she was thus occupied, Miss Carr suggested that they copy and learn the Knights' Creed which they had adopted: —

If I would become a perfect knight,
I must every day follow that which is right;
Never a cowardly act be mine,
I must help the weaker one every time,
Reverent, chivalrous, honest, and clean,
I must scorn any act that is base or mean.
A firm belief that right makes might —
This is the creed of the perfect knight.

The boys began to copy obediently. Now it is very disconcerting to take off one's shoes before the curious gaze of one's companions, and most upsetting to one's gravity if bare flesh shows where firm hose ought to be. If Soup Turner had n't wiggled a saucy toe at the class through a large-sized opening in his stocking perhaps Miss Carr might still have retained her faith in the self-control of her young Knights. Soup's toe started it, and when poor Timmy Cooley's huge shoes came off and his feet, which were but poorly covered with ragged hose, could scarcely find room on Nurse's portable scales, the laughter became almost hysterical. Miss Carr could not have stopped writing if she would, — Nurse Wyman was a busy woman, — perhaps

she would not if she could. But a pink spot appeared in either cheek and her lips were one straight line as she wrote on without once lifting her head.

The laughter continued, interspersed with whispering. Now and then an audible word was heard, and an eraser flew across the room. Miss Carr wrote steadily on. A book crashed to the floor and two boys, springing from their seats, fought for its possession. In the back seat Fat Newhall was putting a ruler down Snowball Hayden's back.

'Gerald Hunt, 12 years old, height 64, weight 101,' wrote Miss Carr, and her work was done.

Nurse Wyman picked up her portable scales and departed briskly, totally unaware that the tragedy of shattered ideals had been going on under her very nose. Nurse Wyman was a busy woman!

Then Miss Carr stepped forward and faced the young Sir Galahads, upon whom an unwonted silence had suddenly settled. Her cheeks were very pink now and her mouth a single straight line. In a few terse sentences she told the boys her opinion of them, ending with these words:—

'The Sir Galahad Civics Club is a failure and I am sure that you will agree with me that so complete a failure should be given up. The club stood for manliness and honor, for self-control and obedience to law, and at the very first trial of your strength you were found wanting in all these. I think the club would better be discontinued. We can very profitably spend the hour when the girls are in the sewing class in individual work in the subject that each boy needs. Some of you need arithmetic' (Fat Newhall groaned in spirit) 'and some need spelling' (Raspberry looked pensive) 'and some might well spend the hour on geography, and so —' Right here Miss Carr had an inspiration. She looked at her

wrist watch. 'There are just ten minutes before the girls return. You may write me a letter telling me what you think about giving up the Civics Club.'

The boys scrambled for their pens. Usually an order to write a letter was received with inward writhings, but they wanted, indeed they wanted to write this letter. Give up their beloved club now when a new election was just at hand, when the next meeting was to be a big debate, when Soup's father had promised to come in sometime and tell the club about fighting forest fires? Perhaps, oh, perhaps this letter, if it were *very* well written and one sat up straight and kept the movement while writing, and the spelling was good and one said the right thing, might yet save the day!

The minister's son wrote as follows:

DEAR MISS CARR:

I think if this keeps on, that we will not have any club. But if the club is orderly, the way it stands for we will keep on just as if nothing had happened.

Your purple,

RAY BROWN

Raspberry Jewett spent much hard thought on his spelling, with the following result:—

DEAR MISS CARR:

I think we bitter not give up the clube because I think the boys will do bitter.

Your turky,

CHARLTON B. JEWETT, JR.

Fat Newhall had tiptoed down the aisle during the letter writing, hitting every desk he passed in his earnest endeavor not to make any noise, in order that he might ask permission to read the 'America First' poster which hung on the wall. From this he obviously cribbed for his letter.

DEAR MISS CARR:

I think that we had ought to keep having the club meetings and that the boys had better show Themselfs that they have

self-control; show some knighthood. And for everyone to Do as Mr. Oldham says: 'Not merely in matters of greatness, but in matters of spirit.'

Very Truly Yours,
PETER NEWHALL

The lawyer's son wrote:—

DEAR MISS CARR:

I do not think we ought to give up the club because the President said we would have to adjourn the meeting for half an hour to get weighed. Therefore it was n't a Civics Club meeting.

ROBERT HOLMES

The next day a formal apology duly signed by thirty-one boys was laid on Miss Carr's desk. But the end was not yet. By afternoon peace offerings began to arrive. Miss Carr found a russet apple on her desk, donor unknown, also a calendar and a purple pencil. Timmy Cooley sheepishly laid a broken croquet mallet on the desk. 'It could be used for a gavel,' he explained.

Not until the following afternoon, however, came the *pièce de résistance*. Michael Casey brought it proudly and with no attempt at concealment. It was in a bottle and Miss Carr had never seen its like before.

'What is it, Michael?' she asked, pleasantly curious.

'Me mother's appendix. She had it out last summer and she don't want it no more. You can have it.'

The sixteenth meeting of the Sir Galahad Civics Club was held last Thursday, 'Timmy Cooley presidin'.

THE FLESHPOTS OF CHINA

THE menus of a lonely missionary in China are subject to many vicissitudes. Mission fare was always plain, though I recall one occasion of wild extravagance when *pâté de foie gras* graced my half-century birthday spread. I soon got used to buffalo milk and butter, the

latter perfectly white like lard, with a slightly sweetish taste, but better than the tinned article. Milk is not regarded as a beverage in Eastern lands.

Once at a medical mission in China, after several weeks of almost uneatable bread, the housekeeper, who lacked experience and interest in her mission job, grew desperate and implored the assembled workers to produce a dependable recipe for bread. I remained modestly in the background until the silence on the part of ten busy women — doctors, Bible workers, everything but cooks — became painful; then I said that I could make rolls without a recipe. I was joyfully escorted to the kitchen and set to work, while the Chinese cook critically observed my operative technique. Domestic episodes had to be sandwiched in between medical and surgical duties. I hoped to finish the rolls before an impending consultation with a physician about some surgical work which I was to do for him next day, but the doctor arrived before the baking was quite finished, and as we sat and talked over the case he sniffed hungrily at the oven fragrance; finally he cast pride to the winds and asked for rolls. Our family was too large to permit generosity, but he bore off in triumph the one roll bestowed upon him. He was rash enough to spread the good news, and while we were at dinner we had to surrender a roll apiece to two homesick American youths who came to the door a-begging. I know the incident would have delighted my mother.

It was in Te chow that I saw a free distribution of food at a Buddhist temple. That day thirty-one hundred were fed with yellow millet mush, cooked in sixteen vats about five feet across, and served in any vessel presented by the recipients. There were baskets, pots, pans, tubs, buckets, broken dishes, and even Standard Oil tins. In another part of China, Kushan, I saw the

delightful kitchen of a Buddhist monastery. It was a great heavy-beamed room, open on one side, in which were chopping blocks, enormous cauldrons, and copper troughs for washing dishes. The priests were busy preparing vegetables, and later we had a very good vegetarian meal served on a verandah.

In Canton there were many ways of purveying and cooking food which I found curious, and in some instances harrowing. Live fish were carried about the streets in tubs of water to ensure their freshness. If a customer wanted a small piece, some nonvital part — perhaps a portion near the tail — would be cut out and sold. The fish went on swimming and did n't seem to mind. The chow or edible dog was in evidence, only the cheaper breeds being sold for food. Two dainties which I did not try were silkworms, thriftily fried after finishing their life work as spinners, and beautiful large brown beetles, also fried. Street kitchens on poles, with a table and condiments at one end and cooking apparatus at the other, seemed to be well patronized.

On long mule-cart trips in northern China stops were made for food, but I always carried my spirit lamp and a few private supplies, such as tea, bread, rice, and jam. Sometimes the doctor I was going to visit would send the cart, carter, and food. Usually a little cabinet with drawers for the various kinds of food was fastened on the back of the cart. After an overnight stop the coolies brought hot water for tea at about 3 A.M., before the early start, and the prudent traveler did well to have the bread spread the night before, for time was short. The day was begun thus early, often in utter darkness, cold, and weariness, in order to accomplish what in China is a day's journey — about thirty miles — and reach safe quarters well before four in the afternoon, for, according to custom, robbers did not

begin their activities before that hour. Life in America might be simplified if bandits would keep to a definite schedule!

At about 11 A.M., when the men stopped to feed the mules and themselves, the drawers of the cabinet usually revealed some food that could be cooked on charcoal braziers or the spirit lamp. When the animals had eaten and the men were satisfied, they would call to me to get into the cart, and when I was seated cross-legged, ready for a start, they would take off the wheels, grease them, and put them on again. As the cart in action was none too comfortable, with its elliptical wheels that did n't keep time, I protested against being put in before these preparations were made; but I was told that it was necessary to make a quick start after greasing the wheels, as the starved, mangy scavenger dogs waited in droves, ready to swarm around us and lick off the grease if given an opportunity.

Some of the Chinese delicacies celebrated in travelers' tales, such as bird-nest soup, shark's fins, and other oddities, I did not often taste. They are not easy to get everywhere, and are reserved for special occasions. I liked many of the Chinese dishes, and, as I learned to use chopsticks without difficulty, I got along very well when I was a guest at Chinese meals.

One dish which I saw served in various parts of China is called the 'Eight Precious,' and has a symbolic significance. It is made at the table. A great copper chafing dish is brought in, blue with spirit flames, and flanked by the eight ingredients, each in its own dish. I could not understand what was said as the dish was prepared, but it seemed to be in the nature of a formula or an incantation. In Soochow the ingredients which I identified were a mound of sweetened rice, lotus seeds, chestnuts, water chestnuts, almonds, and bamboo.

The articles vary somewhat in different cities. In Yünnan, one dish — apparently a local specialty — served at a feast was made of the tongues and kidneys of ducks; another tidbit was pigeons' brains.

At Dong kau, in the south, the food was not especially attractive. At the hospital, where I worked for some weeks, we had native tea, plain, at six in the morning. Breakfast came at eight, with more tea, jam, possibly bacon if the courier had brought any, and eggs with a musty taste — not from age, the Chinese explained, but because the mosquitoes had stung them. I can believe it, for they were malignant malarial mosquitoes, and if the eggs escaped they were the only things immune.

Even Charles Lamb's succulent essay on roast pig did not make me a pork lover in China. In spite of the familiar assertion, 'Pigs is pigs,' the porkers in the different parts of the country have such varying characteristics that a book could be written about them. In the north are the horrible scavenger pigs, which have achieved more notoriety in foreign lands than their better-behaved brethren. In Hankow pigs are chiefly associated with the factory there, where they are made into pork for the English market, and where it is said

much 'Wiltshire' bacon originates. In Nanchang, the pigs I saw were stately and intelligent-looking, and they sauntered slowly about with brows wrinkled in thought. In Dong kau they are of a lively temperament and trot briskly. They have delightful mud wallows and come out quite yellow with clay, and when rain begins they squeal wildly and scuttle and scamper to cover. They wander over the mountains for food, and come trotting home at night when their owners call them. In the mountains the small pigs wear sandals to protect their soft hoofs from the rocks, and it is a funny sight to see a whole litter of baby pigs trotting along in their little grass sandals. In Canton pigs are precious possessions and are not allowed to walk, but are carried by coolies with poles, in baskets woven to fit them. They dwell 'in marble halls' — in other words, pens fastened with teakwood bars. In Yünnan they are led by halters. At the entrance to the precincts of one village I saw a monumental pig of granite, who knelt on the wooded dike of a wide irrigation ditch, apparently as guardian angel of the village. Here in America the pork barrel looms large as a national figure, but we have not yet immortalized it in stone!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

IN her lifelike letters to her friends, **Hilda Rose** has written a record of contemporary pioneering equal to any in American annals. Living in the bleak shadow of the Rockies, this little woman — she tips the scales at eighty-six pounds — pitted her strength against the elements in an effort to support her aged husband, her young son, and two deserted little girls. Mrs. Rose is forty-seven years old. ¶ 'If readers should ask whether the events of "Hard-scrabble Hellas" are true,' writes **Lucien Price**, 'you may tell them that everything in it is fact. A few proper names only have been changed out of courtesy to living people. But not Mrs. Slaughter's! That joke was too good to spoil.' As every faithful reader knows, Mr. Price is the author of 'Olympians in Homespun,' which we published in the *Atlantic* for April 1926. ¶ One of the younger literary generation, **Joseph Wood Krutch** is an associate editor of the *Nation* and a biographer of Poe. ¶ Familiarized with the Indian scene during his late services as the Principal of Rajahmundry College, **Oswald Couldrey** has returned to his native Berkshire, where he devotes himself to prose and painting. Certain of his narratives appeared in the *English Beacon*, a magazine of small circulation now extinct. ¶ Home from an eighteen-month pilgrimage through the Buddhist East, — India, Ceylon, Java, and Japan, — **Dr. Kenneth J. Saunders** resumes his lecturing at the University of California. Cambridge University has lately conferred upon him the degree of Litt.D., in recognition of his study in Buddhism.

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Hunting through mythology, astronomy, and the classics, **Lilian White Spencer** has collected a menagerie the like of which was never seen on sea or land — and we include Noah's. **Ralph Linton**, Captain of the Marshall Field Expedition to Madagascar, writes us as follows from the bush: —

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I have just completed a trip across the northern part of the island, from Maroantsetra to Analalava, which took me through a good deal of wild and almost unknown territory. I had no adventures comparable to my experience with the Sihanaka wizard, but there were a good many interesting happenings. We got into famine country where the people belonged to a tribe hostile to that of our bearers, and had to make an eighteen-hour forced march to a French military post to escape a fight.

We publish his narrative by courtesy of the Field Museum of Natural History. **D. H. Lawrence** is one of the most individual and distinguished writers of the modern school. ¶ As will be seen from other chapters of his autobiography, **Carl Christian Jensen** has come a long way from that fervent period when he believed that Doomsday was at hand. *A Saga of To-day*, containing all that has appeared in the magazine and more than as much again, will be published in the spring as an Atlantic publication. **Mary Ellen Chase**, professor of English at Smith College, reassures our belief in the intellectual attainments of Balaam's ass. **Edward A. Thurber**, a resident of Colorado Springs, is an occasional contributor to American periodicals. **Isabel Hopestill Carter**, who from the Maine coast sends us sea stories full of salt and savor, remarks that her latest yarn is 'almost exactly as it was told to me by a woman who used to go to sea.'

* * *

Had **Elizabeth Choate** stayed at her home in Southborough, Massachusetts, she would never have known the force of the Florida winds and waves — and never have written her essay. It is a wise writer who disregards her own advice. **Dr. Hans Zinsser** is in the front rank of the world's bacteriologists. He is now a professor at the Harvard Medical School. It is not too much to say that the progress of American medicine is intimately connected with the solution of the question here candidly

discussed. ¶A recent graduate of Harvard, endowed with a traveling fellowship, **John Finley, Jr.**, has been studying in the American School at Athens. ¶Born in Williamstown, **John Carter**, an editor of the literary supplement of the *New York Times*, declares that he has lived in the slums, in the apartments, and in the suburbs of New York City. ¶Deaconess in the Episcopal Church, **Margaret Stuart Lloyd** is in charge of settlement work in Boston. Her paper, as one may see, was not designed for publication.

* * *

A sensitive barometer of public and political opinion, **Walter Lippmann** is editor of the *New York World*. ¶Assistant secretary of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, **Stanley High** is now on a worldwide tour of inspection. His present paper was prepared during a three months' stay in South Africa, where he visited the chief cities of the Union and journeyed as far inland as the Katanga copper fields in the Belgian Congo.

* * *

Of the many letters that have come to us in response to 'Unfinished Jobs,' this would seem to be the most complementary to the writer's argument.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR, —

'Unfinished Jobs,' in the November issue, I have read twice and expect to read twice again. The writer has duplicated so many of my own experiences that the parallel is startling.

About nineteen years ago I started as book-keeper with a very old firm of importers in a city not far from New York. Four years later I was made the treasurer of the company, and, as required by law, given one share of stock. It was a close corporation. Just about this time the son of the founder, who was then about sixty-three, wanted to retire from active participation. With his retirement some of the old traditions retired, so to speak, automatically, and a moneyed young man just out of college was taken into the organization and made the secretary. From the very start his salary was just two and one half times the amount of my salary. As he was unfitted both by inability and inexperience to do the work of the secretary, I did that as well as the duties of treasurer. About two years later, owing to some internal matters, it was found necessary to start liquidation with the hope that

later the business could be resumed. Two of the best-known banking houses in this country had the liquidation in hand. It went along in this manner for about two years, when the bankers awoke to the fact that something radical had to be done. They dismissed the president, the secretary, and the salesmen in the New York office, and retained me alone. Our importations were raw materials. One of the bankers asked me if I thought I could make weekly trips to New York and *try* to sell the remaining merchandise, valued at about \$100,000. I sold it all at better prices and within a shorter period than all my predecessors had done. I recall when I made a sale aggregating \$40,000 to a competing firm, at a very good figure, the same banker remarked he could hardly wait until he would see the former president to tell him that Miss X had done the big thing. He then turned around to me and said in substance: 'I know what your obligations have been in your home and family for several years, and that you have outclassed the men in this business by far, but because you are a woman I cannot give you any more money.' I was so angry 'within myself' that I could not reply.

Just about the time I completed this liquidation the war was at its height, and owing to family obligations I was obliged to do 'war work.' It was again a man's job, at a starvation wage, literally not figuratively, but it was my meagre contribution to my country and I make no complaint.

The day the Armistice was signed I started back into my old business, which I had learned to love. After the most discouraging setbacks, I finally landed something at a wage that any young man just out of high school would consider.

I was sent to the Orient three times, remaining the second time about a year and a half as a resident buyer. The merchandise I buy is raw material and of a highly specialized character. I not only have gone out there and bought, but have come home and sold to the manufacturers both in the United States and Canada. I have been told by many of the manufacturers that the merchandise I personally selected in the Orient was the best they have ever purchased for gradings and qualities.

Another firm with whom I later became associated had me go to the Orient, buy the merchandise, instruct one of their foreign employees there in the selecting and buying of the goods, come back to the United States, open the department here, sell the goods, instruct another person, of course a man, in the intricacies of this specialized but profitable merchandise — then politely told me they did n't need my services after a certain date!

I have no grudge against business men, but I know from actual experience and observation that the majority of them depend upon a woman's judgment in their guidance in many, many vital business issues. Should this same woman approach the age of fifty, they try delicately sometimes, more often otherwise, to get rid of her services, although women are keener when they approach middle life and their business experience gives them far greater insight than many men of the same age. Would any sane American consider President Coolidge too old for his job?

Yours very truly,
Miss X

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Had we been the Lady, we too should not have waited to verify first impressions.

DEAR EDITOR, —

In the December *Atlantic* the Lady writes engagingly of the Tiger, 'Machan.' But —

1. No animal's eyes glow in the dark except to reflect a light thrown into them.

2. No cat, however large, can be heard walking, unless he steps on something that creaks or rustles — certainly not on soft earth.

3. The track of a cat (tiger included, of course) *never* shows the print of claws.

However, the Lady may have meant her tiger tale to be a fairy tale.

Yours truly,
GEORGE B. WINTON

* * *

It is indeed an ancient habit inaugurated in Adam's fall.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'The Habit of Going to the Devil' was old before the earliest date given by Mr. Hulbert in your December number. Witness —

The World, by Adam Fitz-Adam, published in 1747, contains a letter, in part as follows: —

'I am not so partial to the ladies, particularly the unmarried ones, as to imagine them without fault; on the contrary, I am going to accuse them of a very great one, which if not put a stop to before the warm weather comes in, no mortal can tell to what lengths it may be carried. You have already hinted at this fault in the sex, under the genteel appellation of moulting their dress. If necks, shoulders, etc., have begun to shed their covering in winter, what a general display of nature are we to expect this summer, when the excuse of heat may be alleged in favor of such display? I called some time ago upon a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon my asking where his sister was, told me, "At her toilette,

UNDRESSING for the ridotto." That the expression may be intelligible to every one of your readers, I beg leave to inform them that it is the fashion for a lady to UNDESS herself to go abroad, and to DRESS only when she stays at home and sees no company.

'It may be urged, perhaps, that the nakedness in fashion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the present generation of young ladies; as we read of our first mother, before the fall, that she was naked and not ashamed; but I cannot help thinking that her daughters of these times should convince us that they are entirely free from original sin, as well as transgression, or else be ashamed of their NAKEDNESS.

'I would ask any pretty miss about town, if she went a second time to see the waxwork, or the lions, or even the dogs and the monkeys, with the same delight as at first? Certain it is, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. "That was a very fine picture," says my lord, "*but I had seen it before!*" "T was a sweet song of the Galli's," says my lady, "*but I had heard it before!*" "A very fine poem," says the critic, "*but I had read it before.*" Let every lady therefore take care, that while she is displaying in public a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying, "'T is very pretty, *but we have seen it before!*"

So you see, 179 years ago there were pessimists wailing in the wilderness — as to-day — and 'the world' grows better nevertheless.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR M. HOOD

* * *

Our correspondent in the Solomon Islands has been enjoying Florida weather.

OVI HARBOR, GUADALCANAL
BRITISH SOLOMON ISLES

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To have one's slumbers disturbed by a severe shaking is not a pleasant thing. An earthquake was very evident at 4.30 A.M. on the seventeenth of September and it was with difficulty that I managed to get out of the house. I could hear things smashing in every direction. My first thought was of the tidal waves that would surely follow the earthquake. I called to some native laborers to go to our launch which was anchored a little distance away, for only immediate action would save it.

Then the tidal waves were evident. At the first wave, the sea completely emptied itself, and only reef was visible, but the tide returned. Then the waves became severe and lasted about two hours. The sea rushed right over the banks

and the earthquake left the Island full of cracks and holes in the earth and with several lava slides. I longed for the moon to shine, but there was not even a star in the skies. When daylight appeared I was able to see the actual damage.

All the houses were at an angle. The whole Island seemed out of repair and it was a disaster one is not likely to forget. The tidal waves completely washed away part of the foreshore. This is the second earthquake this year and the old chiefs tell me they have never experienced them till now. The weather has been severe for months. Abnormally low tides, then abnormally high. The natives are terrified and declare it is due to evil spirits on the reefs. I was here alone and three native boys were of little or no use. Their motto is, 'Every man for himself, and God for us all.'

For four days after the earthquake there were earth tremors every ten minutes and I was in constant dread of another severe shake, so I was obliged to sleep under God's blue skies. I am glad to think I am alive to tell the tale.

(MRS.) EDITH SVENSEN

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A question for sportsmen to decide.

VERMILION, S. D.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

What is good sportsmanship?

The other night I was playing 'smut' with a group of people and for three or four hours I succeeded in missing the burnt cork. The rest of the crowd only needed black bathing suits to be 'niggers.' They were simply wild to initiate me into their élite group, but because of their impatience and a natural ability for card playing on my part they consistently failed. Finally in desperation the three men in the game invited the ladies to quit. For the sake of the fight I consented to play on, although I had long since tired of the game. Then lo and behold, when I would get out first they would want to quit and start over again, promising me that when I did get 'smutted' I would get more in one time than any of them had. I was n't even to have a chance at 'smutting' them. What was I? Simply a victim put up to slaughter. They grumbled and said I was n't a good sport because I insisted on 'smutting' all of them when I finished first unless they played it out. Then when I began to lay the smut thicker and thicker on them because there was no unsmutted place, in desperation they resorted to crooked means. The climax was reached when I was beaten largely because one of the three who was already out looked at my hand and told the others how to play. When I protested they very emphatically told me I was not a good sport! Perhaps I was n't, but neither

is the rabbit who won't sit by the roadside and let the hunter kill him without the trouble of alighting from his car. And then the rabbit, to be an ultra good sport, in his last throes of death should kick toward the car so the chauffeur could reach forth a long arm and get it.

If that is their code of sportsmanship it is because their ego prompts them that only luck can beat their superior intelligence, therefore to combat luck they should resort to any means. Lord help the poor, misguided sport who quits a poker game when he is a winner. He should by all means stay until all of the potshotters trim him, when they will trump up excuses to quit which will not violate good sportsmanship. Now, what is good sportsmanship?

* * *

HORACE DAY

Who's a bibliomaniac?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Somebody said somewhere of books, 'While it is a very plesant thyng to have meny, he whose collection has come to be other than the means and signs of culture, or the beloved companions of his solitude, has passed a perilous line,' and I would point to this old saying as a text for all those engaged in the happy occupation of book gathering.

The embryonic collector would certainly lose courage upon reading 'On Finishing Collector' in your November issue. What chance for him, with Carolyn Wells and all the other 'finishing' addicts, with practically unlimited funds, in the field?

'Be not discouraged,' I say to him, in the words of the poet whom the contributor designates a conceited old egoist. 'Be not discouraged, there are divine things well developed. I swear to you, there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.' For that is what I have found in my own modest little collecting of Whitmaniana over a period of fifteen years.

Each precious volume has a story of its own, sometimes of sharp self-denial. This second edition of *Leaves of Grass*, for instance (the one that stirred up so much criticism by its publication of Emerson's letter), reminds me of the winter I gladly wore an old coat to buy it. The family said I was a disgrace to them that year, but I was warm — warm with affection for my longed-for book.

Then came the autographed 'Birthday Edition,' with its personal dedication (how I wish there was space to quote it, so apropos it is to this subject). Shall I ever forget the great day when my children combined their financial

resources and gave me that treasure for a Christmas gift?

My second volume of the two-volumed Centennial edition cost me but a trifle, but to complete it I gladly sacrificed the price of a new hat (amid more groans from the family).

These instances of a few of the joys of the *unfinisher* could be multiplied indefinitely, for each item acquired has brought with it a satisfaction and refreshment never to be had by purchasing collections as one does groceries, clothing, furniture, or other material necessities of life.

Your finishing collector knows nothing of the real joys of the book hunter. She is merely 'possessed with a mania for owning things.' The *unfinisher*, on the contrary, finds not only her collection but her whole life enriched by personal contacts with those most delightful folk, fellow collectors and booksellers, through whose intelligent sympathy and guidance she is led into closer association with the 'Great Companions.'

MADGE BARTON FEURER

* * *

From one who is almost persuaded.

CEDARBURG, Wis.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am very interested in the article, 'Islam and Christianity,' in the November issue, for I am at present seriously considering joining Islam. The article disappointed me in one respect. It failed to strike at the real weakness of Christianity — its paranoiac belief that it alone of all religions given to humanity is the chosen vehicle for the world's redemption. There is to my knowledge no other religion which holds this impossible belief. Small wonder that Islam does not yield to the missionarizing efforts of Christianity!

Mr. Hutchison shows more than the usual spirit of fair play when he counts Christianity as equally guilty with Islam in bloodshed and religious wars. Personally, however, I am inclined to question that Islam ever was guilty of such cruelties as the inquisition committed in the name of Christ. In the Western world 'the unspeakable Turk' has become a synonym of religious persecution and torture; history forces one to wonder whether 'the unspeakable Christian' would not be as applicable, or more so.

One of the puzzles of my life is the utter blindness of supposedly educated ministers, in an age which glorifies facts, to the unmistakable testimony of history. As the daughter of a minister I had been brought up in the most orthodox fashion and had caught the habits of thought of Christian circles, but my reading of Poole's translation of the Koran left me with a firm resolve never to believe any statement disparaging

to any religion made by anyone, missionaries or otherwise, without first-hand investigation.

History bears witness that the 'unspeakable Turk' was far more generous in the treatment of defeated enemies than were the Christian crusaders. Nor may we ignore the fact that Islam played a big part in bringing about the Renaissance which ended the Dark Ages into which the Western world had sunk under purely Christian rule.

There is a widespread belief that Islam encourages carnal gratification. Nothing could be further from the truth. There are few Christians who would be willing to practise the self-control demanded of Muslims during the month of Ramadan alone and it would be just as justifiable to lay Western 'gold-madness' to Saint John's vision of the City of Gold as to blame moral aberrations of the followers of Islam on the material pleasures of paradise described in the Koran. The one is as much of a symbol as the other and it is only failure to grasp the meaning of Oriental symbology that gives prurient significance to Islamic descriptions of paradise.

I am not a convert to Islam in a strict sense. I do not know any professed followers of the creed personally. One interchange of letters with a European mission of that faith is the extent of my personal contact with it. To join or not to join is largely a question of possibilities of greatest service. It is Islam's fearless devotion to truth that attracts me and the tenderness of its love that holds me — for Islam knows the tender compassionate Christ no less than does Christianity. Is He not the world-teacher of this era, the inspirer and sustainer of all religions even though Christianity refuses to see Him in any but the Jesus incarnation? Knowing the needs of the world, He devises manifold ways of guiding His children home. Islam recognizes this fact and Christianity does not. How can it hope to convert the former?

Unless Christianity rids itself of the delusion of grandeur that it alone is the chosen vehicle of God it will not only fail in realizing its dreams of world dominion, but it will be in danger of losing its place among the great religions of the world.

Mr. Hutchison is right. All that Christianity needs to do is to become genuinely filled with the love of Christ. If it then still fails to convert its Islamic brethren it will not mind, for with real love the desire to proselyte automatically ceases. It will value the love and coöperation and trust of its Islamic brethren far more than their conversion. One of the first fruits of genuine love as applied to religious questions must always be a great tolerance and a fairness in representing the beliefs of others. Christianity has much to atone for in this respect — especially to Islam.

E. STRASSBURGER